Veteran History

Williams County Ohio

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VETERAN HISTORY
WILLIAMS COUNTY, OHIO

David L. Lupien

VETERAN HISTORY

OF

WILLIAMS COUNTY, OHIO

Sketches, personal accounts, memoirs, letters, diaries, government reports, newspaper reviews, POW/MIA lists, and County Memorial Rolls of Honor

DAVID L. LUPIEN, Editor

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Bryan Squadron #284 Sons of the American Legion

The Northwest Territory Chapter
Ohio Society, Sons of the American Revolution

Bryan, Ohio

FREEDOM

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential freedoms. The first is freedom of speech and expression-everywhere in the world. The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way-everywhere in the world. The third is freedom from want...The fourth is freedom from fear.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt
Speech January 6, 1941

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PREFACE

THIS WORK IS ENTITLED, "A VETERAN HISTORY OF WILLIAMS COUNTY, OHIO". THE IMPLICATION IS THAT IT COVERS ALL OF OUR HISTORY. THIS IS FAR FROM THE FACT. I QUICKLY CAME TO REALIZE THAT TO WRITE THE COMPLETE HISTORY WOULD BE A LIFE TIME ENDEAVOR. EACH CHAPTER OF THIS BOOK SCRATCHES THE SURFACE OF THE PART OUR MEN PLAYED IN THEIR WAR. THEY INFLUENCED LOCAL, REGIONAL, STATE, NATIONAL, AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. WHAT FOLLOWS IN THESE PAGES IS REALLY ONLY A PRIMER ON EACH OF THESE PERIODS, FOR OUR MEN AND WOMEN DID THIS AND MUCH MORE.

THUS, I SETTLED IN FOCUSING ON SHOWING JUST WHAT OUR VETS CONTRIBUTIONS WERE IN EACH PERIOD BY THE ACTS OF SERVICE RENDERED. MANY OF THE ACCOUNTS ARE IN THEIR OWN WORDS, LETTERS, DIARY ACCOUNTS, WHICH MAKE IT MUCH MORE DRAMATIC AND MEANINGFUL. WE HEAR AND FEEL THESE TIMES COME ALIVE AGAIN. WE SEE THE ACTIONS OF THESE VETS FROM THEIR PERSPECTIVE. I TRUST, I HAVE FULFILLED MY GOAL OF ACKNOWLEDGING THEIR SERVICE AND THE SACRIFICES GIVEN TO PRESERVE THE AMERICA, WE ALL CLAIM AS OUR HOME.

I ACKNOWLEDGE ALL OF THE VETERANS, WHO HAVE SERVED OUR NATION, THROUGH THEIR DUTY, WE ACQUIRE THIS RICH MARTIAL HISTORY. I ALSO THANK THE LOCAL VETERANS AND FAMILIES FOR SHARING THEIR PERSONAL THOUGHTS, MEMOIRS, LETTERS, AND DIARY ACCOUNTS. THEY GIVE A PERSONAL SIDE TO A VERY SIGNIFICANT PERIOD IN THESE MEN AND WOMEN'S LIVES THAT FEW OF US EVER EXPERIENCE.

I ALSO THANK THE PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS OF THE EDGERTON EARTH, EDON COMMERCIAL, TRI-STATE ALLIANCE, MONTPELIER LEADER-ENTERPRISE AND THE BRYAN TIMES. AND MOST ESPECIALLY, EDITOR AND LOCAL HISTORIAN, DONALD ALLISON FOR ALLOWING ME THE PRIVILEGE OF REPRINTING HIS VARIOUS SERIES OF ARTICLES ON LOCAL AREA VETERANS.

SPECIAL THANKS IS GIVEN TO MR. GARY TURBAK FOR GRANTING PERMISSION TO REPRINT HIS ARTICLE ON THE "DEATH MARCH ACROSS GERMANY". IT HELP GIVE CONTEXT ON RICHARD OBERLIN'S AND HIS FELLOW COMRADES EXPERIENCE AS POW'S IN GERMANY, FOR THEY WERE A PART OF THIS MARCH. I ACKNOWLEDGE JOHN D. EISENHOWER'S WORK, "SO FAR FROM GOD, THE U.S. WAR WITH MEXICO 1846 - 1848". VARIOUS CHAPTERS WERE USED TO ASSIST IN SHOWING THE ROLE THAT OUR MEN IN COMPANY B OF THE 15TH U.S. INFANTRY PLAYED IN THE SCOTT CAMPAIGN TO TAKE MEXICO CITY IN 1847. FINALLY, I THANK THE 303RD BOMB GROUP ASSOCIATION FOR THEIR PERMISSION TO REPRINT AN ARTICLE RECOUNTING EDON NATIVE, LT. ERCIL EYSTER'S SERVICE AS A PILOT OF THE B-17 "HOLY MACKERAL".

TO CONCLUDE, I ACKNOWLEDGED ALL KNOWN POWMIA'S AND MOST ESPECIALLY HONOR EACH PERIOD BY LISTING THE ROLL OF HONOR RECALLING THE GREATEST SACRIFICE OF ALL THAT ANY INDIVIDUAL CAN MAKE FOR THEIR COUNTRY. ANY OMISSIONS OR ERRORS ARE UNINTENTIONAL AND THE EDITOR ASK THAT YOU BRING CONCERNS TO HIS ATTENTION.

MAY YOU ENJOY THIS WORK, REMEMBER THE SERVICE RENDERED, THE GOALS ACHIEVED, THE VICTORIES WON, AND THE PRICE PAID BY THESE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN FROM WILLIAMS COUNTY.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

DAVID L. LUPIEN

THE

REVOLUTIONARY

WAR

APRIL 19, 1775 - SEPTEMBER 3, 1783

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DAVID WILLIAMS - OUR COUNTY NAMESAKE

Every war sees villainous and valorous acts, as a part of the martial drama, as events that drive human destiny unfold. When such deeds occur, you can rest assured that the event will become a tale for future generations veneration. And, as time passes, the folklore around such activities and events, which develops around the participant(s); becomes based both upon fact and embellished with fiction and fancy, to illustrate the story and to fit the purpose(s) of the author.

One such story is the capture of Major Andre by David Williams, John Paulding, and Isaac Van Wart in the Fall of 1780. The American Revolution had now been fought for over five years and both sides had successes and failures on the battlefield.

Washington had done a masterful and miraculous job of keeping his Continental Army in the field. He always seemed to persevere and attain the support of Congress or acquire a most needed victory to sustain the morale and objectives of the cause they pursued.

Throughout all, Washington not only had the matters of the field commands to digest; but, he also had the machinations of the political rivalries and jealousies to meander. One such officer was Benedict Arnold of Connecticut. Arnold was born in Norwich, Connecticut on January 14, 1741. He would be remembered primarily for his attempted betrayal of West Point to the British in 1780. Arnold was an outstanding and courageous commander in the early years of the war. The soldiers all respected his leadership because as one of them put it, with him, "it was 'come on boys' and was not 'go boys'. He was as brave a man that ever lived."

At the beginning of the conflict, Arnold was commissioned a colonel in the Continental Army. He would share command with Ethan Allen in the capture of Ticonderoga on May 10, 1775. Later, Arnold led the force against Quebec. The winter march into Canada was one of the great physical hardships he would endure with his men. Arnold's forces were joined by General Richard Montgomery's troops after their success at Montreal. The combined commanders attacked Quebec on December 31, 1775 and were defeated. Montgomery was killed in action and Arnold wounded. Contrary to the situation, Arnold maintained a blockade to the city until the spring, when he finally was forced to retreat to Lake Champlain. While here, he would build a small fleet of ships and would battle a vastly superior British naval force. While, he would be defeated, Arnold would inflict heavy losses on the enemy. This action prevented the British advance and blocked plans by the British to split the colonies.

Arnold's Quebec campaign indirectly brought about one of the greatest American victories of the war. British forces fearing attack against Canada, dispatched to Quebec a large force commanded by General John Burgoyne. Burgoyne's attempt to move troops into New York in 1777 resulted in the battle of Saratoga and his defeat by American forces.

In recognition of his leadership at Quebec in 1775, Arnold was promoted to Brigadier General. The pivotal point in this story is now about to unfold. In February 1777, the Continental Congress promoted five officers to major generalships. They were all Arnold's juniors in rank and he was overlooked for advancement, in spite of his valuable service record rendered to the cause of the struggling nation. Washington tried to soothe the bruised ego of his trusted commander and assured him that the matter would be adjusted in time. Arnold though was greatly disappointed; but, later that year as Washington had assured, did secure his major generalship, when he stopped the British invasion of Connecticut.

The rigors of field command caught up with Arnold and he secured the appointment of Commander of Philadelphia. He would at this point begin to follow a path to his destruction. He would enter Philadelphia Society and would in the process meet Miss Margaret(Peggy) Shippen, daughter of one of the more prominent and wealthy Tory families of Philadelphia. He

would be introduced and court the young lady and be united in marriage to her in 1780. All during this time, he was living beyond his means and position and was heavily in debt with local merchants. His treatment of the local businessmen and inhabitants of the city soon caught up with him when court-martial hearings were brought against him by the army from claims made against him by civil authorities. He would be acquitted of all of the major charges but was reprimanded by General Washington for his conduct. Arnold had expected complete exoneration of all issues brought against him and felt that he had been unfairly treated by the tribunal. Still, he continued to lead a lavish life in Philadelphia and during 1779, Arnold had begun his initial inroads with the British by corresponding with British commander Sir Henry Clinton under the pseudo name of Gustavus. Clinton, unknown to whom he was having a written conversation with replied with interest.

In 1780, Arnold through his pleading with Washington obtained command of West Point. Arnold's plans for the conspiracy of the betrayal of the garrison to the British was now set into operation. On September 23, 1780, Major John Andre, Clinton's representative would be captured with incriminating papers from a secret meeting with Arnold. Arnold, learning of the capture of Andre posing as John Anderson, escaped to British lines safely and would ultimately receive 6315 pounds and the rank of Brigadier General in the British Army for his treachery.

He would then finish out the war leading British raiding forces in Virginia and Connecticut. In 1781, after Yorktown fell to the Americans, Arnold moved to England and served George III as an advisor on American affairs. He was refused a personal request for active duty in the King's Army. He spent the last years of his life in England, living in poverty prior to his death.

The Dutchmen and Andre.

It was a queer "fate accompli" that Isaac Van Wart, John Paulding and David Williams would become "Heroes of the American Revolution". They were simple men of Dutch heritage and as various stories tell, spoke little English. And, what they did speak was broken pigeon English besides.

Andre had completed his meeting with Arnold and was now traveling to meet with the ship Vulture. Do to a delay in plans, Andre did not begin his fateful ride until later in the evening from Verplanck's Point, New York. He rode until he reached the home of Andreas Miller, where he stopped and rested for the night. On September 23, Andre continued his mission to reach the British lines to turn over his secret letters to General Clinton in New York City. Andre soon arrived at the Albany Post Road and made his way towards the Hudson River. He soon spotted Sleepy Hollow and realized he did not have far to travel now to reach his rendezvous point with the Vulture.

It was around 10:30 a.m. on that morning, when he passed a crude log bridge over Wylie's Swamp, that he would be hailed to stop. Without warning, Andre was confronted and ordered to halt by three men hiding along the road. The three Americans demanded a knowledge of the horseman's business and destination. Andre replied, "I hope gentlemen, that you belong to our party." "What party," inquired Williams, who had presented his firelock to Andre's breast. "The lower party" (meaning the British), quickly replied the horseman. "I am a British officer, out upon urgent business. I hope you will not detain me a minute."

The Americans immediately ordered Andre to dismount. Andre instantly realized his mistake. "My God," he exclaimed, half laughing; "we must do anything to get along" and then showed them Arnold's pass.

The young militia men were not so easily satisfied as the sentinel had been at Crompond.

They insisted upon searching him. They made him strip, ripped up the housings of his saddle, and finally pulled off his boots. Andre was then exposed as a spy for the secret letters were found in his boots.

Andre offered his captors bribes and tempting merchandise, if they would allow him to pass. But Williams, Paulding and Van Wart conducted him to Colonel Jameson's headquarters at North Castle. Jameson resolved to send Andre onto General Arnold's control. Major Tallmadge, boldly expressed his belief that Arnold was himself a traitor, induced Jameson to send the prisoner to Colonel Sheldon at North Salem until they could learn more fully who they had taken prisoner.

Jameson, however, would not suspect the fidelity of his general and sent a letter by courier to Arnold informing him of the capture of John Anderson(Major Andre). Arnold, learning of the failure of his conspiracy, immediately set off himself for the safety of the British line. He would arrive at the location of the ship Vulture and boarded. He directed the crew to make sail immediately for New York City. Upon his arrival, he met with Clinton and told him of the news of the capture of Andre. Clinton was greatly disappointed and concerned for his trusted officer, Andre. Clinton gave new orders for the cancellation of the assault on West Point and focused upon the plight of Andre.

John Anderson was finally debriefed and it was learned that he was actually Major John Andre, attached to General Henry Clinton's staff at New York City. He was charged with being a spy since he was captured not in uniform of the enemy, but in civilian attire. And during the trial to determine his fate, it was really a matter of time before the demands of the cruel and uncompromising "rules of war" would be imposed. He was found guilty of being a spy and sentenced to be hung. There was an attempt by Andre, by his petition, that he be shot as a soldier; not hung as a spy. But, Washington declined for the "rules of war" demanded death by the hangman's noose.

His execution was delayed for one day by intercession of Sir Henry Clinton and a hope that Arnold might be obtained and exchanged to suffer in his place. All was lost and Major Andre was hung at Tappan on October 2, 1780 at the age of 29 years. Andre became immortalized in England because of his youth, accomplishments, and genteel manners. After the war, his remains were removed in 1831 to be reinterred in Westminster Abbey by the Duke of York among the many heroes and poets of old England.

The captors of Andre were highly hailed by the local people. They were honored and rewarded by the Continental Congress for their faithful service. Congress passed resolutions ordering each man to receive a silver medal, having one side engraved with the word, "Fidelity", and on the other, Vincit Amor Patrie; "The Love of Country Conquers." They were also allowed an annual pension of two hundred dollars during their natural lives. New York gave them a 200 acre farm and pension for life, too.

Paulding sleeps beneath a marble cenotaph in old St. Peter's churchyard, two miles eastward of Peekskill. Van Wart's remains were interned in the Greenburgh churchyard, near the banks of the Nepara in Westchester County and marked with a plain white marble monument.

David Williams, our county's namesake, was the eldest of the captor's of Andre. He was born in Tarrytown, New York October 21, 1754. Williams was a member of the 1st Westchester Militia in 1775 for six months service. He participated in the 55 day siege of Fort St. John's in Quebec. During the expedition his feet were frozen. When his original enlistment ended, he reenlisted with Delancey's Refugee Corps of the New York State Militia. He again suffered frozen feet when on duty at Morrisania in the Bronx's, then part of Westchester County. Williams would have been a civilian about ten months, when he went out with his friends and participated in Andre's capture on September 23, 1780.

David Williams married Nancy Benedict. She was the eldest daughter of 23 children of Joseph Benedict. They were married January 9, 1782 at the Church of Christ at Salem. The marriage was blessed with only one son, David, Jr. The family set up home on the farm near Eastchester given to Williams by the State of New York. About 1806, the family purchased and moved to a farm near Livingstonville.

Williams would construct his new home near the confluence of two mountain streams which formed the Catskill Creek. He positioned his home so from his porch, he could gaze across the scenic Catskill Mountains. The site of his farm is now known as Williams Hill.

There are sources claiming Williams received a commission as major in the militia. But no records report such a claim to be valid. While another source claimed he obtained his commission as major in the state militia after the war.

In 1830, the city of New York gave Williams a horse, harness and carriage in honor of his role in the capture of Andre. David Williams would die at his home on August 21, 1831 and buried with military honors at Livingstonville. His remains rested there until March 4, 1876, when they were reinterred against the wishes of many descendants, at Rensselaerville. On May 1, 1876, Governor Samuel J. Tilden signed a bill to erect in the cemetery grounds of the Revolutionary War Stone Fort at Schoharie Court House and move Williams remains to this place "if consent in writing was obtained from a majority of the descendants".

This action distressed the residents of Rensselaerville to the point that they disinterred Williams remains and had them placed in a trench just outside of town. During all of this, a grandson, William C. Williams, had been securing signatures from family members to obtain permission to bring his grandfather's body to what today is Old Stone Fort. Finally, arrangements were agreed to and on July 19, 1876, Patriot Williams was laid to rest for the final time at Schoharie with all of the accolades of a hero amid martial music and cannon salute.

A dedication ceremony was executed on September 23, 1876. The cornerstone of his new monument was laid. Dr. Daniel Knower presented the historical address. Alfred B. Street recited a poem for the occasion. The primary address was rendered by Grenville Tremain. The monument was made of fine Massachusetts granite, standing 23 feet nine inches high and paid for by the State of New York.

It is doubtful that any of Andre's captors ever visited the Ohio counties named for them. They most likely never even knew such an honor had even been bestowed. Only one of the descendants of the three is known to have come to northwestern Ohio. Isaac Paulding, born in Westchester, New York in 1810, was living in Adrian, Michigan in 1887 and later moved to Toledo, Ohio.

The Williams County Historical Society has in its collection the portrait of Williams and of "Andre's Capture" on its walls that was once housed in the Williams County Courthouse. It is also an interesting sidelight that when you read the pension attestation of Elijah Gunn, he states how he was present at the hanging of Major Andre in October of 1780. Gunn is buried in Henry County, Ohio on the family plot in the Gunn Cemetery.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR

Patriot Profiles

The following profiles are the known soldiers of the American Revolutionary War buried in "Old Williams County." This is an area that would today basically cover Williams, Defiance, Henry, Fulton, and parts of Putnam and Paulding Counties from 1824 to when various adjacent counties began to be set off from the parent county of Williams.

JOHN BUTLER was born in 1745 in the parish of Coolkeny, County Wicklow, Ireland. He would serve the duration of the war from November of 1775 through June, 1783. He enlisted with the 3rd Regiment under Colonel Richard Butler. Upon his discharge, he was assigned to the 2nd Regiment of the Pennsylvania Line under the command of Colonel Porter. We was attached to Captain Jonas Simond's Company of Artillery.

John was a first cousin to the "Fighting Butler's" namely General Richard Butler, who was killed in St. Clair's defeat at the Battle of the Wabash on November 4, 1791, as well as, Colonel Thomas, Lt. Colonel William, Captain Edward, and Lt. Percival Butler. They were the sons of Thomas Butler, gunsmith of Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania.

John Butler would appear in Northwest Ohio shortly after the War of 1812. Pioneers like John Butler, Charles Gunn, Samuel Vance and others located on or near the 'Prairie of the Mascoutins' in present day Henry County, Ohio. By 1824, he would find himself in 'Old Williams County' as set up by the Ohio Legislature and set off from Wood County. The county seat was in Defiance and the vast majority of people lived in the eastern Damascus Township, along the Maumee River or in and about Defiance. The earliest tax records date from 1827. John Butler appears only on the personal property lists. In 1827, he is shown owning four cattle valued at $32.00 and was taxed 35 1/2 cents. He was residing in Richland Township at this time of his life. In 1828, he is shown as having one horse and one meat cattle and taxed 96.4 cents. In the remarks column, it was stated that there were no merchants, brokers, or pleasure carriages in the township. In 1829, the tax duplicate shows Butler's wealth and status rise considerable for he owns two horses and five meat cattle valued at $120.00. His tax for the year was $1.45. In 1830, the last year of his life, he had one horse and four cattle and paid taxes of 42.6 cents.

The earliest census to show Butler in Williams County was the 1830 Ohio Census. Under the schedule for Richland Township, John Butler is shown being between 80 and 90 years of age. There were only 25 families with a total population of 170 people living in this region at the time. This area is now known as Flatrock Township, Henry County, Ohio.

John Butler made application for a veterans pension on August 8, 1828. Butler had to refile his claim through William Preston, attorney at Defiance on April 7, 1829. He swore as to the accuracy of his claim before Justice of the Peace, James Craig and Clerk John Ewing. His pension was approved April 28, 1829 at $1.00 per month and commenced on August 3, 1829.

John Butler died in Richland Township on November 22, 1830. His estate was probated as Case number 16, recorded for action on December 7, 1830. Appointed to oversee his estate were Pierre Evans, Cyrus Hunter, and Cain C. Parker. He had a widow, Lena Butler, who had property set aside for her care. The estate had no will and was settled January 10, 1831. Since John died so early, there is no record of his burial. Based on the census and related records, it was decided by the Flatrock Township Trustees to place his memorial marker in the Pioneer Section of the Florida Cemetery in Florida, Ohio in memory of his service and role as a pioneer in opening this new frontier of Northwest Ohio.

WILLIAM COLGAN was born in 1750 based upon his date of death (October 25, 1837) at the age of 87. No citation was given as to where he was born. He died near Evansport, Ohio. William's estate was accepted for probate on April 14, 1838 as Williams County case #59. His will was recorded on April 19, 1838 and accepted as original. He made his Last Will and Testament on January 25, 1837 with David and Julie Carpenter as his witnesses. William Semans of Defiance was named his executor. He left six children, his wife had predeceased him for she is not mentioned in the will. Sons were William and Daniel. Daughters were Hannah Hamilton, Susannah Ford, Eleanor (Halter)? and Mary Major.

William Colgan owned real estate in Lucas County as well as in Williams County. His primary residence was in Tiffin Township on Section 34. Here, he owned 89 acres in the NE quarter. He also owned the NE quarter of Section 30 (160 acres). He had property also in Defiance Township being the East Fractional, South Half of Section 15. There may have been more, I did not make a full search.

William appears in the 1837 tax duplicate for Tiffin Township. He paid both real estate and personal property taxes totaling $7.20. Notice of his death was recorded in the Ohio State Journal and Political Register of Columbus, Ohio, dated November 4, 1837. They concluded with a remark that, "A more upright man has not survived him."

William Colgan entered the service on August 1, 1777. He signed up for three years of service as a private. He joined Captain Cadwallader W. Jones Light Dragoon Company near Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Virginia. The Light Dragoon Company was then attached to the 3rd Regiment of Continental Light Dragoons under the command of Colonel George Baylor and was commonly called "General Washington's Life Guard". From The Commander's-in-Chief's Guard, Revolutionary War, by Carlos E. Godfrey, M.D. beginning on page 39 is stated:

> "The adjunct of the Cavalry to the Guard was an innovation in the army, although it was no fixed corps nor incorporated with the rolls of the Guard, and its members were doubtless carried on their regimental rolls as being "On Command." They appeared to have been attached to the Guard until September 26, 1778, when they were detached and joined their regiment at Tappan two days previous to the date when their regiment was surprised near the last named place, where Colonel George Baylor was severely wounded and taken prisoner, while many in the regiment were otherwise inhumanely massacred. They rendered effective service to Washington in his various reconnoiters and as the guard of his person in times of battle, in which they participated at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. At the last named battle Carswell Gardner, of the Cavalry, carried the memorable dispatch from Washington to General Lee, which was disregarded by the latter.
>
> The uniform of the Cavalry Guard consisted of a round black felt hat, the sight protected by a flap; around it bound by a broad strip of red cloth, and over it, falling down the neck, a fox-tail for an ornament. The coat was of white cloth, collared, faced, cuffed and lined light blue; two silver buttons on each cuff, and six arranged two by two on either breast flap; vest blue with similar buttons; waist-belt white with silver buckle; the breeches of yellow leather; black riding boots reaching to the knees, and spurs, black stock and tie for the hair; and the sabre-hilt of steel."

I now take this opportunity to present the following military profile on Colgan's unit history

through his discharge in August of 1780. It shows the diversity, challenges and ever present dangers of a trooper during our fight for freedom from Great Britain.

The Third Continental Light Dragoons

When Washington received approval from Congress in December of 1776 to organize a Cavalry force of three thousand men strong, he would organize his Dragoons into four regiments. They would be created from Bland's Virginia Light Horse, which became the 1st Continental Light Dragoon's, and Elisha Sheldon's 5th Regiment of Connecticut Light Horse would become the 2nd Continental Light Dragoons. Washington's first aide de camp, Lieutenant Colonel George Baylor was put in charge of the 3rd Continental Light Dragoons, while Colonel Stephen Moylan commanded the 4th Continental Light Dragoons. On paper each regiment was to comprise six troops, each commanded by a captain and lieutenant. It was also specified that each troop was to have one cornet, a quartermaster sergeant, four corporals, one trumpeter, one farrier, one armourer, and 32 privates.

Lt. Colonel Baylor of Virginia did not gain his command entirely through his friendship with General Washington. He had served with distinction as the Commander-in-Chief's aide de camp during the difficult marginal campaigns of 1775-76. Serving with distinction at both the battles of Trenton and Princeton, Washington gave the honor of presenting the glad tidings of the Continental Army's victory at Trenton and presentation of the Hessian standards to the President of the Continental Congress then setting at Baltimore.

Relatedly, when Washington recommended Baylor for the command of one of the proposed regiments of horse, Congress readily agreed and commissioned him on January 9, 1777. He became Colonel of the Third Regiment of Continental Light Dragoons. The regiment would be raised primarily in Virginia and North Carolina. Baylor nominated all his officers except for field officers, which were appointed by Washington. Washington asked for appointments to commissions of Cornet for his nephews, namesakes of brothers Lawrence and Robert. Baylor had to raise only five troops as George Lewis's troop already existed as "Washington's Body Guard" and was annexed to the Third Dragoons.

The job of recruiting was difficult in both finding men and horses. He was only able to fill one troop as of June 16, 1777. In August, Washington's army neared Philadelphia, the Regiment was still not completed. In the middle of August, eighty Militia Dragoons with officers sufficient for three troops arrived in Philadelphia with Brigadier Francis Nash's North Carolina Brigade. By this time, the horses of Nash's brigade were sold as unfit, and since the men had anywhere from 12-18 months still to serve, an agreement was negotiated whereby Nash's officers and the Third Dragoons officers were to rotate command of the troops and they were annexed to fill out Baylor's Regiment. They remained part of the Third Dragoon Regiment for the remainder of the 1777 campaign. Washington ordered Baylor into duty leaving officers in Virginia to finalize recruiting for the final troop. They performed favorably with the three other regiments with occasional variations and exploits of their own.

After Germantown, and the fall of Philadelphia to Howe, and it was obvious that horse breeders and farmers were not receptive to selling their horses for the Continental dollar, Washington gave the Dragoon regiments permission to impress horses from Loyalist in the area to "horse" the Dragoons without horses. The drastic measure gave Washington qualms of conscience. He had likewise had every intention of repaying the Loyalist for he ordered all impressed horses to be brought to the Quartermaster General to have the Continental brand put on them and to record their original owner. There were some more enterprising Dragoons, who lacked honesty or fairness to the enemy Loyalist, abused the order and sold the horses for their own profit. Washington immediately intervened issuing an edict that any Dragoon found without the Continental brand on his horse was to be court-martialled.

December 5, saw Washington draw up new line of battle for his army. The Third Regiment was deployed on the right wing and ordered to form small detachments and watch the enemy's movements and report intelligence of their movements. By December 19, the unit was reunited with Washington's army moving up the Schuylkill River, to Valley Forge, where they entrenched for the winter. The fruitless 1777 campaign was over.

Campaign of 1778

After only experiencing a few weeks of the terribly cold weather at Valley Forge, the majority of the Third Regiments Dragoons were relieved that their enlistments were up. The Regiment was now again considerably reduced in both men, horses, and equipment. Captain Cadwallader Jones troop was the only one fully enlisted and equipped. However, they were partially 'afoot' as they were unable to procure any more Loyalist horses or purchase from farmers at the limited price of $120 continental dollars, the horses needed to fill out their force. Several horses that had been purchased for North Carolina draftees to the Third were given to Jones troop for the draftees did not have sufficient equipment to stay mounted.

The ever pressing problem of fodder for the troops became serious. It was finally decided that the Dragoon Regiments would be cantoned in the vicinity of Princeton, New Jersey, for the balance of the winter. They would find forage readily available for their animals. They would reunite with Washington's army in Spring.

The Third Dragoons made their first Calvary charge under Major Alexander Clough. On May 4, he was sent with a party to Coopers Ferry, near Bordentown, where the 63rd and 55th British Regiments were stationed as guards to a fatigue party, who were cutting wood and hunting for forage for the British Cavalry in Philadelphia. The fatigue was daily rotated and their lines covered by three small redoubts without cannon. Clough reconnoitered their picket and sent two troopers within their sights as a decoy. The ruse was successful as a strong squad of the 17th Light Dragoons galloped out. Major Clough's trumpeter sounded the command for 'charge' and unsheathing their sabres, his troop charged upon them. The melee was severe for several moments until the 17th were finally dispersed, losing four men as prisoners to the American unit. Clough's daring coup was all the more significant, as it occurred within sight of the 600 British picket.

The acute problem of resupply and remounts was partially solved when Washington resolved that each regiment of Dragoons would be drawn from the regiments origin. As Bland's First and Baylor's Third Dragoons were both from Virginia, the state was divided between them. Baylor territory was the area north of the James River to the Susquehannah, including Maryland and a portion of Virginia. The plan was successful as Baylor on May 11 forwarded 40 men and 50 horses to Washington's camp.

The Third Dragoons were now in a better position when Clinton marched the British army towards New York. During the battle at Monmouth, the Third was actively engaged, but not as a decisive force. After the American Victory, they harassed the retreating British as far as Sandy Hook, before the British ferried over to safe haven in New York City.

The campaign now settled for the status quo with Clinton in New York and Washington encamped at Middlebrook in New Jersey. On September 22, the Third Dragoons had 159 rank and file with a promise of 20 or 30 en route from Virginia. At this same time, a series of disastrous events that would almost annihilate the Third Dragoons happens. Colonel Baylor, with 103 of his regiment were moved up in September and stationed in the vulnerable northeast corner of New Jersey, near Old Tappan (exactly 1/2 mile SW on Riverdale Road at the Hackensack River, between Old Tappan Road and Prospect and Washington Avenues).

To escape being under the debilitating command of General Ward and his militia at Old Tappan, Baylor had posted himself with his Dragoons in three barns, two and one-half miles away. Though they were under the command of General "Mad" Anthony Wayne as a whole, Ward and Baylor were actually left on their own initiative. Cornwallis was before them at a distance. The British had pushed two bodies of troops across the Hudson on a grand forage into Bergan County, New Jersey, under Knyphausen to the north from King's Bridge and Cornwallis directly in the Tappan area.

Baylor was well aware of the enemy's presence for he had been with one of his reconnaissance patrols on the Hackensack. Likewise, Cornwallis was aware of Baylor's and Ward's positions thanks to his Loyalist informants. Unaware of any potential problems, Baylor and his Dragoon's were less vigilant on the day before their tragedy for they had just received on September 27, 200 new uniforms as described below:

CAPS	Polished black leather with a red brown horse hair crest and red turban.
HAIR	Natural for actual service. Powdered white for dress.
NECK STOCK	Black.
COAT	White, faced with medium blue collar, lapels, cuffs, and coat tails turned back. Silvered buttons. Trumpeters may have followed contemporary custom and dressed in reverse facings, viz., a medium blue coat with white collar, lapels, cuffs and coat tails turned back.
VEST	Medium blue.
BREECHES	White.
BOOTS	Polished black leather with silver spurs.
SABER/BELT	Silver hilt with a white sword knot (Officers - silver). Black leather scabbard tipped silver, held by a white leather belt over the right shoulder.
TROOPERS EQUIPMENT	Black leather ammunition waist pouch. A white carbine sling over the left shoulder with a silver hook to support the carbine. Carbine and pistol: wooded parts red-brown, metal parts: silver color except brass butt plate, trigger guard, ramrod guides and end stock cap.
OFFICER'S EQUIPMENT	A crimson waist sash and silver colored epaulets. Field offices: epaulets on both shoulders. Captain: right shoulder only. Subalterns: (Lieutenants and Cornets): left shoulder only.
TRUMPETER's EQUIPMENT	A brass trumpet with a medium blue and white twisted cording and tassels carried over the left shoulder. Silver epaulets on both shoulders.
HORSE EQUIPMENT	Blue-grey saddle cloth. Black holsters covered with black bear fur. Saddle: red-brown or black. Girth: blue-grey. Harness, reins, headstall, breast-strap, tail crupper strap and stirrup straps: black. Stirrups and bits: silver. Picket-rein from bridle: white.

HORSE
COLORING Red-brown or darker. Trumpeter rode white or light greys.

Colonel Baylor was justly proud of the crack appearance of his Regiment. The final acquisition of the much sought regimentals had been the result of much "campaigning" by the Third Dragoons procurement officers as well as Washington's intervention. They were finally able to campaign as a unified appearing corps. Unfortunately, their exultation was short lived as events were unfolding, determined by Cornwallis to cut them off in the exposed position, he dispatched a crack commando force under Brigadier Grey, consisting of the 2nd Light Infantry, the 2nd battalion of Grenadiers and the 33rd and 64th regiments of foot from New Bridge at nine in the evening. Another party also crossed the Hackensack to cut off Ward's American Militia, but were unsuccessful. The Militia received warning in time from a British deserter, giving them time to move his position but without warning Baylor, which might have prevented the disaster now destined to take place.

About 2 a.m. on 27 September, 1778, Grey's commando's guided by neighborhood loyalist, surprised a sergeant's guard of about a dozen Third Dragoons stationed at a bridge over the Hackensack behind Baylor's camp. After butchering the guards in cold blood, Grey's men quickly and silently surrounded the barns lodging Third Dragoons and the houses quartering Baylor and his officers along what was then called "Overkill Road" (now Riverdale Road).

Repeating his order as at Paoli, Grey ordered his men to remove flint and withdraw the musket charges, affix bayonets and attack without quarter upon the unsuspecting Dragoons. Of the 104 Third Dragoon enlisted and officers, 67 were killed or wounded. Many bayoneted before they could rise from their beds. Naked and unarmed, "Begging for compassion, being incapable of resistance", for the most part. One British Captain alone heeded their cries for mercy and spared Captain John Swan and all of his 4th Troop and they were carried off as prisoners. One barn lodging 16 Dragoons managed to partly arm themselves, discharge ten or twelve pistols and engage the attacks with their broadswords or sabres. The British overpowered them by sheer number and bayoneted nine Dragoons before sparing the other seven. Three Dragoons alone broke free from another barn to escape. Captain Robert Smith was lodged in a house with ten Dragoons. They managed to burst outdoors and offered to surrender if given quarter. Instead, he was called a "Damned Rebel" and ordered to be bayoneted. Fortunately, Smith had his pistol and fired at the British officer, which opened the way for himself and his companions to escape. They leaped over the fence and lost themselves in a morass of woods and thicket for cover. Another Third Dragoon officer, Lt. William Barrett, was the only member of the Regiment who managed to escape on horseback.

The Regiment's tragedy was deepened with the loss of their Colonel. Baylor and Major Clough with two other officers put up a valiant fight when their house (Haring House) was burst into. After a short melee, Captain Fitzhugh is killed, Colonel Baylor is severely wounded and captured, Major Clough is mortally wounded and Lt. Robert Randolph is taken prisoner.

Several badly bayoneted Dragoons, including Lt. Morrow, were believed dead by Grey's butchers and left on the scene of slaughter, when they moved on to continue their foray into Rockland County.

Thereafter, Captain Robert Smith, now in temporary command, returned from cover with other escapees to carry off their comrades who were still alive. Many though would die because of the severity of the wounds. Although not a complete annihilation of Baylor's Regiment, the massacre near Old Tappan was a crushing blow. The intensity of the fury of Grey's men was further revealed when it was learned that they even bayoneted to death seventy horses, which is incredible, horses being such a precious commodity on both sides. Captain Smith and the survivors had the gruesome task of burying the butchered Dragoons, which they did by placing the dead in tanning vats in a mass grave. The site was long marked

by a millstone used in the tanning operation. The Continental Congress was outraged when they learned of the draconian tactics used.

Captain Smith's return to the Third Dragoons depot at Middlebrook with 37 survivors was a melancholy sight. Her, they rejoined the two troops totaling 55, who were fortunate enough to have remained there. The Regiment now had a combined strength of 92 or three small troops. The Regiment was without a commanding officer. Lt. Colonel Bird was back in Virginia recruiting and upon learning the news, expected to be moved up. General Washington soon made one of the wisest choices of command, much to Bird's disgust; he transferred his cousin, Major William Washington of the 4th Regiment of Continental Dragoons, to the Third Regiment. On November 20, 1778, he was commissioned Lt. Colonel of the Third and led them from the ashes of Tappan to such glory in Greene's Southern Army. Lt. Colonel Bird resigned his commission to make room for Washington.

Active campaigning for the balance of 1778 ceased when winter followed not too long thereafter. The Regiment went into winter quarters at Fredericktown, Maryland to mend their wounds.

Campaign of 1779

While General Washington had a great hopes for the Third Regiment under command of his cousin William, a review of the units situation revealed that in May many of the men's enlistments were up and those remaining were in need of remounts. So there departure to assist General Lincoln in the Southern theater was delayed so they could rebuild and refurbish sufficiently to be sent south. They were stationed in Stirling's division at Trenton, while they regained their figure.

Apparently, by September, they were operational for they were sent to escort Lee's Legion and Count de la Luzerne to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. At the same time, the Third Dragoons replaced Lee's Legion at Paramus, New Jersey until November 5, when they were ordered to join General Maxwell's Corps at Westfield, New Jersey to protect the area from an expected grand forage expedition of the British from Staten Island. The British canceled their plans when they learned of Maxwell's gathering strength.

The Regiment's southern adventure would begin on November 18, 1779, when they were finally ordered to prepare to march to Charleston, South Carolina to join Lincoln's Army. Captain George Lewis's Troop comprising Washington's "Body Guard" alone remained in Washington's Northern Army. It was from this troops devoted service to Washington and his family during the war that it, as well as the rest of the Third Dragoon Regiment acquired the name "Lady Washington's Own".

They marched through Philadelphia and remained here shortly, while Colonel William Washington harassed the Board of War for needed supplies. It was a cold winter morning, near the end of December before they left for Charleston.

Campaign of 1780

The Third Regiment arrived at Charleston about the same time as British General Clinton was disembarking his troops south of the city with full intention to lay siege to Charleston. Against this scene, General Lincoln dispatched Washington's Dragoon unit to harass the enemy's approach in any way fit.

Tarleton had just disembarked his British Legion of horse and foot and were marauding the countryside to find horses to mount all of his dragoons. The first encounter between these two cavalry leaders took place on March 26, at Governor Rutledge's Plantation, between Rantowle's Bridge and Ashley Ferry. In the fierce conflict that occur, Tarleton and his dragoons were completely dispersed and Tarleton fled to British lines for support. Washington pursued but quickly ceased when he observed enemy infantry marching to flank him from the rear. He pulled his troops and took with him valuable prisoners captured such as Colonel Hamilton of the North Carolina Royalist Regiment and British Surgeon, Doctor Smith.

Washington had won round one with Tarleton. Tarleton, a worthy opponent, waited now for a crushing move to exterminate Washington's Regiment. Clinton was encircling Charleston, Colonel Washington and his Third Dragoon's were encamped at Middleton Place (Plantation) near the head of Ashley river, near Goose Creek. From his headquarters at Quarter house, six miles above Charleston, Tarleton on April 5, led 550 men in an attempt to surprise Washington. Alerted to his advance, Washington left his camp fires burning and slipped away to the 23rd Mile House with his Calvary and set up a new camp. Tarleton having failed, returned, but not before Washington, who had a party trailing close, attacked Tarleton's rear guard taking three prisoners.

Meanwhile, the British had almost encircled Charleston and began their first parallel. General Huger had been stationed outside the city at Monck's Corner at the head of Cooper River with all of the American Cavalry consisting of about 379 Dragoons. Washington had fallen back from his advanced post at 23rd Mile House to join Huger's forces. Tarleton's day of reckoning was at hand. Clinton was anxious to close Huger's life-line to Charleston. Tarleton with his Legion and Ferguson's Riflemen set out on April 12, in advance of two British Regiments. A negro messenger was captured bearing a coded dispatch from Huger to Charleston. The messenger was forced to lead the British past the American Cavalry patrols. Tarleton moved forward in silence and at 3 a.m. on April 14, he struck the American Dragoon's at Monck's Corner. Driving in fiercely, he routed the American forces in complete surprise. Officers and men fled on foot into the swamps bordering the river, their only means of escape. They saved themselves by their knowledge of the countryside in being able to evade the enemy. The loss of all of the American Cavalry was considerable: 15 killed, 17 wounded and about 100 officers and Dragoons of the First and Third Regiment along with Pulaski's Hussars were captured. Most important to Tarleton was the capture of 83 American Dragoon horses and equipment.

This was a crushing defeat for the Third. Fortunately, the vicinity of Monck's Corner was in the heart of high bred horse stock raising country and they were able to remount themselves. They would regroup the scattered forces of the First and Third Regiments to north of the Santee River for security, where they were joined by Lt. Colonel Anthony White. Colonel Washington and White, soon proved that there was plenty of bounce left in the American Dragoons in South Carolina. A head count revealed 272 men left between the two regiments with 250 effective for service.

The Americans learned Cornwallis was foraging within reach of the southern banks of the Santee, it was decided to intercept the collection of supplies. They crossed the Santee at Dupui's Ferry on May 5. The next morning at Wambaw, Colonel Elias Ball's plantation, near Strawberry, they found the British patrol busy foraging. The Americans captured the officer and seventeen soldiers in a swift move and then moved to recross the Santee at Lenud's Ferry. Here, Colonel Buford of the American Cavalry had been posted on the opposite side to send boats for them. The boats were late and the American Dragoons did not move to stronger positions, but waited on the bank of the Santee for transportation to arrive.

Tarleton, unaware of the action at Wambaw was sweeping north-northeast with 150 Dragoons. Meeting a loyalist, he learned about Washington's line of march and probable intent of recrossing at Lenud's Ferry. The disaster at Monck's Corner was repeated, when Tarleton's

forced trot brought him to the ferry at 3 p.m. The American Dragoon's advanced guard were engaged and driven into the main body of the First and Third Dragoon's standing idly on the shore awaiting Buford's tardy boats. The surprise was complete. Only one officer and seven men managed to mount and fight their way through Tarleton's forces and escape on horseback. The rest, who were not killed, wounded or captured, fled into the swamp and hid or were forced to swim the Santee to escape. Washington and Jamison were among these men swimming.

The Continental First and Third Dragoons lost heavily in this second disaster. Five officers and 36 Dragoons killed or wounded. Seven officers and 60 enlisted captured making a toll of 108 now reduced from the muster roles. This second disaster gave the British complete control of all the country between the Cooper and Santee Rivers and precluded any hope of Lincoln maintaining a life-line for a retreat from Charleston. Lincoln surrendered six days later on May 12, 1780.

The escapees gathered at Buford's camp. They made their way north to Camden. They learned that it was not safe and continued to move towards North Carolina. The British and Tarleton were closing in for the kill. On May 29, 1780, Tarleton overtakes the fleeing Americans at Waxhaws, close to the South and North Carolina border. In the battle and massacre that followed, Buford's Continental Infantry suffered greatly, but the Third Dragoons for the most part escaped with Colonel Buford. After Waxhaws, the Americans rejoined Washington in eastern North Carolina. The heroic failures of the Charleston campaign now behind them, the two colonels, Washington and White, were faced with a problem on how to maintain their two Regiments in the field to be instrumental in the defense of the South.

They decide to move the remnant troopers of the First Regiment into Washington's Third Regiment and Colonel White would return to Virginia to recruit anew. Anxious to join General Gates, who was en route from Virginia for the attack on the British at Camden, Colonel Washington penned his plans to use his influence to aid the Third to remount and obtain supplies to join him in the field. Gates paid no attention to this proper plea and deprived his Army of these experienced troopers. The disastrous campaign against Camden showed the need for a sufficient body of experienced Light Horse. But, hereafter, the Dragoon's were to play a paramount part in all of the remaining campaigns. The Third Dragoon's were not allowed to begin their rebirth and Southern success until after the battle of Camden, when their deployment at full strength may have turned the tide in the battle.

The year entered late Fall, with the Third Dragoon's tempered to atone for their humiliations. They would rebuild their strength in the generally unmolested regions of North Carolina, their wounded healed and once they commenced new actions, they earned the reputation of the most actively successful Light Dragoon Regiment of either the American or British forces.

After Gates defeat at Camden, he gathered what remained of his American force at Hillsborough, North Carolina and here is where Colonel Washington joined him with four small but completely acoutred and mounted troopers numbering 80 men. This is where Private William Colgan's service concluded in August of 1780. At this point his period of enlistment expires and he received his discharge on August 1 and returns to Richmond, Virginia to resume a civilian life.

William Colgan would in 1818 reside in Madriver Township, Champaign County, Ohio. He would make his initial application for veterans pension on May 20, 1818. Colgan would have his pension inscribed upon the Ohio Roll at the rate of $8.00 per month to commence on May 20, 1818. His certificate of pension was issued April 1, 1819 and sent to Judge McBeth at Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio. Arrears were made for missed payments. William Colgan's pension number was S 42652 and filed under Colgan, William Continental (VA).

In his application, he attests to his honorable service by stating his personal account of his military experience. Private Colgan stated he saw action at the battles of Germantown and Monmouth and various other skirmishes. Then on September 27, 1778, at the battle of Tappan, New Jersey, he would be captured by the British and imprisoned in a sugar house for one month before being taken to Elizabeth Point for exchange. He would immediately rejoin his regiment. The regiment was now under the command of Colonel William Washington, who had taken the unit into the Southern Campaign. Here Colgan's regiment would see action on March 26, 1780 at Rutledge's Plantation. In April, his unit fought at 23rd Mile House (April 5), Monck's Corner (April 14), and on May 6 at Wambaw Plantations and later that same day at Lenud's Ferry. Private Colgan would see his final action at the battle of Waxhaws on May 29. Thereafter, he would move with the unit into North Carolina to refit and prepare to join General Gates at Hillsborough, North Carolina prior to discharge.

WILLIAM JOHN COLLINS, Jr., was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania in 1760. In 1780, he would serve in the Revolution as a private under Sergeant David Brewster in the Northampton County Militia, Captain Benjamin Schonover's 2nd Company. During that same year, he married Affie Brewster and moved to Loyals Creek area, Northumberland County, Pennsylvania. In 1800, his farm became located in the newly formed Lycoming County. By this time, he had acquired a farm of 1000 acres. William Collins is credited with helping to build the first county courthouse in Williamsport.

Affie and William had the following children: Barney, who became a Methodist minister. David, who moved to western Pennsylvania. Martha Collins Pidcoe Barnhart, who settled in Tiffin Township, Defiance County, Ohio. Mary Collins Rethmel, who with her husband Ezra Rethmel settled in Tiffin Township as well. Isaac, who stayed on the original Collins farm in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania. Joseph, who married Matilda Tallman in 1831 and came to Defiance County, Ohio.

When William was 70 years old, he divided his farm among his children and built a brick home in the Faxon area. All of his children, except Isaac, sold their inheritance and moved to Western Pennsylvania or Ohio. In 1836, William sold their brick home and also headed west in a conestoga wagon. During the winter of 1836-37, William and wife stayed with their son, David. Both Affie and David would die during the winter. William would move on with David's widow and children to Ohio. They arrived in Williams County in 1837 and purchased 40 acres in Section two of Tiffin Township (now Defiance County). In 1841, he purchased lot #24 in Evansport. In 1847, just a year before his death, he transferred the 40 acres of land to his daughter, Mary Rethmel. William J. Collins, Jr., died March 1, 1848 at the age of 88 years and was placed to rest in the Old Evansport Cemetery.

BENJAMIN FICKLE was born on September 11, 1746 - Died in Jefferson Township, Williams County on October 10, 1838. Buried in the military section of the Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan. His home prior to the war was Frederick County, Maryland. He enlisted April 6, 1778 for the duration of the war in the Company of Captain Jonathan Morris. On February 19, 1780, he was in the Fifth Regiment and was commissioned Captain on February 19, 1781. He was a 3rd Lieutenant in the First Regiment Flying Camp of Maryland. For his service, he received a federal land bounty for 200 acres of land, and the State of Maryland gave him a pension of half pay of a lieutenant for life.

After the war, he moved to Muskingum County, Ohio. On December 27, 1822, he asked for an increase of pension, certifying his service in Coshocton County, Pike Township. Benjamin was originally buried on the old farm of George Altaffer, located about 2 1/2 miles northeast of Pulaski. Another account, perhaps more accurate, states Benjamin was buried on the Isaac Fickle farm (Benjamin;s son). On April 19, 1888, concerned citizens reinterred his remains in the Fountain Grove Cemetery. It has been stated Mr. Fickle was wounded during the war, drew

a pension, and possibly camped with General George Washington at Valley Forge.

ELIJAH GUNN was born on December 25, 1759 in Sunderland, Massachusetts. He was the son of Nathaniel and grandson of Jasper Gunn, who emigrated from the Highlands of Scotland in 1635. Elijah first settled in Ohio in what is now Cleveland, where he was elected "fence viewer" in Newburgh in 1802. His wife Anna Sartwell Gunn received land from the Connecticut Land Company for her services as a competent nurse ministering to the sick and dying. They moved to Waterville, Ohio in 1815 and some time later moved up the Maumee River near Florida, Ohio on land purchased from the government. A marker was placed on his grave in the Gunn Family Cemetery by the Ursula Wolcott Chapter, DAR, Toledo, Ohio. Elijah died on September 22, 1855 at the age of 95 years, 8 months, 8 days.

Elijah's military service is taken from his pension application deposition recorded October 25, 1828 in Toledo, Ohio. He stated he was in the service as a volunteer in the Army of the Revolution and served three months in the Massachusetts Line under Captain Seth Pierce of Shutsburg, Major David Whitmore of Sunderland, Colonel Seth Murray of Hatfield, James Lyon of Northfield was First Lieutenant. That he marched from Montague on this 2nd day of July A.D., 1780, destined for West Point as a place of rendezvous. That he passed through Great Barrington, Poughkeepsie, and Fishkill on his way there and was there on the 2nd day of October of the same year, where Major Andre was executed and that he was discharged by his Captain who received orders to discharge him from William Sheppard of Westfield, and that his first application for a pension was made under law of the seventh day of June A.D., 1832. That he passed muster under the inspection of Colonel Woodbridge of Hatfield at the age of sixteen in the year 1780, that he is now seventy-four years of age. Signed Elisha Gunn. His claim was not allowed because he did not have six months military service as required by pension law.

JAMES HAGERMAN was born in Holland in 1746 and his wife, Abigail McNabb, was born in Scotland in 1752. Mr. Hagerman served seven years in the American Revolutionary War and endured the sufferings and privations of Valley Forge.

He moved his family initially to Richland County, Ohio. By 1836, he came with his son, John J. Hagerman and family to Williams County. They were ten days crossing the Black Swamp, a distance of only thirty miles. In April of 1839, Mrs. Hagerman passed away at the age of 87 and in April of 1840, Patriot Hagerman passed beyond the bourn at the age of 94 years. They were buried in the Rings Cemetery in unmarked graves. His son, John died at the same place in 1844, age 50 and was buried by the side of his father.

James Hagerman's military record shows that he enlisted about May 20, 1777, as a private in Captain Boyd's Company of the 3rd Pennsylvania Regiment commanded by Colonel Thomas Craig. Upon his enlistment, Hagerman received two shirts, one pair of hose, a pair of shoes, one hat, a blanket, one coat and a vest. Military records show that apparently Hagerman was not issued any breeches.

On September 10, 1778, Hagerman still a member of the 3rd Regiment, was now assigned to the Bullock Guards. Based upon materials received from Valley Forge National Historical Park, the 3rd Pennsylvania was without a doubt stationed with General George Washington at Valley Forge. However, this does not prove conclusively Hagerman was with his unit. Some members of the unit may have been on furlough, some due to illness sent home, and still others "on command". "On Command", was a catchall phrase for many types of duty outside of camp, some as far away as New York.

Hagerman was discharged sometime in 1783, although his name still appeared on the company rolls as of September, 1784. As to Hagerman's whereabouts after the war prior to

coming to Ohio. One source states he was living in Merion Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania in 1814. However, when 72 years old, Hagerman applied for his military pension on April 7, 1818. He was residing in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. To apply for his pension, he traveled to Dauphin County and appeared before Obed Farmstock, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Hagerman made his Oath of Service in the Revolutionary War and signed his name with an X "his mark". Hagerman stated he had fought in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and Springfield. Hagerman further stated he had been given an honorable discharge which papers had been lost or mislaid. He further claimed that while in the service of his country, he developed "a disease of the thigh" which had nearly destroyed the use of one of his legs and that he was old and helpless and needed the attention of his country for support. The pension was awarded.

John J. Hagerman, son of James, purchased on U.S. Patent, 80 acres of land on the East Half of the NW 1/4 of Section 33 in Brady Township on August 21, 1837. The purchase was a patent granted by the United States Government. At the time of his purchase, John was living in Richland County presumably with his invalid father. The Hagerman's are found paying personal property taxes in 1839. In the 1840 census, James Hagerman is listed living with his son, John and appears as possibly the only Revolutionary Veteran in the county at the time.

THOMAS JONES was a private with the Charlotte County, Virginia Militia. Jones was born in South Carolina in March of 1751. The following is taken from his deposition for Revolutionary War veterans pension application dated September 19, 1832. Thomas Jones appeared before the Jackson County, Ohio Court of Common Pleas. He was at the time a resident of Madison Township, age of 82 years next March. He would make the following declaration:

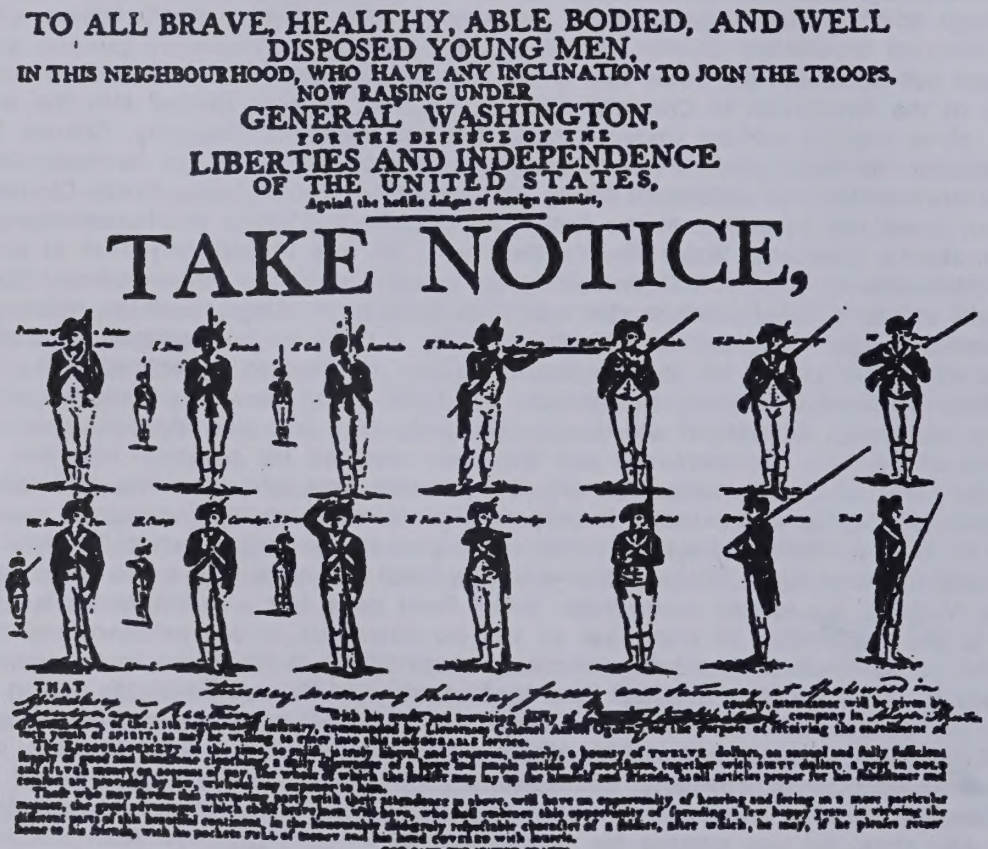
He could not remember the dates due to his old age and lack of memory but he was residing at the time of the Revolution in Charlotte County, Virginia. He was drafted into the militia service for three months service under Captain Thomas William's Company, Colonel Thomas Reed's Regiment. He would march from Charlotte County to Gate's defeat in North Carolina and served out his term of enlistment being discharged at Hillsborough, North Carolina. He would return home and sometime in the future, he would again enlist in Charlotte County in Captain Sandford's Company, Major Reed's Regiment. He was immediately sent in company with a brother-in-law to Botetourt County, Virginia to bring down to Prince Edward County Virginia eight to ten enlisted soldiers. He was then ordered by Major Reed to collect several horses which belonged to said Major's regiment being a Light Horse Regiment. That under his current enlistment, he served six months; when he was discharged by writing under the leave of Major Reed at Charlotte County Courthouse when the Major became acquainted with the condition of his family, knowing it was large, consisting of a wife and eight or nine children. That he was of indigent circumstances and that they required his personal attention and care for which he received his discharge. He would afterwards and while residing in Halifax County, Virginia, again be drafted as a soldier for a period of six months into a company commanded by Captain P. Booker. He would march to the lower part of the county, when he hired a substitute and returned home. That in the year-1784, and when he was about to move to Peterburgh, Virginia, his former commander Major Reed gave him a recommendation which was forwarded to the Department of War. That he has no document or any evidence and that he knows of no persons whose testimony he can present who can testify as to his service. That he was born in South Carolina in 1751. That he formerly had the record of his age in his Bible, taken from his fathers Bible, both of which have long been since worn out. That he resided in Campbell County, Virginia for some thirty years since the Revolution. That in 1819, he moved to Ohio and lived in Jackson County, Ohio, where he now resides. He further stated he was not receiving any pension or annuity and that he was not on any other pension roll or any agency of any state. He was making his application for veterans pension from the June 7, 1832 Congressional Act for the Benefit of Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution.

He was inscribed on the rolls of Ohio at $30.00 per annum to begin March 4, 1833. His

certificate of pension was received by Daniel Hoffman, Clerk of Courts of Jackson County, Ohio on the 15th day of April, 1833. His pension number was S 4453 VA Jones, Thomas. His period of service with various Militia companies was listed at nine months service during the year 1780.

At some point, he moved to Williams County, Ohio. The exact date is not known. He was acquainted with Samuel Radabaugh and William Gutherie, who were neighbors with Mr. Jones in Jackson County. These are family names associated with Mr. Jones also in Springfield Township in the late 1830's. Thomas Jones died on February 28, 1838 at the age of 87. His estate was filed on April 21, 1840 as Williams County case number 95. Assigned as administrators were Henry Radabaugh, Isaac Swogger, and Ezra Wilson. His inventory showed no personal property but his appraisers cited he was due a governmental pension arrears. Nothing else was found in the files.

Patriot Jones grave marker is located in the French Cemetery on the west side of County Road 10-50, north of County Road F in Springfield Township, northwest of Stryker, Ohio. One account states, he was buried in the Old Radabaugh Family Cemetery in a field west of the French Cemetery. The oral tradition states his stone was removed to the French Cemetery, where it could more easily be decorated. Also, because of the lack of care due to the rotting of the wood fence and cattle were running over the graves of the Old Radabaugh Family Cemetery, there was a concern that his marker would soon be lost to posterity. Thus, the soldier's grave marker was moved for preservation of his memory.



TO ALL BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED, AND WELL DISPOSED YOUNG MEN,

IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, WHO HAVE ANY INCLINATION TO JOIN THE TROOPS, NOW RAISING UNDER

GENERAL WASHINGTON,

FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE

LIBERTIES AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES,

Against the hostile designs of foreign enemies,

TAKE NOTICE,

THAT

GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES.

THE

MEXICAN

WAR

MAY 13, 1846 - FEBRUARY 2, 1848

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THE MEXICAN WAR

A Company was raised for the Mexican War in the Maumee Valley, known as Company B, Fifteenth Regiment United States Infantry. This regiment was familiarly known as "New Regulars," and was mustered out at the close of the war. The commissioned officers of Company B, appointed by the President, were Daniel Chase, of Manhattan, Captain; William H. Goodloe, First Lieutenant, and J.W. Wiley, of Defiance, Second Lieutenant. Wiley was court marshaled and dismissed from the service for fighting a duel with a brother officer in Mexico. He then went to Olympia, in the Washington Territory, where he published a paper for several years. Goodloe was killed in battle. The Captain returned home. The company participated in all of the battles about the city of Mexico, and suffered terribly in killed and wounded, quite a number also died in the hospitals from various forms of camp disease.

The Fifteenth Regiment, United States Army, was made up of five Ohio companies, three Michigan companies, and two companies from Wisconsin. Colonel George W. Morgan, of Mount Vernon, first Colonel of the Ohio Second, was made Colonel of the Fifteenth, and led it through a number of light engagements, and at the battle of Contreras, where he was severely wounded, and the regiment suffered great loss. Among the officers killed in the battle was Major Mill of the Fifteenth, a New Englander by birth. For gallant service at Contreras, Colonel Morgan, then only 27 years of age, was breveted Brigadier-General of the regular army. The Fifteenth also took gallant part in the battle of Churubusco and the storming of Chapultepec.

Paul Van Gundy recorded that 65 years after the war, a Bryan woman who had lived as a child in Defiance described how the boats filled with soldiers came up the broad, bright Maumee, under an American flag in each boat, and disembarked to parade the streets of the little town to music of beating drums and the fifes shrilling "Yankee Doodle" and the "The Girl I Left Behind." With the Fifteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry went Captain Daniel Chase's company from Defiance.

An old letter written by Jacob Reid of Pulaski to his father, Thomas has survived to this day. Jacob rode his horse to Defiance, where he sold the animal and sent the money home to pay his debts. He wrote from Cincinnati on May 11, 1847.

"Dear Father,

I am well and hope you enjoy the same blessing. We start this night for Point Isabel on the Gulf of Mexico, where we expect to arrive in about twenty days. We expect to join Scott's (General Winfield Scott) camp and from thence direct to Vera Cruz. We are in good health and high spirits. We left Defiance the 19th of May and were very politely escorted by the citizens as far as the junction. The soldiers are all good fellows and high spirited men of different ages and sizes. We had a very pleasant time. The opportunity for writing is not good, as there is a great noise and quite a crowd around the table, and I propose writing again as soon as I can.

Your affectionate son,

Jacob

(Note: Jacob Reid died on July 3, 1847 at Perote, Mexico)

One thing historians agree on is that being a soldier in the US-Mexican War was an uncomfortable, unhealthy, and dangerous business. Disease killed more men than bullets. This was due mainly to unsanitary camp conditions, the result of the ignorance of men who

had no idea how disease was spread. At the U.S. Army encampment at Camargo, in northern Mexico, conditions were especially bad. Camped in a dry, dusty valley along the San Juan River - the same source of water the men used for drinking, cooking, and bathing, illness ran rampant with dysentery, measles, and other assorted ailments taking hundreds of young men to early graves in the chaparral, buried in shallow graves, shrouded in their blankets.

Primitive medical techniques along with delays in treatment also accounted for the death of many battle wounded who might have recovered had they received prompt, proper care and attention.

I note for general interest, Niles' National Register for July 11, 1846 listing the current army pay scale used for the Mexican War:

Colonel	$75.00/month
Lt. Colonel	$60.00/month
Major	$50.00/month
Adjutant	(pay of Lt plus $10.00)
Captain	$40.00/month
1 Lieutenant	$30.00/month
2 Lieutenant	$25.00/month
Sgt Major	$17.00/month
QM Sergeant	$17.00/month
Principle Musician	$17.00/month
1 Sergeant	$16.00/month
Sergeant	$13.0/month
Corporal	$ 9.00/month
Musicians	$ 8.00/month
Privates	$ 8.00/month

The following is an extract from a letter of Lieutenant James W. Wiley, in which he makes honorable mention of officers and soldiers who went from the Maumee Valley:

"I take this occasion to remark that the Defiance and Williams County boys deserve particular notice for the gallant manner in which they acted in every action. All that were able were always present, and there has never been an instance that has come to my knowledge of one of them flinching. Sgt. John Davis and Sgt. Maybee deserve particular mention the former loading and firing more shots at Churubusco than any other member of the company, cheering up and encouraging his comrades, etc.; and the latter for his deliberate coolness and gallantry throughout the action. He was shot through the hand while carrying an order from Captain Chase to a portion of the men, to have them cease firing, which entirely disabled it. Corporal John Daly, James Skean, David Robinson, Sanford W. Smith, William Strain, James Black and others, deserve much praise for the manner in which they conducted themselves. Mr. Jason Dame was on detached service at the time of the battle of Churubusco, and was not in that action, but at Chapultepec, he distinguished himself for his bravery and good conduct. In fact, the whole company, with one or two exceptions, did their duty manfully, and I think the list of killed and wounded will show that they were not slow in walking up to the work, as we were the second company on the list in our regiment in point of loss.

"It now becomes my painful duty to rehearse the casualties which have happened to the brave little band I enlisted at Defiance, including, also, those who went to Toledo and joined the service there. Thomas Marks died at the close of the second day's march, and the next evening, while the companies were drilling, exercising in loading and firing, George Slough was struck in the leg with a ball, from the effects of which he died with the lockjaw at Perote. Jacob Smith, of Williams County, and Noble Robinson, from Evansport, were both attacked

with diarrhea on the march, and were left at the hospital at Perote - both since died. At Puebla, Mr. McMillian, from Williams County, died from the effects of a violent fever. On leaving Puebla, there were detained in the hospital at that place, Cpl. Rogers, Cpl. Garrison (brother-in-law of Henry Brubacher), Simon Smith, of Williams County, Anson Strever, of the same county, and Dutch Charley or Charles Tuber. C.G. Andrews was killed by a posse of Mexican Lancers while engaged with Joseph Clark in caring for a wounded comrade; Clark was badly cut up by the Lancers, being badly wounded in the hand, arm and head; was left for dead, but came to and was picked up and conveyed to his regiment, where he partly recovered from his wounds, but was attacked with diarrhea, which terminated his existence, and, in a few days afterward, James Skean died with the same disease. Our Orderly Sergeant, Mace, was left sick at Vera Cruz, and Sgt. Ward at Puebla; neither of whom have yet arrived."

15th UNITED STATES INFANTRY
MEXICAN WAR 1846 - 1848
BATTLES, ENGAGEMENTS, AND OCCUPATION DUTY

SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ	MARCH 9 - MARCH 27, 1847
BATTLE of CERRO GORDO	APRIL 18, 1847
JALAPA (Occupation)	APRIL 18, 1847
PEROTE (Occupation)	MAY, 1847
PUEBLA	MAY 28, 1847
BATTLE of CONTRERAS	AUGUST 20, 1847
BATTLE of CHURUBUSCO	AUGUST 20, 1847
BATTLE of CHAPULTEPEC	SEPTEMBER 13, 1847
MEXICO CITY (Occupation)	SEPTEMBER 14, 1847

CONTRERAS and CHURUBUSCO

August 12, 1847, Brigadier General David E. Twiggs advance guard passed Buena Vista and pushed onto the little town of Ayotla. Ahead was the fortified position of El Penon, and behind it lay Mexico City, the objective of this campaign. Twigg's success to this point, now became Winfield Scott's moment of decision. Scott needed to finalize his plan of attack for the last 20 miles to Mexico City. Would he move forward along the National Highway - assaulting the formidable El Penon or turn south of Lake Chalco and approach Mexico City indirectly.

Scott had been analyzing this matter for some time. He had assigned Major William Turnbull and Captain Robert E. Lee to study options. After they combined their sources for intelligence, they garnered the desired information Scott requested. Map study had its limitations though, on-site inspection was necessary. Scott directed Lee to make a review of the various routes in person. Lee set out immediately.

Lee first decided to confirm the intelligence they had collected on El Penon. He used the whole engineer detachment and concluded that his report was accurate. El Penon was the primary Mexican defense of the area, defended by around seven thousand men and thirty cannon. Lee thus began to look for other ways to attack that would result in lighter resistance. Lee looked at a small road of the National Highway through Mexicalcingo, but the road was to restricted, so Lee checked out an unreported road that led around the south of Lake Chalco. This route proved quite good but was rough and narrow. If acceptable by Scott, the road joined the Acapulco Road at San Agustin, directly south of Mexico City. The

Acapulco Road would become the new axis for Scott's advance.

Lee reported to Scott, who then directed Worth to reconnoiter the San Agustin route. Lee thus sent all reports to James Mason, Worth's division engineer.

Worth chose to depend on his own officers reports and sent James Duncan to inspect the area. Duncan found the road to be excellent, not obstructed or defended. He reported back the same day.

Scott, upon learning Worth's report, moved Worth's division south and then west toward San Agustin followed by Pillow's and Quitman's divisions, leaving Twiggs at Ayotla to threaten El Penon for one more day as a diversion.

As Twiggs was pulling away from Ayotla, he was attacked by Alvarez's cavalry force twice his number in men. Twigg successfully repelled the attack. Alvarez had been ordered by Valencia to a new position from his previous post north of Mexico City. This action occurs on August 16, 1847 at dawn.

On August 18th, Scott's Army, after a 25 mile march through the mud, closed in on San Agustin. The Acapulco Road would now be Scott's new point of advance towards Mexico City, from the south and not the east.

As of August 14th, Santa Anna had received reports of Scott's possible movement south of Mexico City. He was hesitant to make any moves to these early reports and rumors from his spies. By the 17th though, he would be forced to acknowledge Scott's move south. He would have to remove his force at El Penon and man new positions south of Mexico City. He carried out the order to move from El Penon with great distress of the local residents. They left the city in hordes fearful of American occupation.

Santa Anna prepared new defensive lines with great energy and enthusiasm. He chose favorable terrain for his men to set up their new positions. The Churubusco River ran southwestward from Mexicalcingo, providing an obstacle between the town of Churubusco and Lake Xochimilco, and this is where he placed his forces behind it.

To the southwest, he ran his line a bit forward, placing Valencia (with 5500 men) in a position at San Angel; Francisco Perez (with 3500 men) at Coyoacan two miles east; and Nicolas Bravo at Churubusco three miles east of Perez. All these units comprised a five mile line and would reinforce one another with ease. In reserve, at El Penon, was General Manuel Rincon. Santa Anna's defending force was counted at 20,000 men, double Scott's force.

August 18th, Worth was directed to move his division north from San Agustin toward Mexico City. Worth placed Harney's dragoons in the lead. They met with heavy cannon fire from a strong Mexican position at San Antonio, three miles south of Churubusco. In response to the heavy fire, Worth paused and sent his engineers to determine a course of action. Upon their return, they advised San Antonio could not be flanked because of a lava field to the west (known as Pedregal) and the water was too deep on the east. The only avenue left was the San Antonio causeway, Scott ordered Worth to halt, threaten the position, and wait.

Scott now had to make a crucial decision. His horses lacked forage, rations were becoming musty and short on supply. His men were waiting in the ditches beside their wagons and horses, things looked grim. It is now morning of August 19. The decision as to the success of the ensuing battle was at hand.

BATTLE of CONTRERAS

(Editors note: Mexican's name battle PADIERNA)

General Gabriel Valencia was commander of the Army of the North. He was not on cordial relations with Santa Anna. As a matter of fact, Santa Anna did everything possible to keep him out of Mexico City. He also did what was possible to keep Valencia from achieving military laurels. This was sometimes done at the expense of Valencia's men such as the battle of Cerro Gordo. Additionally, they were political adversaries with a past that at times showed them supporting but ultimately conspiring against one another. In an army which was led by allied warlords, Santa Anna could not replace Valencia, and he had knew he could not enforce his orders on Valencia. When Valencia arrived at San Angel, west of Anna's forces, he was not happy with his position and moved his troops forward to a hill about five miles down the road, near the town of Contreras. Here Valencia could fight an independent action. This action, if successful, could aid him in his desires for the Presidency of Mexico. Santa Anna issues orders instructing Valencia to stay at San Angel, Valencia ignores them and moves his 4000 men to a position between the Indian village of Padierna.

Santa Anna orders Valencia to withdraw to San Angel on August 18, when he learned of his actions. Valencia responded but he did not comply. He argued that his position provided the best scenario; if the Americans attacked his troops, then Santa Anna hits them from the rear, via San Antonio. But if the Americans attacked San Antonio, then Valencia could approach from their rear. Santa Anna would concede and leave Valencia to act on his own responsibility.

Valencia, now out on a limb from Santa Anna's line of defense, has given Scott his opportunity. The battles of Contreras and Churubusco, both fought on Friday, August 20, 1847, were actually two separate parts to one overall engagement. These towns were only seven miles apart, were fought within a few hours of one another, and the majority of troops at Churubusco had previously fought in some way at Contreras.

The primary focus of these actions would be the lava beds called the Pedregal. This was a massive forbidding barrier, oval in shape, with its longest axis running east to west about five miles, its shorter ran about three miles south to north. Santa Anna based his command at Churubusco, which lay on the northern rim of the lava field; Scott's San Agustin base of operation was on the southern rim. Both towns were east of the oval's north-south axis. The fastest route between the two opposing armies was the north-south road that went east of the Pedregal, running through San Antonio. This position was strongly defended, so the only alternative for Scott to get to Churubusco was to circle the western edge of the lava fields, provided passable roads were available.

Scott realized to take San Antonio would come at great cost to his troops, so he studied seriously the roundabout course. He assigned Captain Robert E. Lee to take two companies of dragoons and check out the route. The trail he followed ran along the southern edge of the Pedregal. It was rough but passable by infantry. And with some effort, it could be made capable of moving artillery too. Within three miles of his recon trek, he reached Mt. Zacatepec, where he encounters Mexican guerrillas. Lee immediately withdraws and is convinced as to the viability of the route since the Mexicans had come to his location from the west.

On the evening of the 18th, Scott holds a council of war and hears from his junior officers there plans for taking Churubusco. He considered the reports and on the morning of the 19th chooses to go via the road Lee had scouted and take Churubusco and San Antonio from the west.

Scott is unaware of Valencia's presence near San Antonio. He orders 500 men from Pillow's

division to prepare the road for artillery. Twiggs division was detailed to protect the "road builders" and "brush away the enemy." If any action should become serious - Pillow was to join the fight with his whole command and assume command of the force on site.

Worth's division at San Antonio was ordered to follow the road being built by Twiggs and Pillow. Scott had three of his four divisions now committed for the movement around the Pedregal. Only Quitman was left in reserve at San Agustin.

Under Lee's guidance, Pillow's men worked and by early afternoon had reached Mt. Zacatepec leaving a good road to traverse. At Mt. Zacatepec, they reached a point overlooking Padierna in front, San Geronimo to the right and Contreras on the left. It should be noted that Scott's map mistakenly calls San Geronimo - Contreras. Thus, the erroneous name for the battle. The real Contreras never saw an American or Mexican soldier until after the battle had been fought.

In the early afternoon, Twiggs forward unit would come under fire as they descended the lead slopes of Zacatepec. Twiggs sends up two batteries of artillery to fire on the Mexican force. They were outgunned by twenty-two heavy Mexican cannon from the beginning and eventually withdraw. Pillow arrives and takes command of the troops.

Pillow proceeds to give battle and sends Colonel Riley down the banks of the river, cross over, and seize San Geronimo, cutting the Mexican force off from its lifeline, the San Angel Road. Riley, cautious in action, asked if is own commander, Twiggs, had been made aware of the order. Pillow acknowledged the inquiry which was confirmed by staff officers from Twiggs. Riley, thus dismounts, and leads his men down the rugged banks, cross the river to Padierna, to the Ansaldo orchard and finally enters San Geronimo, which was deserted. He did face some activity from lancers, Torrejon's cavalry and some artillery fire, but was never assaulted by infantry. Valencia was at the time, preoccupied in an artillery duel with Magruder's battery to the east.

Pillow now realized Riley is isolated at San Geronimo and in danger. Accordingly, he sends Cadwalader, then the 15th Infantry under Colonel George W. Morgan to Riley's support. Now reinforced, Riley begins to scout the lead (western) side of Valencia's position. Valencia does not commence any action to these southern parties still with his attention focused on the artillery duel. By the end of the day, with Magruder pulling his guns from the action, Valencia feels he has repulsed a major attack and declared victory, celebrates, promotes all his officers, and got drunk.

In the meantime, Riley, Morgan (15th Infantry) and Cadwalader are in a very exposed spot. Besides Valencia force, they identify coming down the San Angel road, a major Mexican force (Santa Anna's main body). They suddenly find themselves sandwiched between two strong opposing forces under Santa Anna's command. Pillow does nothing to remove the Americans.

Now coming onto the scene would be Persifor F. Smith of New Orleans, veteran of the Florida War and hero of Monterey. Magruder's batteries are again placed into action, firing upon Valencia's troops. Smith's infantry troops are assigned to Magruder for protecting his batteries. Smith could see the plight of his fellow officers across the river from their location. He ascertained he should go to their aid. But Valencia's men were straight across from him. Smith realized a frontal attack would be too costly and attacking Valencia's right (left toward Contreras) would not cut Valencia off from the approaching Mexican reinforcing army. He would then on his own initiative move out to the right and follow the route taken by the other Americans. He attempts to find senior officers to confirm his course of action, called his battalion commanders, told them the plans, ordered Magruder to begin firing again to cover him, and led his men off by the right flank.

Smith finally arrives to the rear of Morgan's 15th Infantry just prior to sunset. They would

see the Mexican Army drawing up between them and the San Angel. Smith sets us defensive positions. He obtains reports from Riley that his force is beyond the village and is preparing to attack northward. Cadwalader was finding his terrain difficult to advance on and seemed to be confused with his general orders. With darkness coming and the critical complications, Smith rescinds orders for the assault. He still doesn't realize he is about to make contact with Santa Anna's main force.

Santa Anna doesn't pursue the opportunity before him. It was late, and he had a difficult ravine before him. So he failed to attack the American force between him and Valencia's. It was probably do to the political rivalry between him and Valencia. It was generally, as a course of action, that personal and political differences were forgotten on the battlefield. But with Valencia, Anna was troubled with giving Valencia the ability to claim credit for his success by having chosen the site of the victory. On the other hand, Santa Anna was never a perceptive General on the battlefield, and his failure may simply been do to that fact of not realizing his situation. Whatever the reason, he had just brought disaster upon himself and saved the American units in the field between him and Valencia.

After Persifor Smith had canceled his attack, he began to assess his course of action. Riley, volunteering his engineers, had been able to find their way around to the rear of Valencia's force. Smith immediately grabbed the chance to surround Valencia on three sides and attack him at daybreak. Smith sent Captain Robert E. Lee to locate Scott and tell him of his plans. He added in the dispatch a request for Scott to order a diversionary action on Valencia's front for he planned to attack at 3 a.m.

Lee finally locates Scott at his camp in San Agustin at 11 p.m. Scott was glad to see Lee. He had sent out several officers to locate and determine Smith's situation. They had all failed. Upon learning the situation, Scott ordered Lee and Twiggs to scrape up troops for the morning action. Before long, they locate Franklin Pierce's brigade commanded by Colonel T.B. Ransom, of the 9th Infantry.

At Padierna, Smith was making final arrangements to attack Valencia at daybreak. Riley's brigade moved out prior to 3 a.m. and Cadwalader's brigade was split with half sent with Riley and the other half staying in place to face Santa Anna's force. Morgan's 15th Infantry was to follow Riley but be ready to face Santa Anna, if necessary. Shield was to remain in San Geronimo. Riley's detachment had a rough hike and it was in full daylight, three hours later before he was in position. Two events had occurred to aid Smith during the night: (1) cold rain storms during the night caused the Mexican pickets, protecting Valencia's troops had retreated for shelter from the weather, and (2) Santa Anna had withdrawn northward from his advanced position to San Angel. Smith did not have to fear about his rear now.

Valencia's men were expecting to be reinforced by Santa Anna's force. When morning came, they saw that Santa Anna had withdrawn his troops to San Angel. Valencia's men panic, some desert, the rest are disheartened. The Americans hit hard from all fronts. The assault lasted only 17 minutes. Valencia's men broke and ran, many intercepted by Shield's troops as they tried to escape to San Angel. Santa Anna saw the rout in progress, but continued to retire from the field to Churubusco. The Americans showed no mercy and pursued to the best of their abilities all the way to San Angel. Pillow's arrived at San Angel just as the battle ends to assume command. So much for the battle of Contreras, a battle Scott never considered he would fight. Scott had sent 4500 men up against 7000 Mexican's. Anna had 12,000 more troops in reserve and within sight of the action but never entered the fray.

Scott now orders Worth and Quitman to halt their advance to San Angel. Worth was redirected to wait until Pillow's division cut the Churubusco - San Antonio Road from the rear. Then, Worth was to pursue as the enemy retreated. Scott followed the San Angel Road to Cayoacan, where he caught up with Pillow and Smith. Scott now resumes control of his army.

Worth, did not wait for Pillow, and went west across the Pedregal to the rear of San Antonio. This caused the Mexican troops there to flee in panic. Worth pursued them as they moved towards Churubusco. All main roads were now open to Churubusco and San Antonio with American troops in hot pursuit of the Mexicans.

Santa Anna regains his composure and decides to take his troops back to Mexico City. To accomplish this he had to keep the Churubusco bridge open for his retreating troops. There were two primary defensive post covering the bridge: (1) the tete de pont, which protected the bridge itself, and (2) the heavily defended San Mateo Convent, about 500 yards to the southwest. Santa Anna ordered they be held at all costs.

Scott acts quickly, unaware of the defenses he is about to encounter and he fails to do the reconnaissance. He orders an all-out attack upon both sites.

BATTLE of CHURUBUSCO.

The battle of Churubusco, began around noon of Friday, August 20, 1847. The action consisted of three separate events: (1) the main attack (Worth & Pillow) on the Churubusco bridge, (2) the attack on the Convent (Twiggs) and (3) the turning movement to Portales, north of the Churubusco bridge (Sheets & Pierce). By this, Scott was totally committed with all of his units and his ability to effect the battle further was limited.

Thus, when Lee reported that Shield and Pierce needed help at Portales, Scott was forced to send Twiggs reserves to his aid. The Mounted Rifles and one company of dragoons arrived in time to turn the tide for the left wing.

The first position to give way was the tete de pont at Churubusco. Clark's brigade (5th, 6th, & 8th Infantry) and Cadwalader's Brigade (11th & 14th Infantry), supported by Duncan's artillery battalion (2600 total), converged on this position. The Mexicans had between seven to nine thousand men defending. When the works were taken by the bayonet, even the professional soldier Worth was moved, feeling the conduct of his men had been simply spectacular.

Once the tete de pont was secured, Worth turned his fire onto the convent, and its fate was all but determined. Captain Edmund B. Alexander, commanding the 3rd Infantry, was the first to go over the rampart and once again the bayonet was the final weapon to win the day. Twenty minutes later, the two and a half hour battle was over. The Convent of San Mateo had been secured.

On the north at Portales, Shield had faced strong opposition. His final triumph was muted, for just as they were about to rout the enemy, and they were scattering, Worth's men came charging up the road from Churubusco. The final matter of the battle concerned Captain Philip Kearny and Lt. Richard S. Ewell not hearing Harney's order to halt. They would continue to chase the retreating Mexicans all the way to the outskirts of Mexico City. They would dash into heavy Mexican musket fire, Kearny suffering a mangled arm that would be amputated. In fifteen years, the two men would both be casualties near Bull Run, Virginia. Kearny would be killed fighting with the Union; Ewell seriously wounded fighting for the Confederacy.

Santa Anna's troops were in grave disarray. He had lost approximately 4000 killed or wounded. Three thousand captured, among them being eight generals. And none of his units survived intact. Scott also had paid a price. He lost 1053 officers and men of which 139 were killed. He could have taken Mexico City. But, he stopped the advance. The battle for the capitol would be forthcoming and so shall the 15th Infantry's final glory of the war in assaulting the Chapultepec Fortress, which protected the entry to Mexico City from the west.

Upon the conclusion of the battle for Chapultepec on September 13, 1847, the 15th Infantry would be left in garrison duty of the castle while Scott moved into Mexico City on September 14th. This would conclude the campaign and secure the final treaty for ending the war.

THE STRUGGLE FOR CHAPULTEPEC

There was an uneasy peace (truce) which was agreed to between Santa Anna and Scott. Scott had decided to pursue this course of action after Churubusco based upon his fears of destroying any responsible Mexican Government with whom he would negotiate and leave his small army in hostile surroundings and Santa Anna on the loose to rally new troops.

One of Scott's junior officers, Captain Ephraim Kirby Smith, a faithful diarist as of August 29, 1847, voiced five days after the armistice had gone into effect the almost universal feeling of the officers and men of the American army.

> "We are in a strange situation - a conquering army on a hill overlooking an enemy's capital which is perfectly at our mercy, yet not permitted to enter it, and compelled to submit to all manner of insults from its corrupt inhabitants."

"During this armistice," wrote Lt. Beauregard,

> "no reconnaissance was permitted by the General-in-Chief, although it was a notorious fact that the enemy was violating it day and night."

Kirby Smith says,

> "He has been flattering us with the hopes of peace (but) he has been actively collecting his scattered force, and with all his energies preparing to renew the combat."

Colonel Ethan Allen Hitchcock noted,

> "We hear that the fragments of Santa Anna's army brought together make a force of some 18,000 men, more than double our army."

By September 6, after negotiations had ceased between Trist and the Mexicans, Scott sent notice to Santa Anna that he would consider the armistice terminated on September 7, as of noon, unless he received explanation, apology, and reparations for direct breaches of faith by the Mexicans.

Santa Anna replied indignantly that he had remained silent when told of Americans violating churches, stealing sacred vessels and profaned images, of the mistreatment of Mexican daughters and wives, and related charges. Santa Anna furthered replied, he did not wish to hinder negotiations to conclude the war but that he would not dismember and dishonor his nation. He declared, he was ready to repel force with force to save the first city of the American continent...of the horrors of war.

Scott likewise had various reports of Mexican violations of the armistice. The one that concerned Scott was that Santa Anna was collecting church bells in the city and sending them to a foundry in a complex of low stone buildings known as El Molina del Rey (The King's Mill) to be cast into cannon.

Scott's headquarters was only one mile from El Molina del Rey in the town of Tacubaya and stood at the western slope of Chapultepec, whose guns fortified the mill effectively. About 500 yards west of the north end of the quarter-mile-long Molina del Rey was a square stone fortification known as Casa Mata, which served as a powder magazine.

Movement and reports of Mexican troops to Molino del Rey seemed to Scott to confirm that cannon were being cast there. Scott quickly reports,

> "I resolved at once to drive the enemy early the next morning, to seize the powder, and destroy the foundry."

This raid on El Molino del Rey would be one of the bloodiest battles of the war for the American troops engaged. Scott assigned Worth's division for the attack. Units also attached were Cadwalader's brigade, a battery of three six-pounders under Captain Simon Drum, two twenty-four pounder battery guns under Captain Benjamin Huger, and Major Edwin Sumner's cavalry, numbering less than 300. Worth reported only 3,100 men of all arms fit for duty.

Scott had called for a midnight attack, but he agreed to Worth's desire for daybreak to attack. Worth's request to carry the attack on against Chapultepec once Molino del Rey was secured was denied.

At 3 a.m. on September 8, Worth moves his columns out and by the break of day his units were all secured in their positions as if on dress parade and in full view of the enemy. Worth upon spying the enemy works reported,

> "The enemy was in a position of immense strength."

Lt. Isaac Stevens of the Engineers wrote,

> "their left resting on Chapultepec and the foundry, their right on a ravine, a continuous breast work covering their front."

The Mexican line was also supported by the Casa Mata, was about a mile in length and formed almost a right angle.

Worth would place Garland's brigade on his extreme right to cover the southern end of Molino del Rey and to defend any attempt to reinforce the mill from Chapultepec by the Mexicans. Captain Huger placed is twenty-four pounders to Garland's left on a ridge about 500 yards from Molino del Rey. He was to soften the defenses for the main assault. The storming party was composed of 500 picked men from the various regiments and under the command of Major George Wright. They were posted to the left of Huger's guns to be in place to charge the center of the Mexican line. Clarke's brigade was posted to the right side of the line and Sumner's cavalry was to repel the enemy attack as the Commander's judgment might suggest during the battle. Cadwalader's brigade was put in reserve.

Daybreak, September 8, the Mexican lines were still causing the Americans to wonder if they had abandoned their post. At 5:00 a.m. Huger's guns opened fire on Molino del Rey. Only after 10 rounds, Worth ordered the advance of the storming party. In his report, Worth said Huger had "sensibly shaken" the Mexican lines when, "the assaulting party dashed gallantly forward." Most critics agree that Worth attacked with insufficient artillery preparation.

As the Americans approached, the Mexican lines came alive with murderous fire. A shower of canister and musketry was focused on the storming troops, but they rushed on to engage the Mexican line, putting bayonet to the cannoneers and supporting infantry and capturing the pieces. The Americans then turned the guns to fire on the Mexicans, but before they could use the guns, the Mexicans rallied and supported by awesome fire from infantry on the

rooftops of Molino del Rey, came back in force. The Americans were caught in overwhelming musketry, which struck eleven out of fourteen officers and rendered serious damage to the troops.

Huger's guns could not assist for they were poised where the Americans were fighting. Worth ordered Cadwalader's troops into the fray. The fresh men dashed into the center of the Mexican line with fierce determination. The Mexicans broke again and the Americans regained the position.

At the other end of this line, McIntosh's brigade moved forward as Duncan's battery fired artillery support ahead of them as they advanced. Once Duncan's battery was masked by the forward lines of Americans, he ceased fire. McIntosh pursued his objective driving on to the Casa Mata. Worth reported,

> "instead of being an ordinary field entrenchment, as was supposed, proved to be a strong stone citadel, surrounded by bastioned entrenchments and impassable ditches."

When McIntosh engaged the enemy, he was met with a heavy fire that swept his ranks. He was taking serious casualties and for a brief moment the thinning remnant pushed on to reach the slope of the outer works of the Casa Mata. By this time, the officers all wounded or stricken down, the Americans broke and fell back. Upon reaching Duncan's guns, they rallied.

As this is happening, Duncan had been engaged with enemy cavalry and infantry in motion from the ravine on the American left. As the Mexican cavalry charged Duncan's position, he unleashed a volley of canister which cleared men from their saddles and killed many horses. Soon, the Mexican squadrons broke and fell back. At this point, Major Sumner of the American cavalry moved forward under intense fire and crossed the ravine. Being outnumbered 9 - 1, he remained engaged with the enemy for the remainder of the action.

Duncan now was able to reposition his guns and fired a heavy concentration upon Casa Mata until the enemy had to withdraw because of well directed fire from his battery. He completed his day by then opening fire on the retreating Mexican column until it was out of range and driven off the field. The Americans had taken the position and were in possession of Molino del Rey.

In utter confusion, Molino del Rey had been achieved. As the Americans entered the enclosure, led by Captain Robert Anderson and Lieutenant U. S. Grant, small fights were had as the area was policed and the Mexicans rounded up or chased off.

General Worth quickly discovered that no cannon were being cast there. Had their intelligence been better, this was one battle that could have been avoided. Worth had the Casa Mata blown up, destroyed old cannon molds and returned to Tacubaya with 116 KIA, 658 wounded and 18 missing. The Fifth Infantry, McIntosh's brigade had taken 38% casualties, while the total command's percentage of loss in the two hour fight was 25.4%. Colonel Hitchcock wrote in his journal,

> "On September 8th, we were like Pyrrhus after his fight with Fabricius- a few more such victories and this army would be destroyed."

In the meantime, Scott had kept his Engineers reconnoitering the southern and southwestern approaches to the city. They had found that Santa Anna had strengthen and extended his fortifications at the gates, emplaced more guns, and flooded the low grounds between the causeways. By September 11, Scott convened a meeting of his generals in the afternoon at Piedad, a small village located just a half mile south of the Belen Garita (Gate).

He also had the Engineers present. Captain Robert E. Lee agreed that the attack should be made from the south. Scott asked for Beauregard's comment and he told the General that the Mexicans expected the attack from the south as they had strengthen their defense. He recommended a demonstration from the south and assault Chapultepec. Men rallied behind this approach and Scott also favored such an attack.

Scott closed the meeting declaring:

> "Gentlemen, we will attack by the western gates. The general officers present here will remain for further orders - the meeting is dissolved."

Scott issues the initial orders for the attack on Chapultepec. General Quitman is directed to march by daylight to reinforce Pillow at Piedad. Then, under cover of night, they are to join Worth at Tacubaya. General Twiggs was to move into Piedad as a diversion to present a threat of imminent attack up the causeway from Piedad.

For a successful attack from the west upon Mexico City, Scott had to secure Chapultepec Hill and its defensive "castle" once the summer home of the viceroys of Mexico. Since 1833, it had served as the Mexican Military College. This building stood on a narrow crest of a 200 foot hill, the highest point, and its steep slopes being directed towards the city. Chapultepec was a massive site. The hill was enclosed by walls of more than twelve feet which extended east and west for almost a mile, terminating at Molino del Rey. A narrow gateway was located in the south wall, defended by an earthwork and a second fortified gateway on the southeast. Thirteen guns and a force of less than 1000 men, plus the cadets of the Military College were ready to defend Chapultepec under the command of General Nicolas Bravo.

September 12 saw Captain R.E. Lee locating the batteries and Captain Huger emplacing the guns. They had all four batteries in their positions by 7 a.m. Quitman's division was posted at Tacubaya to make his attack up the road on the southeast edge of Chapultepec. Both Pillow and Worth were positioned at Molino del Rey to attack the western slope. Scott had secured orders so there would be sufficient artillery preparations and support. He did not want another Molino del Rey on his hands. Scott wrote,

> "it was foreseen that the play of the batteries might run into the second day...I was therefore in no haste in ordering an assault before the works were crippled by our missiles."

Shortly after daybreak on the 12th of September, Scott commenced with the artillery barrage. Initially, the guns had little effect. But Scott kept up the shelling for fourteen hours. A Mexican source reported,

> "soon the walls of the building commenced to be pierced by balls in all directions, experiencing great ravages also in the roofs, caused by the bombs which the mortars threw."

The Mexicans suffered many killed or wounded by the constant shelling. General Bravo called on Santa Anna for reinforcements, but this came to no avail. Darkness brought an end to the day-long barrage.

Scott now prepared for the assault on the 13th. He determined an early morning attack would be ordered. General Quitman, supported by Persifor Smith's brigade from Twiggs division would attack the hill from the south and southeast. Pillow, who would attack from the west, was to be supported by Worth's troops. Worth and Twiggs were both to provide 250 veteran regulars for Pillow and Quitman's command.

The long night took its toll on the confidence of the American leadership. At a council of

General's at headquarters, Worth told Colonel Hitchcock: "We shall be defeated." When all had left, Scott remarked to Hitchcock, "I have my misgivings."

On the morning of the 13th, the bombardment commenced again. The signal for the assault to begin in earnest was the cessation of fire by the batteries. By eight o'clock, the guns went silent. Quitman and Persifor Smith moved on the south and southeast with scaling ladders, pickaxes and crowbars given to the troops for overcoming the wall.

Pillow advanced in three columns. Lt. Colonel Joseph Johnson moved on the enclosures south wall. Colonel William Trousdale moved outside the north wall with artillery support from Lt. Thomas Jackson. Inside the enclosure, Cadwalader advanced from Molino del Rey with General Pillow joining this force. Marshy ground, boulders and trees all threw obstacles to slow Pillow's advance along the 500-yard front.

Captain McKenzie, led Pillow's advance storming party, although they were also delayed, they were able to swarm the south gate lower works and put the Mexicans on the run. This aided the American cause for it prevented the enemy from lighting powder trains and to fire the land mines which were designed to blow up as the attackers advanced.

The storming party, now being supported by Johnson's Voltiguers, followed the Mexicans up the slope to a ditch at the bottom of the massive retaining wall. The Americans halted here waiting for the scaling ladders to arrive.

At this same time, Quitman had engaged Mexican infantry, supported by artillery, across the road, and his attack was held up. General Smith veered off across the marshy terrain to the right of the road. He was attempting to take the Mexicans in the rear. Shield's brigade, reinforced by the Second Pennsylvania Regiment, went left of the road, into the face of heavy Mexican fire from secured batteries. His men marched to the south wall and began breaching it with pickaxes and crowbars. Two of Shield's regiments then moved through the unguarded gate and fought the remainder of the battle under Pillow.

The scaling ladders had finally arrived at McKenzie's position and Pillow, who had been wounded, called on Worth to bring up the whole division, and was told,

"to make great haste or he feared it would be too late."

Worth responded by sending Clarke's brigade forward with Pillow's men moving up the western slope. As fast as the scaling ladders were secured, the men climbed up and over the crest of the wall. In the eagerness of the men, all organization began to be lost. But, they continued the fight pressing on against the defenders. The regimental colors of the Voltiguers were the first planted on Chapultepec.

But as the palace of Chapultepec was overcome from the west and south, Quitman was still fighting a very hotly contested battle at the eastern end of the enclosure. The fighting came to see bitter hand-to-hand combat, but with the silence of the guns of the castle indicating that it had fallen, the Mexicans at the base broke and retreated. Chapultepec was now firmly in the control of the American force.

The battle for Chapultepec had taken just one hour. But, it was a long hour for the Americans engaged in the hot assault. The fall of Chapultepec involved valorous deeds on both sides and out of the debacle for Mexico came the legend of Ninos Heroes, the brave little cadets, 51 strong, who fought unto the last, preferring to die than surrender.

Even after Chapultepec was secured, fighting still was happening outside the north wall of the enclosure. Colonel Trousdale's regiments were engaged against reinforced units from the city. Trousdale wounded and Lt. Thomas Jackson manning his one remaining gun hung on until

relieved and reinforced.

It was shortly after 9 a.m. that Garland's brigade of Worth's division came in to relieve Trousdale's position. He then began in motion via the Veronica Causeway, with San Cosme Gate as their goal. Quitman's division, which by now had many mixed commands attached pushed up the Tacubaya Causeway.

General Scott ordered Clarke and Cadwalader to support Worth in the San Cosme attack, while he directed Pierce's brigade and a number of heavy guns to follow Quitman's wake. After garrisoning Chapultepec with the Fifteenth Infantry, Scott rode on to join Worth's column. The Fifteenth's active fighting now over as they secured their post and looked after the wounded and dead.

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT JAMES W. WILEY

NOTE: The following letter is from the Defiance Democrat, December 23, 1847. The author had been intimately involved in the various marches, skirmishes, and battles leading up to the storming of Chapultepec, which protected the capitol city of Mexico City. His account is probably the best personal account that we have of the service of our boys from Defiance and Williams county during their active service with the U.S. 15th Infantry. Lt. Wiley after reviewing the actions of the boys, then proceeds to review the personal condition of the men and gives a social commentary on the life of the people of Mexico. It gives us the best general overview of the actual day to day activity of our men during their campaign of 1847.

Monastery, on Churubusco
Battleground, Mexico
September 1st, 1847

Mr. Yearick:

For the first time since my entrance into the service of the United States, I take the time and opportunity to give you, and through you the balance of our civilian friends, a sort of desultory sketch of miscellaneous perambulations to which I have been subject and which in an invasion like that in which we have been engaged, is the common lot of all who engage in it. It would be extreme folly for me to attempt to be minute in detail and will only transfer to paper such thoughts and incidents as in my judgment will prove most interesting.

On arriving at Cincinnati, we were chagrined to learn that the balance of the regiment had struck their tents and taken its departure for New Orleans and consequently all was bustle with us in order to be on our "winding way", and overtake it if possible at that place. We left Cincinnati on the evening of the second day after our arrival, on the steamboat "Star Spangled Banner" amid the huzzas of a large concourse of people on the wharf. We had a very pleasant and speedy passage to New Orleans and what added doubly to its enjoyment, we had the pleasure of the society of some eight or ten lively and intelligent females and amid music and dancing, whist and euchart, the time passed so pleasantly, that none of us but regretted the announcement that we had touched the levee. This broke up our enjoyment and after a general adieu, the Captain, Lieutenant Goodloe, and myself started in quest of the regiment; which we found had arrived safe and preparations actively progressing for our embarkation for Vera Cruz.

On the evening of June 3rd, we took leave of the Crescent City in the ship "Southport" and after being towed down to the Belize were cut adrift and in company with another vessel, the

"Russia" with the remainder of the troops of our regiment "bid farewell to the land". We had a very calm, pleasant, and somewhat tedious passage of 12 days nothing occurring manwhile of much interest and although there was considerable sickness on board, not a death occurred during our passage. We arrived in the Harbor of Vera Cruz on the afternoon of June 12 and the next morning were conveyed in serf boats to our camping ground on the beach three miles from the city; where, we were joined in a few days by Colonel Morgan and in a few days thereafter by General Pillow. The yellow fever and black vomit were raging in the city to a most fearful extent during our stay in camp and was but rarely visited by officers, except on business and, entirely forbidden to the soldiery. I had occasion to pay it two visits during our sojourn and a few hours sufficed to allay my surprise, when informed, that in addition to the disease above named, small pox, measles, cholera morbus, and a host of other epidemics were busily employed upon all the foreigners that entered its walls. Such a stench! I can yet in imagination, smell the indescribable deathly stench with which the visitors is assailed in every street, in every house. To give you some idea of the impure state of the atmosphere arising from the filth of the city, a party of us had determined to visit a brother officer confined by sickness in one of the first hotels in the city and after ascending the first flight of stairs were actually compelled to relinquish the undertaking. Cart loads of tenanted coffins could frequently be seen during the day, coming from the different hospitals, and it was not unfrequently the case that persons in good health were known to drop dead in the streets.

The city has at one time the look of a splendid place, but looks rather the worse of the bombardment it received at the hands of General Scott. I visited the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and although I had read various descriptions of it, yet never before had I anything like an accurate conception of its strength. Commanding as it does every point of the compass, properly garrisoned with American troops, with adequate ammunition and provisions, the combined fleets and armies of the world could never take it from them.

Everything being arranged for departure, on the 18th of June, we broke up our encampment and in company with the Voltiguers and the 14th Regiment, commenced our march for the "Halls of the Montezuma".

The first days march was quite short and made without difficulty, but; the second was one which will long be remembered by all. The distance was about 18 miles without intervening watering place through a deep, burning sand, and under a scorching tropical sun. The canteens were all empty ere half the distance was completed and the distress that followed is beyond all description. Colonel Morgan selected me in the morning as officer of the rear guard, and it was made my duty to see that none of the men left the ranks or lagged behind the regiment. I contrived by alternate swearing and coaxing to keep the stragglers together, or at least in sight of each other until within five or six miles of the place of encampment, when I found it impossible to get all along with me. The further I advanced, the more numerous became the exhausted until a final stand was made at a ranch about a mile from camp. All that were able to march on and I was ordered by the Colonel to remain with those that were unable until water could be sent out to them. The sight presented along the road was as terrible as a hotly-contested battlefield. Large, athletic men lay stretched at full length on the ground unable to speak their agony but in groans while nothing was heard from those that could articulate but "Water! For God's sake give me water!" Numbers had fainted and were lying in a state of insensibility, while many were actually dead. Water at length came to their relief and towards evening, I succeeded in getting into camp all that were able to walk. I will give casualties of our own company, as a standard for three regiments, for I am certain we were not the most unfortunate: Captain Chase was sun-struck and for some time was not expected to live. Thomas Marks marched with the regiment into camp, but died in less than a quarter of an hour thereafter. Three others were sent back to the hospital at Vera Cruz, all of whom have since died making four deaths in our company. We encamped in a large hacienda that had been deserted by its proprietors and remained there the day following. The country residence of Santa Anna could be seen from this place, as also his rich domain, stretching in the distance.

The name of the camping ground on the first day's march was "Rio Medio" that of the second "San Juan". On the 21st June, we commenced our third day's march and in evening encamped at "Passio del O'Vega" road but little better. On the 22nd, we arrived at the far-famed "National Bridge" or, as it is in Spanish "Puento National" where but a week or two previous, a sharp action had between our troops under General Cadwalader, and the Guerrillas. Many dead horses and newly made graves attested what the action had cost us. It is an admirable place for an attack the hills on either side, almost impossible of ascent, surmounted on their tops with forts, completely commanding the road, renders it one of the strongest places on the route. All was quiet, however, on our arrival. On the 23rd, we encamped at Plan del Rio. On the morning of this day, we had a small brush with the enemy two or three were killed on each side, the enemy firing upon us from the chaparral. One company was ahead of us, which kept us out of the action, but; in the evening just as we had reached our camping ground, an attack was made on the stragglers in our rear and our company was immediately ordered up the hill to engage the enemy, but on our arrival at the scene of the action, the Mexicans (Lancers) had vamoused, or in English, "run away." Great credit is due to David Robinson, formerly a journeyman of Mr. Kniss, for the part he took in the action. He had become fatigued, and was among the stragglers when the attack was made, and when almost surrounded by the enemy, loaded and fired amongst them with great deliberation, until they dispersed.

On the 24th, we arrived at En Carro, a beautiful camping ground and elevated position, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. We were now making our way through the mountains, and had this day passed the heights of Cerro Gordo. On the 25th, we arrived at Jalapa, passed three miles the other side, and encamped at a hacienda called Zedenas, where we remained three days. Jalapa is a splendid place containing about 50,000 inhabitants. The streets are clean and well paved and the houses present an appearance of neatness, superior to any city I have seen in Mexico. On the 28th, we arrived at La Hoya, the scene of another sharply contested action which took place a few weeks before our arrival. We remained here one day for the purpose of procuring forage. On the 30th, we encamped at Cerro Blanco, another beautiful encampment and on the 1st of July entered Perote in the Castle at which place, the Mier prisoners were confined. I visited the room where they drew the beans and viewed the stake at which those who were so unfortunate as to draw black beans were shot their bones and skulls still bleaching in the sun. It is one of the most formidable fortifications I have ever seen equal in strength to San Juan de Uloa situated in a vast plain, and commanding the entire surrounding country. The walls are immense, with a mote running between the outer wall and the castle, which can be filled with ten feet of water in two hours. The Castle and town were occupied by our troops among others Captain Walker and his Rangers were there. The town is a miserable place, and our camping ground worse, being located on a sand bar, and there being a constant and heavy breeze, made it very disagreeable. Be assured I was heartily glad when, after a delay of two days, we were ordered to resume our march. On the 3rd July, we encamped at the village of Tipayuhualco; on the 4th at Verayes, on the 5th at Ogo del Agua, 6th, El Penon, 7th, Amazoqua, 8th, Puebla; where we remained a month and two days, awaiting the arrival of General Pierce's command, then en route. Puebla is a most magnificent place, containing about 80,000 inhabitants. It is built very compactly, and with so much uniformity, that person would suppose it to have been built every house in the same year. It contains near 50 churches, (all Catholic of course) very large, and the interior the temples more magnificent than anything I have ever seen; and attempt at true description would be utter folly. The interior of almost every church differs in design from its neighbor, and all appear to be vying (sic) with each other in gorgeousness of workmanship and decoration. The grand Cathedral, on the main Plaza is superior to any in the city or on fact the Republic, except the one at Guadaloupe. The whole interior is of the finest and most exquisitely carved workmanship beautifully gilded, giving the whole interior the appearance of one mass of gold. Along either side of the walls are the Saints, &c., in the finest drapery, covered with gold and silver lace, beautifully ensconced in the wall, and protected from dust, &c., by glass. A large gold chandelier lights up the center of the chapel. The altar I will not attempt to describe, but beside it stands the golden candlesticks, always

lighted, over the tomb of the Bishops.

The scenery around Puebla is most grand and imposing. As fine a view perhaps as can be had, in the vicinity of the city, is afforded from the parade ground (for be it known to you that we commenced battalion drills immediately after our arrival in Puebla). Two large mountains, Orozaba and Popocatapel, their tops capped with perpetual snow, meets the eye on turning to the south, and turn whichsoever way you will, your eye is greeted with fields of corn and fruit and droves of cattle grazing in some vast enclosure, with here and there a village, with churches interspersed in all directions, while in the far distance, ranges of mountains rise until their tops are lost sight of amid the clouds.

Before leaving Puebla, I joined a party and paid a visit to the celebrated ruins of Cholula, the principle item of attraction being the stupendous Pyramid, which stands like a giant in the plain. It is eight miles from Puebla, and was once a large city of 200,000 inhabitants distinguished as the place where Montezuma laid a conspiracy to destroy the entire army of Cortez, who was then encamped within its walls. Cortez, however, discovered the plan in time to save himself and army, and repaid its inhabitants by destroying their city. It is now entirely in ruins, and is cultivated in squares, forming gardens for the vegetable productions of this climate. The streets are still visible and the pavements are in a good state of preservation. Besides the large Pyramid alluded to, there are several smaller ones. Take it all in all, it is one of the most splendid sights I ever beheld.

On the 6th of August, General Pierce arrived with the train and reinforcements, and on the 10th General Pillow's Division (the division to which we belong) received marching orders, and straightaway we bent our course towards the "Halls of the Montezuma." We halted that night in a large plain, the name of which I have forgotten. On the 11th, we encamped at the village of St. Martins; 12th at Reo Freo; 13th, Choluca, where we remained for the next two days. This place, by the direct road, is about 18 miles from Mexico. The occasion of this halt was to afford General Scott time to reconnoiter the pass of Penon, about halfway from Choluca to the city, and which was reported to have been very strongly fortified. The result of the reconnaissance (sic) led to the determination to take another and unfrequented route by way of San Augustine, which the Mexicans considered impossible for us to get through with our trains, no wheel conveyances having passed that way for years, in consequence of the breaches in the road, and it being blockaded for a considerable distance with rocks, rolled from the mountainside, along whose base the road is constructed. The sappers, miners, and pioneers were set to work, however, and we jogged along about as usual, and on the 16th our first day's march from Choluca, encamped at Olive Grove, the most beautiful encampment on our route. On the 17th we halted at the village of Erno Milko, and on the 18th at St. Augustine. Now commenced our operations in the valley of Mexico. I shall not dwell at length on the scenes which followed, as to what this or that division or battalion performed. The official reports of the battles of the 19th and the 20th doubtless will have reached you long ere this will; beside, I send you the papers of this city, giving an account of those actions, which, in the main, I believe to be correct. I will, however, attempt to give you a short sketch of the doings of our regiment (the 15th) and the part it took in the sanguinary struggles of Contreras and Churubusco.

General Worth having advanced and taken position in front of San Antonio on the 19th, the 15th Regiment was ordered to take up its line of march from St. Augustine. We advanced, with a part of our division and McGruder's Battery, to a hill in the direction of San Angel, and on the left of General Worth. It was necessary to do considerable excavation and leveling of the hill, in order to get the pieces up. We all went to work, and in a short time the battery was on the top of the hill. We then proceeded, without further impediment, to the field of Contreras, when the battery was got into position and our regiment informed that it was held as a reserve. We were, however, soon ordered to the support of Colonel Riley, to effect which, we were compelled to traverse the mile of broken volcanic ground, and deep ravine spoken of, after which, we moved forward to an orchard, directly in front of the hill occupied by Santa

Anna and his immense force of cavalry and infantry, which appeared in fine spirits cheering, music playing, banners flying, &c. This position threw us immediately between the forces of Santa Anna and the strong position occupied by Valencia. Had an attack been made upon us from the hill on that evening by Santa Anna, we should most inevitably have been cut to pieces before succor could have reached us. Towards evening, two pieces were got into position which they played upon us until dark, but without doing any damage, although some shells fell very near us. Night at length closed around us, accompanied by a cold, heavy rain. We stretched ourselves under the trees of the orchard, fatigued, cold, and hungry, and in momentary expectation of an attack. I slept soundly, however, and the next morning, before daylight, General Cadwalader ordered us to our position in the attack which was to be made. We hurried over a miserable broken piece of ground, and arrived at our place of destination just as our troops were entering the fort; consequently, we had but a small share in the action. The enemy fled in confusion followed by the Rifles, who played into their ranks a most deadly fire. The road towards the city was strewed with dead Mexicans, mules, wagons, and broken muskets. It was a most glorious rout, (sic) and I assure you, I enjoyed the scene with the utmost satisfaction. Little respite was given us, for in a short time the word "Forward march" was given, and with cheerful hearts but empty stomachs, we pursued our way. Arrived at the village of Nativitas, we had barely "stacked arms" for the purpose of refreshments, when the guns of Churubusco were opened upon the troops in advance. Arms were immediately retaken, and soon an order arrived from General Scott ordering us around by another road to attack the enemy in the rear, on the road to the city. The distance round was about two miles, and we took our position in front of a hacienda or barn, and in front of 10,000 of the enemy. There was a wall, about three feet high, in front of this building, which afforded partial protection to our regiment, and to work they went. A deep ditch, some ten feet deep, filled with water, intervened between us and the enemy along the roadside, and a hedge of Caculus afforded admirable protection to the enemy, and prevented us from charging them. I can give you no idea of the quantity of balls which were thrown into our ranks it was like a hailstorm. Only think of the fire from 10,000 or 12,000 guns, concentrating upon a single regiment! We were not left long unsupported; the 9th, 12th, 14th, and the 2nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, the New York and South Carolina Volunteers, together with two pieces of the howitzer battery soon came to our assistance, and divided the fire of the enemy. The action lasted, in its fiercest form, over an hour, and every person concedes it to have been the greatest musketry engagement ever had on the continent. Colonel Morgan was wounded in the leg at its commencement. Captain Quarrels was mortally wounded about the same time; 2nd Lieutenant Goodman was shot dead, and 2nd Lieutenant Goodloe severely wounded before the companies were formed in order of battle. A ball passed directly over my cap, leaving its trace on the crown, and there was scarcely an officer amongst us but was either slightly wounded, or had his clothes pierced in some manner with balls. As soon as the fort surrendered, the enemy before us yielded, and fled towards the city, pursued by the dragoons.

As soon as it was discovered that the enemy were on the retreat, we received an order from Lieutenant Howard, then in command, to charge, which could be affected only by crossing a bridge over the ditch spoken of, some distance on our left. The regiment was quickly formed, and we were moving rapidly in the direction, when the order was countermanded by General Pierce. We came to a halt, and Colonel Morgan, although badly wounded, whose fiery zeal and enthusiasm could not permit him to remain behind, rode along our lines, and was greeted with three hearty cheers. This was the only time during the whole action, at which I felt any alarm or apprehension for our forces, for on looking to our rear a large body of horseman were discovered approaching in the direction of the barn, which was supposed to be Lancers. My first impression was that they would gain the barn, and after killing the wounded with their attendants, charge upon us. The order was immediately given "By the left flank left face quick march!" but before we had proceeded far they were discovered to be our own dragoons, who had been placed in our rear to prevent the Lancers from out-flanking us. We returned to the barn, and in looking among our killed and wounded, discovered musician Joseph Clark, horribly mutilated. On inquiry I learned from him that after we had left our position to pursue the enemy, an officer rode up and requested the assistance

of some men to assist a wounded soldier who lay in the edge of a cornfield, in our rear. C.G. Andrews and Clark volunteered their services, and in their search a body of a dozen Lancers came upon them. They fled in different directions, then those who pursued Clark, after wounding him in the hand, arm, and head, left him for dead; after which he crawled to the edge of the road, and was conveyed from thence back to the regiment. I immediately detailed a party of men to search for Andrews, but they returned without discovering any traces of him. I then formed a new detail and went myself, and after searching the camp field for near half an hour at length found him. He was lying on his back, with his sword in hand, literally cut to pieces. He had evidently fought them to the last. I had him conveyed back to quarters, where, the next day, with the other dead he was buried. It was now near sundown and raining, when we were ordered to march back to San Antonio, a distance of six miles, for the purpose of escorting the train to headquarters, which had remained at San Augustine. It became very dark, the road very slippery, and we missed our way traveling two or three mile unnecessarily. We at length arrived at San Antonio, and took up our quarters in a large barn. The town was entirely deserted; consequently, no chance was afforded for eating houses. I boarded a wagon, and ate the heartiest supper I ever recollect of devouring, as it was the first food I had tasted since the morning of the 19th (except some apples from the orchard where we had encamped that evening), and retired to my straw in perfect good humor. This I consider the hardest day's work I ever performed. I slept soundly until late next morning. We remained here most of (the) next day awaiting the arrival of the train living meantime very well. Towards evening, we returned. The quarters of the troops had been changed. The wounded and prisoners were removed from the barn (a large stone building, covering near a quarter of an acre of ground), the scene of our action, the former to the Monastery of Churubusco, and the latter (among them the American deserters) to Camp Twiggs. The headquarters of our division was established at Muscoae, and we were directed to take up our quarters at San Borjia, a large hacienda, with a rich domain, owned by Mr. Pardell, a Chilean gentleman, who speaks very good English, and about a mile from the balance of the division. Here was all enjoyment and the only thing that marred the harmony in which we lived was the occasional cursing at General Scott for consenting to the armistice, which had been established. Between billiards, euchart, &c., the time passed very pleasantly until the armistice was broken. About this time, I was attacked with a very violent diarrhea with intermittent fever; but, when the 8th of September, the day of the battle of Molino del Rey, our regiment received orders to march to the field. I determined to accompany it, notwithstanding the protests of the surgeon and others, and in the evening returned much worse. Our encampment at San Borjia was now to be broken up, and I being unable to accompany the regiment, was conveyed in a ambulance to Muscoae, where the hospital had been established. I remained in the hospital until the morning of the storming of Chapultepec, but meantime, the day previous, I walked to the edge of the town to witness the execution of the deserters. Our batteries had now been playing a destructive fire upon the Castle for two days, and without knowing that the final action was to take place this morning (September 13), I mounted the Adjutant's horse, which he had left at Muscoae, and started in quest of the regiment. On arriving at "Tacubaya," a short distance from the Castle, a volley of musketry saluted the ear, and it was evident that the storming had commenced. Looking along the steep ascent about midway up, I discovered the flag of the 15th waving amid the smoke of its musketry. I saw quickly that I could not reach our regiment, in consequence of the hedges and ditches that intervened, so I passed down the road and joined the division of General Quitman, a part of which had been placed in the road leading from the Castle to the city, to cut off their retreat, &c. I had remained here but for a short time, when the shouts from the Castle plainly indicated that the day was ours, and on looking up, there waved the flag of the 15th, having been hoisted simultaneously with that of another regiment. I wheeled up the road, and found that with the exception of a few that leaped over the walls, the entire Mexican force were prisoners. General Scott paid our regiment the compliment of informing it, that, for the part it had taken in the action, it had a right to the occupancy of the Castle. All the other regiments were ordered to advance on the city, and after much hard fighting, the next day the Stars and Stripes floated from the Palace of the Mexican Government and thus ended one of the most glorious campaigns in the annals of history. The Castle of Chapultepec is about three miles from the city, on the brow of a high hill

from the city, on the brow of a high hill which it entirely covers, and is the ancient site of one of Montezuma's Halls. At the base of the hill is a splendid fountain which supplies the city with water it being conducted in aqueducts. The Castle is a splendid building, and was admirably fortified. It served as the Military Academy of the Republic.

I would take occasion to remark, that the Defiance and Williams county boys deserve particular notice, for the gallant manner in which they acted in every action. All that were able were always present and there has never been an instance that has come to my knowledge of one of them flinching. Sergeant John Davis and Sergeant Maybee deserve particular mention the former, loading and firing more shots (at Churubusco) than any other member of the company, cheering up, and encouraging his comrades, &c., and the latter, for his deliberate coolness and gallantry throughout the action. He was shot through the hand while carrying an order from Captain Chase to a portion of the men to have them cease firing, which has entirely disabled it. Corporal John Daly, James Skeen, David Robinson, Sanford W. Smith, William Strain, James Black, and others, deserve much praise for the manner in which they conducted themselves. Mr. Jason Dame was on detached service at the time of the battle of Churubusco and was not in that action; but, at Chapultepec, he distinguished himself for his bravery and good conduct. In fact, the whole company, with one or two exceptions (as there are in all companies), done their duty manfully and I think the list of killed and wounded will show that they were not slow in walking up to the work, as we were the second company on the list in our regiment, in point of loss.

It now becomes my painful duty to rehearse the casualties which have happened to the brave little band I enlisted at Defiance. I enlisted it, but I will also include those who went from Toledo, and joined the service there.

As before stated, Thomas Marks died at the close of the second day's march and the next evening, while the companies were drilling, exercising in loading and firing, George Slough was struck in the leg with a ball from the effects of which he died with the lockjaw at Perote. Jacob Smith, of Williams County and Noble Robinson, from Evansport, were both attacked with a diarrhea on the march and were left at the hospital at Perote both since dead. At Puebla, Mr. McMillan, from Williams County died from the effects of a violent fever. On leaving Puebla, there were detained in the hospital at that place, Corporal Rogers, Corporal Garrison (brother-in-law to Henry Brubacher), Simon Smith of Williams County, Anson Strever, of the same county, and Dutch Charley or Charles Tuber. On arriving in the valley, C.G. Andrews was killed in the manner described and Joseph Clark, after partially recovering from his wounds, was attacked with diarrhea which terminated his existence and a few days ago, James Skeen died with the same disease. I should have mentioned in the first place, that Miranda Kent and Johial Graham deserted from the ship "Southport" while she lay opposite New Orleans, and escaped by swimming ashore.

Our Orderly Sergeant Mace was left sick at Vera Cruz and Sergeant Ward at Puebla, neither of whom have yet arrived.

Lieutenant Colonel Howard, honored me with a notice of his report of the battle of Churubusco. I consider it, I must confess, quite a compliment to be mentioned among so few of my brother officers, and I do think there are others more deserving the notice than myself.

The city of Mexico is situated in a vast valley, entirely surrounded by mountains. The two snow mountains, described as seen from Puebla, are visible from this place. Two beautiful lakes, one celebrated as the fresh, and the other the salt water lake each about 15 miles in length, stretch along the city on the east. From this salt lake is procured nearly all the salt that is used in the Republic. The snow mountains furnish the city of Puebla with all the ice that is used. It has the appearance of coarse hail. and is packed by the Indians on their backs to the city. There is very little timber in the country, comprising little other than the mountain cedar, where it is manufactured into charcoal, and packed to the city in the same

manner as the ice. It is astonishing to see the loads these Indians carry. They will carry a load of coal, when they get it on their backs, three times as much as they can lift, and as much larger than themselves, and pack it 10 or 15 miles without stopping. The city is something like Venice nearly surrounded by water. The houses are built of stone, brick or sun-dried clay. The clay is dried in large blocks, and has the appearance of dressed stones when fit for the builders' use. They are all plastered on the outside with a cement much superior to ours. The roofs are flat and covered with brick. The watercourse is in the middle of the streets, instead of at the sides, as in our country and large tin conductors extend from the buildings to convey the water to its proper place. The streets are all paved with stone in excellent taste. I have not seen a wagon in Mexico, except our own. Carts and drays are used to a limited extent in the cities. All kinds of transportation is performed with pack mules, asses, and the Indians. The ladies, or those of pure Castilian origin are, many of them, very handsome, but; the higher classes are seldom to be seen in the streets each house is provided with a balcony, and the families universally living in the second story, these balconies are eternally crowded with the fair inmates. They never lace, or paint, and their dress is very much in the style of our females, except that of the head. Instead of bonnets, they wear what is called a "Roboz," which answers the double purpose of headdress and shawl. They dress in a much more gorgeous style than do our females. They are very polite and easy in their manners, and their soft musical language, and sweet voice, makes them very engaging. I am speaking now of the higher classes. There are three casts, or classes in Mexico. First, the high-toned aristocracy, which includes the powerful property-holder, and the priest. Second, the merchant, trader, flourishing mechanic, &c.; and third, the original occupants of the country, the Indians, who are more degraded than the Negroes of our country. A large proportion of them are "peons," which is but another name for slaves; in fact, their situation is infinitely worse than bona fide slaves, and yet nothing seems so horrible to the Mexican as the idea of our system of slavery.

The peon system is something like this: the price of labor on the farms is fixed by law and the laborer is paid in proportion to age or as he is capable of performing labor to accommodate this law there are five or six sets of prices. When one of these Indians presents himself for employment, he is told the wages he will receive, and if he be married and have a family, they are taken into employ and the wages of each assigned. I have forgotten the wages of the several grades per month, but it is very small, out of which he has to purchase the means of subsistence, the greater part of which the landlord himself furnishes and receives pay for at a price too, as I will show hereafter five or six greater than the same article can be bought for in the States; besides, he has to provide himself and his family with clothing, for which he has to pay in the same ratio, as for food. The landlord pays him punctually. and if required advances money to this laborer, who using the strictest economy, at the end of the year finds himself indebted to his employer. From the moment of his indebtedness, he is a peon, or slave, and his employer can hold him as such just as long as that indebtedness continues, and should he die, his wife and children are holden for the obligation. Thus it will be seen, that it is the policy of the landlord to keep his laborers indebted to him, and from the smallness of the wages paid, and the high price of everything that enters into his consumption it is impossible for him not to become so. Should a landlord wish to dispose of his domain, he can transfer the peons with it. What is this but feudalism?

There are no chimneys in the houses of Mexico, nor is it necessary, as fire is only required for cooking purposes. Coal being used, and no smoke arising there from, a furnace supplies the place of a chimney. Every house in Mexico is a fort each window is supplied with heavy iron gates and massive shutters; and the doors are constructed exactly like those of our prisons. The floors, both below and above, are laid with brick. To affect this in the upper stories, the joists are laid so close together, as to almost form a floor themselves. These timbers were all taken out and dressed in the mountains, and packed from thence to the cities on the back of the Indians. The stairways are all of stone. There are no taverns in Mexico, except at Vera Cruz. There are "Fondas", or eating houses, which are established on the principle of coffee houses in the States.

I never saw but one fence in Mexico hedges and ditches are substituted. The hedges are formed of a species of Caculus, from which Polque, the famous Mexican drink is extracted. It is a beautiful plant and makes an excellent hedge, and while it protects the fields from invasion, is a source of revenue to the owner, from a fluid which is extracted from it. It is highly prized with us as a hot house plant. There are a vast number of fields in cultivation in Mexico, and I might say a large proportion, that are unprotected by either hedge or ditch.

I have never yet seen swine running at large in this country. But very few are raised, and their flesh not very highly prized. Their skins, after being taken off, are carefully sewn up, and used for carrying milk, Polque, and other liquids. Mutton is the principal meat used by the Mexicans.

There are about 50 villages in this valley, the names of some I have given you. In the city can be found emigrants from every part of Europe, and some from the States. The principal part, however, aside form Spain, are from England, France, and Germany, the greater proportion from France. An American theater and circus accompanied the Army, and are now performing in the city. The city is full of American eating houses, coffee houses, &c., and any quantity of black legs from the States. The principal points of attraction in the city are the Alameade, the Grand Cathedral, containing Montezuma's dial, and many other curiosities, and the museum. There is a bullfight in the city nearly ever week. Captain Sanderson is here with the Rifles; he is in good spirits, and will be promoted to a Majorship. The "lame tailor" (Montgomery) who used to live in Columbus, is also here. The atmosphere is so rarefied, and clear in this country, that objects can be seen at three times the distance that they could be seen in the States. Not one acre in 500,000 is cultivated between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. The whole country was almost entirely deserted as we passed through it. You can tell William Langdon that his father-in-law is well, and particularly distinguished himself in the battle of the valley. I was taken sick again the next day after taking Chapultepec, with diarrhea and fever, but am now slowly recovering, although unable to do duty as yet. I was also sick for some time in Puebla, and at a time the army left, had hard work to persuade the surgeon, Colonel Morgan and General Pillow, to let me accompany it. They were afraid that I was unable to stand the march. I got along very well, however, and did not ride a mile of the route from Vera Cruz to the valley, a distance of about 300 miles.

Captain Chase wishes me to remember him to you, and the balance of his friends in Defiance. All is peace and quiet in the city, and business has been resumed more brisk than ever. Lieutenant Goodloe is quite well. He received his wound directly in the region of the stomach, the ball lodged in a silk handkerchief, which he had in the vicinity, and forced it in with it to the depth of over two inches; and on drawing the handkerchief out, the ball came out with it. The wound was at first supposed to be mortal, and was so entered on the reports. Our regiment is stationed permanently at the Castle of Chapultepec. At the battle of Churubusco over one-third of our company was killed or wounded; at the taking of the Castle, but one was wounded, since dead. I could give you many incidents of the battles, but I think I have written enough, and must close.

Lieutenant J.W. Wiley
15th U.S. Infantry

ROSTER
STAFF and MEN
FIFTEENTH REGIMENT, U.S. INFANTRY, Co. B
MEXICAN WAR, 1846-1848

Names	Rank	Enlisted	Remarks
Daniel Chase	Capt.	4/9/1847	Appointed 4/9/1847; promoted to Brevet Major 8/20/1847; discharged 8/15/1848
Thomas W. Freelow	1 Lt.	4/9/1847	Appointed 4/9/1847; promoted Brevet Capt. 9/13/1847; discharged 8/6/1848
James W. Wiley	1 Lt.	4/9/1847	Appointed 2 Lt. 4/9/1847; promoted Brevet 1 Lt. 8/20/1847; promoted 1 Lt 12/4/1847; dismissed 5/22/1848 (dueling)
William H. Goodloe	2 Lt.	4/9/1847	Appointed 4/9/1847; resigned 12/4/1847
Joseph A. Leibhaber	1 Sgt.	4/1/1847	Transferred from Co. 7/13/1847; mustered out with company 8/5/1848
George L. Willard	Sergt	4/13/1847	Appointed 5/31/1847; promoted 2 Lt. 8th U.S. Infantry 6/28/1848; Major and Brevet Lt. Colonel 19th U.S. Infantry--; killed 7/2/1863 in Battle of Gettysburg, PA
William Mabee	Sergt	4/17/1847	Appointed 5/31/1847; wounded 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco, Mexico; discharged 11/25/1847
John W. David	Sergt	4/30/1847	Appointed Corporal 5/31/1847; Sergt 6/28/1848; mustered out with company 8/5/1848
Charles B. Kimble	Sergt	5/19/1847	Appointed Corporal 11/1/1847; reduced to ranks and reappointed Corporal; Sergt 7/19/1848; mustered out 8/5/1848
Thomas R. Porter	Sergt	5/17/1847	Appointed Corporal 5/31/1847; reduced to ranks 8/13/1847; appointed sergt 6/28/1848; mustered out 8/5/1848
Horace Hancock	Corp	5/1/1847	Appointed 5/31/1847; wounded 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco; died 7/17/1848 on steamer "Northern Light"
Henry Rodgers	Corp	4/16/1847	Appointed 5/31/1847; reduced to ranks 11/1/1847; reappointed 12/8/1847; mustered out 8/5/1848
Isidore Burneau	Corp	4/29/1847	Appointed 7/19/1847; mustered out 8/5/1848

John K. Daley	Corp	5/17/1847	Appointed 11/1/1847; reduced to ranks 11/24/1847; reappointed 6/28/1848; mustered out 8/5/1848
Joseph T. Clark	Musician	5/7/1847	Died 9/17/1847 at Mixcoac, Mexico of wounds received 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco, Mexico
PRIVATES			
Cornelius Acker		4/22/1847	discharged 8/5/1848
Mathison Allen		4/12/1847	discharged 8/5/1848
John J. Ambeck		10/2/1847	Died 3/27/1848, in hospital at Cuanaraca, Mexico
Chester G. Andrews			KIA 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco
Jonas Anglenyer		4/26/1847	Died 10/13/1847 in battle of Chapultepec
Thomas Arnold		5/6/1847	discharged 2/9/1848 from hospital at New Orleans, La., Surgeon's certificate of disability
Simeon Beard		8/10/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
John Ball		5/17/1847	Died 8/20/1847 in hospital at New Orleans, La.
Edward Bennett		4/24/1847	Died 8/20/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
Milton Betts		8/30/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
James Black		4/30/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Solomon Blublough		5/3/1847	Died 10/6/1847 in hospital, Mexico City
Christian Burger		1/20/1848	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Timothy Busard		7/9/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Charles Carrol		5/4/1847	Died 9/28/1847 in hospital at Perote, Mexico
Francis Casgrove		5/3/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
George W. Chapel		4/26/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
James Cilley		4/19/1847	discharged from hospital 7/25/1848 at New Orleans, La. on Surgeon's certificate of disability
David Corman		3/6/1847	Transferred from Company D 12/26/1847; mustered out 8/5/1848

John Cornwell	11/1/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Chauncey Crego	5/19/1847	Died 9/3/1847 in hospital at San Barfa, Mexico
Joseph Cummings	5/4/1847	Died 10/30/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
John S. Daley	4/27/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Jason Dame	5/19/1847	Appointed Corporal 11/1/1847; reduced in rank 5/4/1848; mustered out 8/5/1848
William Davis	5/5/1847	Died 10/14/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
Berhart Depperman	6/24/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Jacques Donyo	10/7/1847	Died 6/29/1848 en route from Vera Cruz, Mexico
William Dorain	5/18/1847	Died 7/12/1848 at New Orleans, La.
Warren D. Edmunds	4/26/1847	discharged 11/25/1847 at Chapultepec, of wounds received in battle
Adolph Emerick	5/10/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Peter Fink	5/17/1847	
Madison Fletcher	8/25/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Moses L. Frazier	5/22/1847	Missing since embarkation at Vera Cruz, Mexico 7/12/1848
Samuel Garrison	4/29/1847	Died 8/17/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
William Gee	5/14/1847	Died 9/1/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
William Gerard	4/27/1847	Transferred from Company D 12/26/1847; mustered out 8/5/1848
Sidney L. Godley	4/12/1847	discharged 5/6/1847 at Baton Rouge, La. on Surgeon's certificate of disability
Johial Graham	5/17/1847	
Robert Graves	4/16/1847	KIA 9/14/1847 at Mexico City
Hugh Gray	5/5/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Jeremiah Griffith		Wounded 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco, Mexico; mustered out 8/5/1848

Otto Hahn	4/21/1847	Died 8/22/1847 in hospital at Perote, Mexico
James Harley	4/14/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Valentine Hart	4/29/1847	Died 5/17/1848
Joshua Hathaway	5/11/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Joseph Hickory	4/10/1847	Died 8/22/1847 at Vera Cruz, Mexico
Lewis Hilderbrand	4/12/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Robert Hinckley	5/15/1847	Absent in hospital at Puebla, Mexico; No further record
John Hockseller	5/14/1847	Died 2/5/1848 in hospital at Mexico City
George Holden	5/14/1847	Died 9/1/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
Isaac H. Huyck	4/30/1847	Died 11/19/1847 in hospital at Chapultepec Mexico
Samuel Jennings	5/17/1847	Died 6/26/1847 at camp near Jalapa, Mexico
Thomas D. Kallock	4/12/1847	Died 12/15/1847 in hospital at Chapultepec Mexico
Miranda Kent	5/13/1847	
Nathaniel Kinnicutt	4/10/1847	Supposed to have died 7/7/1848
Lambert Ladroot	4/10/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
George Linn	6/17/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Robert Linsey	4/13/1847	Wounded 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco, Mexico; mustered out 8/5/1848
Peterson Lowery	4/26/1847	Wounded 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco, Mexico; mustered out 8/5/1848
Thornton Lyons	4/17/1847	
John McMillen	5/17/1847	Died 7/20/1847 at Puebla, Mexico
Thomas Marks	5/17/1847	Died 6/19/1847 near Santa Fe, Mexico
John W. Meniman	6/10/1847	Died 7/3/1848 on steamer "Palmetto"
George W. Mitchell	5/10/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Aitken Morton		Died 7/3/1847 at New Orleans, La.

Lewis Norbury	6/29/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Stafford Olcert	5/17/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Hiram Olden	3/22/1847	Transferred from Company D 12/26/1847; absent in hospital at Perote, Mexico, 7/3/1848; no further record
Abraham Peterman	5/14/1847	Absent in hospital at Santa Fe, Mexico, 6/20/1847; no further record found
Peter Printze	7/3/1847	Died 7/19/1848 at New Orleans, La.
Joseph Putnam	5/1/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Jacob Reid	5/12/1847	Died 7/3/1847 at Perote, Mexico
William Reigert	5/6/1847	Absent in hospital at Puebla, Mexico; no further record found
Alpheus Robinson	5/5/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
David Robinson	5/15/1847	Died 11/19/1847 in hospital at Chapultepec, Mexico
Noble Robinson	5/12/1847	Died 7/3/1847 at Perote, Mexico
William Rogers	5/2/1847	Wounded 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco, Mexico; Died 7/26/1848 at Covington, Ky.
William Royer	5/3/1847	Transferred from Company D 12/26/1847; discharged 8/2/1848 at New Orleans, La. on Surgeon's certificate of disability
John Ryland	5/4/1847	Died 12/18/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
William Shirmyer	4/21/1847	Died 7/4/1848 on steamer "Palmetto"
Joel Shivley	5/7/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
James W. Skeen	5/11/1847	Died 9/27/1847 in hospital at Mexico City
Henry Slagel	5/17/1847	Died 8/2/1848 at Covington, Ky.
John Sleath	5/15/1847	KIA 8/20/1847 in battle of Churubusco, Mexico
George W. Slough	4/24/1847	Died 7/1/1847 at Perote, Mexico
Charles Smith	5/15/1847	Died 11/8/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
Ephraim Smith	5/7/1847	Died 8/7/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico

Sanford W. Smith	5/1/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Simon Smith	5/17/1847	Died 3/19/1848 at Cuanaraca, Mexico
Leander Stoddard	5/5/1847	Died 7/14/1847 at Puebla, Mexico
William Strain	5/13/1847	Died 12/11/1847 at Chapultepec, Mexico
Anson Strewer	5/13/1847	Died 8/8/1847 at Puebla, Mexico
Edward Teller	5/6/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Charles Tupel	4/22/1847	Died 9/9/1847 in hospital at Puebla, Mexico
Mace Van Rensalaer	4/10/1847	Appointed First Sergt. 5/31/1847; reduced in rank; reappointed Sergt 7/12/1847; reduced in rank 6/28/1848; mustered out 8/5/1848
Calvin Waggint	5/5/1847	Died 8/9/1847 at Puebla, Mexico
David S. Ward	4/13/1847	Appointed Sergt 5/31/1847; reduced 7/14/1847; mustered out 8/5/1848
George W. Webster	4/19/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
William Wheeler	3/12/1847	Transferred from Company D 12/26/1847 as Sergt; reduced in rank; mustered out 8/5/1848
William Williams	4/10/1847	Died 3/13/1848 at Cuanaraco, Mexico
Marion Williams	5/10/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848
Joseph Woodruff	4/19/1847	Mustered out 8/5/1848

ROLL OF HONOR

John J. Ambeck	Chester G. Andrews	Jonas Anglemyer
John Ball	Edward Bennett	Solomon Blubough
Charles Carroll	Joseph T. Clark	Chauncey Crego
Joseph Cummings	William Davis	Jacques Donzo
William Doran	Samuel Garrison	William Gee
Robert Graves	Otto Hahn	Horace Hancock
Valentine Hart	Joseph Hickory	John Hockseller
George Holden	Isaac H. Huyck	Samuel Jennings
Thomas D. Kallock	Nathaniel Kimmicutt	John McMillen
Thomas Marks	John W. Meniman	Aitkin Morton
Peter Printze	Jacob Reid	David Robinson
Noble Robinson	William Rodgers	John Ryland
William Shirmyer	James W. Skeen	Henry Slagel
John Sleath	George W. Slough	Charles Smith
Ephraim Smith	Simon Smith	Leander Stoddard
William Strain	Anson Strewer	Charles Tupel
Calvin Waggint	George L. Willard	William Williams

MEXICO CITY NATIONAL CEMETERY ia at 31 Virginia Fabregas about one mile north of the U.S. Embassy. The cemetery was established in 1851 and contains a small monument over 750 of our unidentified Dead of the War of 1847. Inscribed on the monument is:

"TO THE HONORED MEMORY OF 750 AMERICANS, KNOWN BUT TO GOD, WHOSE BONES, COLLECTED BY THEIR COUNTRY'S ORDER, ARE HERE BURIED."

In this one-acre area are also 813 remains of Americans and others in wall crypts.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

(AMERICA'S CIVIL WAR)

APRIL 12, 1861 - APRIL 9, 1865

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Historian Describes Bryan Man's Romance

Civil War Soldier Stole Widow's Duck and Then Her Heart

The following is by J.H. Galbraith, Ohio Historical writer, and appeared in the Columbus Dispatch:

Among a number of interesting romances coming to his attention in the army during the Civil War, as told by the late General I.R. Sherwood, was one connected with William Ceasar of Bryan, Ohio, which was by the way the hometown of General Sherwood, when he went away to the Civil War. Ceasar acquired a reputation in the army chiefly for his prowess as a forager. The members of his mess were rarely lacking in good things to eat when Ceasar had opportunity to roam the surrounding country. For this ability he come to be known as "Old Ceasar, or Julius Ceasar".

One day near the close of the war, Ceasar went several miles up the Yadkin River in North Carolina on a foraging expedition. He had just captured a fat duck when a women, the owner of the little farm, rushed out and besought him not to take all her ducks. Explaining her circumstances, she told Ceasar that her husband had been killed in the Confederate army at Chickamauga, and she was trying to run the 300 acre farm.

Ceasar became interested and had a long talk with the widow. She replied in answer to his questions that she would never marry again; all the young men of that country had been drawn into the war and most of them killed. If she ever did marry, however, a soldier would be her preference.

Ceasar made a number of visits to the farm later, but not for a foraging purposes, in a very few weeks he confided to his commanding officer that he was engaged to marry the widow. When the regiment left for Cleveland to be mustered out, he was not with it. With the chaplain and a few officers, Sherwood had ridden out to the farm and witnessed the marriage, and at Ceasar's request he sent the money due him by express from Cleveland to Salisbury, North Carolina. He never heard how this queer marriage turned out.

The Bryan Democrat, July 6, 1926

FIRST RE-UNION OF THE 38th OVVI.

Wednesday was the biggest day in the history of Bryan that is, if immense crowds and an enthusiastic meeting make a big day. The town literally overflowed with people, who filled the streets to the extent of making progress through them almost impossible; who thronged the hotels, took possession of every public place, and swarmed into the courthouse here to the number of thousands. There were, at a low estimate, 10,000 people present.

THE DAY

The occasion was the first reunion of the 38th OVVI, a gallant regiment in which Williams County felt a special pride, since it was more distinctly a Williams County organization than any other. Five companies of the regiment were from the county, and from first to last, over 600 Williams County men were contributed to its ranks. The survivors of the regiment had chosen as the day upon which to reunite, after the long separation of ten years, the anniversary of the Battle of Jonesboro, the last great fight the regiment was in, and the severest.

THE FIGHT

The enemy were fortifying the town of Jonesboro, to protect the rear of Atlanta, and it was necessary to drive them off. A determined attack was made upon their lines on the morning of September 1, 1864, by a brigade of regular troops, which were repulsed with great slaughter. Este's brigade, to which the 38th belonged, was then ordered to attack. This it did right gallantly. The whole command moved up in as perfect order as if on dress parade, with arms at a right shoulder shift. The rebels, confident of repulsing this assault as the former had been, stood up in their works and poured incessant vollies into the advancing troops. The fire was terrific, and men went down before it like grain before a reaper's sickle. Corporal O.P. Randall, who started with the 38th colors, was soon struck dead. They were raised by Corporal Baird, who was almost immediately struck. Corporal Strawzer took them up, and he fell severely wounded. Five men in all tried to carry the flag to the works, of whom but one, Corporal H.K. Brooks escaped unhurt. His clothing were pierced by a number of bullet holes. Still the attacking brigade did not return a shot, nor did it until it had dashed over the works and taken them. The results of the victory were prodigious, independent of the fact that the fate of Atlanta was decided. The brigade captured 3000 prisoners, a number as great as were in its ranks, and ten pieces of artillery. The cost at which this was obtained was simply awful. The 38th lost 150 men out of 360 men with which it went into action. Of these 42 were killed outright, and 108 wounded. Colonel Choate, the commander of the regiment died a few days after from the effects of wounds. Captain J.M. White, of this city, lost an arm in the engagement.

PREPARATION

The town was tricked out gaily for the occasion. In Bryan, the Courthouse, situated in a large square, is a natural center of town. Around this is crystallized the entire business, and all the streets radiating from it. All the buildings around the square were handsomely decorated with red, white, and blue streamers, evergreens, and bowers of forest trees in front. On many were mottoes painted on long strips of muslin. Some read: They Saved Our Country;" "They Went, They Saw, They Conquered;" "Ohio Honors the Defenders of the Old Flag;" "Forget Not the Service of our Soldiers;" etc., etc.

The courthouse and courtyard itself were profusely decorated. Over each of the entrances were appropriate mottoes. Placards containing the names of the battles of the 38th were affixed to the trees. A handsomely decorated stand was erected for the speakers. In front of this were arranged seats for a large audience, well protected from the rays of the sun by the shade of numerous trees in which the square abounds. Near the stand was a large imitation monument, hung with evergreens, surmounted with an eagle, and appropriately inscribed.

The dinner table was a monstrous affair, 356 feet long, and heavily loaded with well-cooked food and viands of all kinds, contributed by the people of Bryan, Ohio.

THE PROCESSION

was formed at 12:00, with about 1,500 old soldiers in line, divided into companies, and commanded by company officers. About 300 of the 38th were in line, and their battle torn flag was carried in its old place in the regiment by the color company.

General William Stough, of Bryan, acted as Marshall, Captain C.M. Gilbert was in command of the 38th, and Captain Benjamin Miller of the other soldiers. The Defiance Silver Band and military band of fifes and drums furnished the music. The West Unity Artillery, under command of Captain William Coslet, contributed much to the success of the procession.

DINNER

After parading through the principal streets, the procession files into the courthouse yard, and operated ranks on either side of the dinner table, where they made brilliant and irresistible attack upon the collation spread before them.

SPEECHES

After the dinner had been fully discussed, the meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock by Colonel E.D. Bradley. The Defiance band played some excellent music, and Chaplain Poucher, the old chaplain of the regiment offered an eloquent prayer. By this time an immense crowd, numbering thousands, was collected in the neighborhood of the stand, occupying all the seats, thronging over the gun carriages and the guns, and hundreds being compelled to stand. The Glee Club sang some sweet music.

Hon. A.M. Pratt

delivered the opening address. He mentioned that this was the third time he had the honor of addressing the members of the 38th. He alluded to the presentation of the flag to the regiment, and its reception back again at the close of the war, and stained by the heart's blood of the gallant soldier who carried it with honor, and sealed his devotion with his life.

The speaker gave a graphic description of the exciting days of the formation of the regiment when its companies were so rapidly filled up, over 600 men going from the hearths and homes of Williams County. It carried with it more than any other regiment the affection and hopes of the people of this county.

The two commanders of the regiment present on the stand- Colonel E.D. Bradley, and Captain Gilbert, were alluded to in complimentary terms.

The speakers described the glorious achievements of the regiment at Jonesboro, where in a brief 20 minutes it wrote its name in letters of blood and flame among the heroic regiments of the land. In that point of time, when a brigade of regular soldiers had been repulsed in an attempt to break the rebel lines, the regiment was ordered with the brigade to undertake the task. In a moment, the long years of discipline and subordination became available, the regiment was transformed into a sheet of flame, held by a hand of iron. It accomplished its task in the grandest manner, but at a fearful cost.

COLONEL BRADLEY

Responded to the welcome in a few well-fitting words. He thanked the people of Williams County and those adjoining for the help they gave him in organizing the regiment. They raised 990 men for him in just 21 days from the time of enlistment was first begun. He asked to be excused on account of illness from making any further remarks. The Glee Club then sang the "Star Spangled Banner" very finely. Then Colonel Bradley introduced

GENERAL A.C. VORIS

who was received with applause. He delivered the oration of the day. He said the day was a commemoration of a great battle which consummated the long, bloody, and obstinate struggle for the possession of Atlanta, of a campaign of 180 battle days, in which few substantial successes had visited our arms. Three years of war had demonstrated that no single battle could close the war; it must be done by incessant pounding away, until the rebels' power of recuperation were exhausted. The war had been waged with armies and sacrifices unprecedented in history. In spite of all the efforts of the Union, General Lee's army continued to menace the Federal Capitol. The Confederacy was still an admitted fact. The failure of either

failure of either of the great Union columns, necessitated the failures of the others.

The result was, the public mind in the north was largely pervaded with doubt and distrust. He was proud to say that no doubt of this kind was tolerated by the boys at the front. It is no wonder that the people of the North were alarmed, when every click of the telegraph was like a thunder bolt on the car, when the morning paper was opened with fear and trembling, at the dread news it might possibly contain. The first news that brought real joy to those men was the strategetic move at Jonesboro, which drew Hood out of his fortifications and crushed his army, giving possession to the grand strategetic point for which both armies had fought for four long months. The shout of triumph which went up then was reechoed until it announced the destruction of Hood's army at Nashville and surrender of Lee at Appomattox, when the Confederacy was crushed out of existence and name, without having obtained a single concession.

The speaker spoke of the great social revolution in the world, which America was the cause of. He saw a connection between the revolutionary war and the last struggle. The one was a supplement to the other. They were both struggles against despotism, which sought to overthrow the government of the people.

The self sacrificing patriotism of the soldiers was not born of sectional hate or fanaticism, but sprung from a desire to maintain all that our fathers had bequeathed us of self government and individual freedom. There was no malice connected with the prosecution of the war. After it had ceased not one life was taken, no man was subjected to indignities or insult. Every state is now rehabilitated with all its rights, and nothing is asked of the people of the South, but that they shall live in peace under the same laws which we submit too.

Every soldier knew that if the man destroying policy of the rebels prevailed, he would not only be humiliated in the eyes of the world, but that his every right would be in danger, his liberties threatened with extinction.

The grandest spectacle the world has ever seen was the disbandment of the great army when its work was done. It members retiring to the walks of life, content thereafter with the rewards of industry and peace.

The speaker paid respects to the parents, wives, sisters, sweethearts, who had cheerfully sent their loved ones to fight for the country.

We can never realize what the Union of the States calculated to secure until the people become one, with one flag and one destiny. Have no confidence in any demagogue who strives to arouse sectional hate between the sections. Remember the bitter fruit which was gathered from such teachings.

The highest honors of the time are those belonging to the men who fought the last war through and preserved the Union of their fathers. The speaker wanted no other epitaph upon his tombstone but that he had done his duty in this second war of the American Revolution. He adjured all those who heard him to educate their children up to a full appreciation of all that their liberties had cost, and press upon them the importance of the legacy bequeathed to them by so much blood and treasure. The speech was heartily applauded throughout.

BUSINESS MEETING

At its conclusion all the members of the 38th were called forward to the seats immediately in front of the platform, and a business meeting was then organized. Rev. Poucher was called for vociferously, and greeted with loud applause. Colonel Bradley explained that the object of the meeting was to consult about organizing an association, to elect officers, and appoint a place of meeting for the next reunion.

On motion of M.M. Boothman, it was decided to appoint a committee of one from each company to recommend candidates for officers, and the time and place for the next meeting.

This motion was withdrawn and it was resolved that the place of meeting to be selected. Captain Metz, suggested Napoleon, the home of Colonel Choate, who gave his life to his country and the flag. This was carried by acclamation over the nomination of Defiance, Wauseon, and other places. It was determined that the time of the next meeting be September 1, 1876. The meeting proceeded to elect officers. Colonel Bradley was elected President for the ensuing year. It was resolved to elect a Vice President from each company. The election resulted in the selection of the following gentlemen.

Co. A	Lt. Jacob Lane	Co. F	Albert Bush
Co. B	Lt. W.H. Ellis	Co. G	Frank Kahlo
Co. C	Capt. Joseph Wagstaff	Co. H	R.D. Dole
Co. D	Lt. John Cameron	Co. I	Col. M.R. Bradley
Co. E	Capt. J. W. Pollock	Co. K	Lt. Charles Allen

Captain Ed Metz, of Napoleon, was elected secretary, and Captain Benjamin Miller, treasurer. Rev. Poucher was elected chaplain. He responded pleasantly and gave a very humorous account of the scene in camp at the first long roll, which was received with uproarious cheers and laughter by his hearers. The meeting then adjourned to meet again at 7 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING MEETING

The evening meeting was held in the courthouse yard, which was brightly illuminated by lamps and reflectors. The evening was very pleasant and the crowd was large, comprising a considerable proportion of ladies.

The meeting was called to order by Colonel Bradley, after which the Bryan Band played a few airs. The Bryan Glee Club sang, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground", very sweetly and affectively.

The Bryan Democrat, September 9, 1875

WILLIAMS COUNTY LOST MANY SOLDIERS DURING THE WAR

Williams county lost more than 400 men in the Civil War, a roll of honor printed years ago and presented to this office by W.S. Boone, Civil War veteran of Montpelier shows. This list was compiled from the state roster by John Allman, who was patriotic instructor of Hiram Louden Post at Montpelier, and consists of the soldiers who lost their lives from '61 to '65. As Mr. Boone suggests, the people of the present generation do not realize the large number of men who went from every section of the Union to fight in the Civil War.

There were between 1400 and 1600 men from Williams county who entered the war, the 38th OVI having men in companies A, C, D, E, H and G. Company E in the 111th OVI. Company H in the 3rd and C in the 100th OVI., each of which sustained heavy losses of twenty to forty men. There were also many men who enlisted from other counties or states.

It was more than 70 years ago, on April 18, 1861, when the Bryan Leader reported "Great Excitement in Bryan," when a large and enthusiastic meeting was held at the courthouse where resolutions were passed that party differences should be ignored and all rally to the flag to crush the rebellion.

Events moved swiftly in those days and the next two week's issue of the Leader reported that a meeting was to be held at the M.E. Church to arrange for the support of families of volunteers and in the same issue it reports how "the gallant sons of Williams county have nobly responded" to President Lincoln's call for volunteers. Stryker was the first town in the county where a meeting of this kind was held, the Stryker meeting having been on Monday evening, and that in Bryan on Tuesday.

The first Fourth of July during the war was featured by a patriotic celebration in Bryan, attended by more than five thousand people and with the martial spirit prevailing. Features of the day were appearances of the Bryan Union Artillery, the Williams Center Guards, Capt. Stough's Pulaski company, the West Buffalo Zouaves, the Fountain City Blues and Capt. Blakeslee's Mounted Rangers.

The Civil War to Williams county, as to the nation, was the most tremendous upheaval in its existence, so that for many years things were dated "before the war," and "after the war." While the war is more than two-thirds of a century away, there are still a number of living veterans living in this county, some quite active, in whose especial honor Decoration Day services are held.

The Bryan Democrat, May 26, 1932

NOTE:

In the article above, where it states Company H of the 3rd, I would clarify this to be the 3rd Ohio Cavalry. Likewise, we had men serve in the 14th O.V.I. (3 months service) from Bryan - Company C and Stryker - Company E. Upon the reorganization of the 14th during the Fall of 1861, men would be assigned to Companies C, D, E, G, and H. The 21st O.V.I. would have men from the county serving in Companies A, E, G, and H. The 38th O.V.I., the county also had men serving in Companies F, I, and K as well as in the band and on the Regimental Staff roster. The 68th O.V.I. saw one company go from the county that was all Williams county boys, that being Company K. But men also served with Companies B, E, F, G, and I during the war. The 100th O.V.I. would see our boys in Companies A, B, C, D, F and K. This unit would see many captured and spend time in miserable conditions in the Richmond, Virginia area prisons. Primarily in Libby and Belle Isle prison pens. The 111th O.V.I. would see men in Companies C, E, F, and H. The 128th O.V.I. would see Williams county send Company C and also had men in Companies A, B, D, G and I. The initial four companies (A-D) were known as Hoffman's Battalion. They served primarily in guarding Confederate Officers housed on Johnson's Island and in providing coastal defense duty at Sandusky Bay. The 142nd O.V. I. saw our men serve with Company D during its tour of service. The cavalry saw our boys serve with the 3rd Ohio in Companies A, D, H, and on Staff. Also, our men served with the 9th Ohio with Companies C, D, and H.

REUNION

The 100th OVI and the 38th OVVI, have their annual reunion. The County G.A.R. Association meets, and once more swop army stories. The attendance is large, making one of the most successful meetings ever held in the county.

COME AGAIN, BOYS!

No conceivable friendship is so strong as that cemented by time and common objects and aims. The friendship of labor is more substantial and productive of better examples of pure unselfishness, than those formed to please an idle whim. In the endeavor to accomplish a common good, men, no matter how dissimilar in taste of education, become bound together by a tie, which after that good is accomplished, and the object of their union attained, still reached out and binds them heart to heart. No separation is so sad as that between those whose best talents have been laid upon the altar of their mutual advancement and the general advancement of society. One, only with some such thoughts in mind, can come to realize a little of that bond of brotherhood that today impels the veteran in blue, to hold out his hand to a comrade, although that comrades name and face have long been forgotten. But the old light comes to the eye, and the old eager strength of the hand of the true soldier, in the presence of his fellows whether the faces be familiar or not.

It is the same sympathy that tugs at one's heart when, in maturity, he revisits the scenes of his youth, and traces his path backward to where his real lifes work actually began, to that time when his life was all ahead of him, not behind, as now. So it can be understood how a blue coat, covering a bent, too often a crippled frame, calls the mind of the wearers to scenes of anger and agony, weary days and hopeless nights, weeks of uncertainty and apprehension, and years of struggle and exposure. How often, too, a word or an expression recalls with startling distinctness the voices, looks, or gestures of the father, brother, or tried friend whose life was cut off long years ago, whose bright future was early blighted, whose light went out in the darkness of battle. No wonder then that their are so many tearful greetings among the joyful, no wonder after the first handshake for years their is a moment of silence, to be interpreted only by a well understood glance of sorrowful recollection. The same September sunshine that falls so softly on the camp of the survivors, is resting in the lonesome field or unremembered spot where the tall grass is waving over many a forgotten grave. HONOR, THEN, THE SOLDIER, while he is among us, and while we are permitted the privilege. Remember that twenty-five years ago his form was upright, his tread as firm, his eyes as bright as is yours today; that he too had a wife and child, and all the comforts of a happy home like yours today; but that he left them at his country's call, and steeling his heart against the farewells of family and friends, he went bravely forth, giving up cheerfully that fresh vigor of youth which once gone never returns, and without which, your life would seem so useless today. HONOR THE SOLDIER for the peace and safety that you enjoy today; for the comforts of your home, which are the wonder of the civilized world, and were secured by this act of unselfish devotion. HONOR THE SOLDIER, and lift your hat with respect as he goes by, for erelong, the Grand Army will pass to the beyond, and carry with it the greatest lesson of Patriotism that the world has yet seen.

The Bryan Press, September 4, 1890, Elisha Ogle, Editor

KEEPING THE FLAG HIGH

The following,"Keeping the Flag High," was written by Gaylord Hootman of Edgerton and is the story involving his grandfather, Hiram C. Hootman, during the Civil War.

The One Hundred Eleventh (111th) Regiment of the Ohio Volunteer Infantry was formed and mustered into service on September 5-6, 1862 in Toledo, Ohio. Its personnel was composed of men from Defiance, Fulton, Lucas, Sandusky, Williams, and Wood counties. General Isaac R. Sherwood and Colonel John R. Bond were in command of the infantry. The regiment became part of the Army of Ohio and later the Army of Tennessee.

The 111th took part in the pursuit of General John Morgan through Ohio. They also participated in General William T. Sherman's drive to Atlanta. In addition, the 111th was involved in the battles of Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw Mountains and Allatona Hill. This is the story of the battle of Nashville, Tennessee.

Two men from this area were members of the 111th and were part of a heroic deed, which to my knowledge has never actually been recorded. They were Hiram C. Hootman and Lenord Slater of Milford Township, Defiance County.

On December 15, 1864 during the battle of Nashville, Tennessee, Corporal Slater was acting as Color Bearer for the 111th. Prior to this battle, the area surrounding Nashville was hit by a severe ice storm. On the 14th, a warm rain had melted the ice and the orders were to attack at 8:30 a.m. on the 15th. However, a heavy fog lay over the entrenchment and the Confederates under General Hood, attacked at 6:30 a.m., catching the 111th by surprise.

The muskets and guns pounded an avalanche of death before the regiment had covered half the space of the battlefield. The ground was streamed with the wounded and the dead.

Corporal Hootman was next to his comrade Slater, when Corporal Slater was wounded. Slater called out to Hootman, "I am shot, don't let the flag fall, Hoot" Take the flag and keep it high!" Corporal Hootman at once grabbed the flag staff and held the flag high. Hootman saw that his boyhood friend and comrade was badly wounded. Several other members of the company took Slater to cover under a grove of Willow trees. Slater was unable to fire a weapon, so he loaded the muzzle load rifles for his comrades.

Corporal Hootman held the flag high and ran ahead to a large tree stump and took refuge behind the stump. He lay on the ground and held the flag staff to keep the flag flying. The bullets chipped bark off the stump and cut holes in Old Glory. Three different times the stump was struck by fragments of cannon balls. The situation remained the same until nightfall, when the men were able to crawl down to the bed of a creek under the cover of darkness. In the morning, a flank movement drove the enemy out of their position.

Corporal Slater was hospitalized and later reunited with the 111th. Corporal Hootman was called to headquarters tent by General Sherwood and commended for his actions and was given permission to take the flag home. Vern Hootman, great-great grandson of Hiram Hootman still keeps the flag as a family heirloom.

<u>The Edgerton Earth</u>, July 2, 1992

W.S. TOMLINSON RELATES EXPERIENCE OF LATE JACOB SAUL IN WAR OF '61

Jacob Saul died at his home on West Bryan street last Friday after a long illness. He was 74 years old and leaves a widow, six sons to cherish his memory. One of the sons could not attend the funeral but the other five and a nephew acted as pall bearers at the funeral which was held Sunday afternoon at the Presbyterian church. Rev. Samuel Huecker, assisted by Rev. W. H. Howard officiated at the funeral and several orders including the G.A.R. and the Masonic lodge were present by their representatives. Mr. Saul was well known in this community, having moved to Bryan several years ago from his home in the country and he was always held in the highest respect. Following is an appreciation of his character as a soldier written by W. S. Tomlinson, which pictures him better than would be possible in any other way:

Jacob Saul was one of seven volunteers from near Melbern, Ohio, who joined Co. A, 38th Ohio Volunteer Infantry during the latter part of October 1862, while the regiment was stationed at Pilot Knob, Tennessee, guarding the railroad and where it remained until the battle of Stones River, the last of December, when it was ordered by forced march to the front to take part in this great battle and just as it arrived on the scene of battle, Wheeler's rebel cavalry captured the large wagon train at Saverne and the regiment with other troops was double quicked back over the same road to retake the train and restore order, when the brigade was again ordered to the front and these men all had a taste of war just two months after arriving at the front without any special training, where the fields and woods were strewn with dead men and horses, burnt wagons trains and everything that makes a battle field hideous to look upon.

After spending the winter in Murfreesboro his command went South, crossed the Tennessee River and took an active part in the battle of Chickamauga, Siege of Chattanooga, and battle of Missionary Ridge. Thence, with General Sherman on the Atlanta Campaign ending in the battle of Jonesboro where one-third of his regiment were killed or wounded and where his brother-in-law, the late Charles Donze, picked up the flag after it had been shot down three times and carried it forward placing it on the rebel breast works.

That Mr. Saul was one of the bravest of soldiers was demonstrated more particularly in their part he took on the march with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea and up through the Carolinas when the army was forced to subsist off the country and many times on short rations which caused much grumbling amongst the troops; but not so with Mr. Saul. He simply struck out and went until he found something for himself and his comrades. Often this required long trips through the enemies country but Jake, as we called him, always returned with something to eat.

It was the good fortune of the writer to accompany him on many of his foraging expeditions for if there was anything to be had he seemed to know just where to locate it, and I recall once on one of these trips, while we were passing through South Carolina, where there was very little to eat, we found ourselves a long way from camp and nearly night. We spied a hog in the woods, shot her, took out her entrails, then found a lot of horses and mules tied nearby to hide them from the Yankees. Each took one of the best horses and mules strapped the hog on the largest mule, mounted our steeds and started for camp. Not a soldier in sight anyplace and in the heart of South Carolina after sun down did not look good to me. With Jake in the lead followed up with a big gad to keep everything on the jump made a picture I would prize very highly today and was only one of his many adventures in the enemy's country where he was one of the bravest of Sherman's Bummers, doing much more than his full share towards putting an end to the rebellion by depriving them of anything to eat.

Jacob Saul was the only one of the seven county boys who came with him to the regiment that was permitted to pass the Grand Review at Washington after the close of the war. William Wines had the top of his head blown off at Jonesboro while Jonathan Spangler was mortally

wounded and died a few days later. Frederic S. Jaques was shot through the breast on the Atlantic Campaign but recovered and was discharged. Robert Hannum died in the hospital at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Frederic Spangler was discharged by reason of disability and Luther Calvin was transferred to the invalid corps at Washington to do light guard duty leaving Mr. Saul as the only one of the seven to pass through the war, and be it said to his credit he was always at the front ready to do his part in anything and everything allotted to him.

Jacob Saul had a remarkable memory and took great pride in his declining years in relating his war experience and causes one to wonder how any man could pass through it all without even being wounded, but Jake had faith that no rebel bullet was ever made to hit him and it was just such men as he who supplied Sherman's army with horses, mules, and provision. Peace to his ashes, with all honor to the man who carried a gun.

Walter S. Tomlinson

The Bryan Press, July 4, 1918

BENJAMIN S. SMITH

LAST VETERAN PASSES

Williams county's last veteran of the Civil War, Benjamin Samuel Smith, who died Thursday morning in his home at 321 West Butler street in Bryan, was buried with military honors Sunday afternoon in Floral Grove cemetery in West Unity. He was also the county's oldest resident, having reached 101st birthday December 6.

Services were held Sunday afternoon in the Krill funeral home with Rev. Fay M. Bowman of Toledo and Rev. Victor Roebuck of the U.B. church officiating. Veterans of the Spanish-American and World Wars joined in a service at the house and provided a firing squad at the grave. Elvin Witzerman blew taps at the cemetery.

He leaves two daughters, Ophella Shinaberger and Mrs. George Shaffer of Bryan and Emerson J. Smith of Ravenna, Ohio. His wife died in 1930. He was born near Shelby, Ohio in 1842 and came to Williams county when five. He farmed many years near Pioneer and lived in Pioneer for a time coming to Bryan in 1920.

He enlisted in Company C of the Hundredth Regiment of Ohio Infantry at West Unity in the summer of 1862. The regiment was mustered out in 1865 after participating in the defense of Knoxville, Tennessee and fighting in almost every battle of General W.T. Sherman's Atlanta Campaign. Mr. Smith was a Confederate prisoner in the famous Libby prison and at Belle Isle, near Richmond, Virginia. He would be released from prison and exchanged for Confederate troops, he would get back into action with his unit. After returning home, after the war, he farmed until his retirement. He has been an invalid because of two falls suffered in recent years.

The aged veteran was the last of an estimated 1500 men who left Williams county to fight in the Civil War. All of whom have now entered their last green tent, leaving the defense of the Union to younger hearts and hands.

The Bryan Press, Bryan, Ohio, March 23, 1944

THE FIRST HUNDRED

Williams County's first contribution to our nations defense. How many of them have already passed from the memory of their countrymen? The following are the names of the men who flew to arms at the first call for troops after the firing upon Fort Sumpter, April 12, 1861, just twenty-eight years ago, by Beauregard, under command of the rebel government. The shot fired the country and as soon as the telegraphs could carry the news to the people, men hastened to the villages and enrolled for the service. Saturday, the 19th, a hundred names were enrolled at Bryan and about an equal number at Stryker, though we believe the Stryker company was not accepted. The Bryan Company was accepted and the next Tuesday, April 23, the company organization was complete and the orders to march to join the regiment, the 14th Ohio, at Toledo, had been received. The company was formed in a single file on the north side of the court square, was brought to a front facing High Street and the women of Bryan presented them with a silk flag, and each man was given a small bible. Immediately after the presentation of the bibles, the company marched to the depot and was soon on board the cars. The train remained at the depot some minutes and the boys crowded the windows to say a last good-bye to their friends, and to exchange with them tokens of affection. It was interesting, the crowd that surrounded the train. There were fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, many of them crying, others were striving hard to prevent the unbidden tears from being seen. There were the big brothers and the neighbor boys with their fun and foolishness to drive the serious thoughts away that were only too plainly visible in their faces. There was the young woman with her warm enthusiasm for her soldier lover, cheering his with a wish of an early termination of the war and the hope of a proud and safe return. The train moved out and the hats were waved from the car windows and hankerchiefs fluttering over the crowd at the depot answered back the farewell.

Names of the Brave Hundred:

Benjamin Fisher	Edwin Evans	Edgar Deuchar	Henry Gilbert
Charles Greenwood	Justice Rose	William Martin	Samuel Hansey
James Long	Benjamin Conrad	James Queen	John Bowlin
Alonzo Burke	Henry Kailey	John Kaser	John Lowe
Daniel Lewis	John Lewis	Hiram Louden	Francis Lesnet
John Ball	Francis Brakeman	John Billings	William Bailey
George Brown	Charles Beverly	George Everett	Warren Fusselman
Elias Frager	Lloyd Fisher	Philip Fisher	Philip Gillman
Curtis Garrison	Daniel Gallatin	Ephraim Glass	Solomon Grim
Israel Griffith	Martin Hopshire	Charistian Harris	Jeptha Powell
Samuel Richarson	Richard Russell	Wilson Reasoner	Barwell Rockwell
George Revette	Benjamin Richardson	Samuel Sheridan	George Straner
John D. Smith	David Smith	Benjamin Snow	John Stevens
Thomas Billings	Charles Butler	George Butt	William Hawkins
Amanuel Henderson	John Horton	Daniel Iler	Peter Jump
Alonzo Jones	Horace Kirk	Elijah Kimmell	William Kailey
Abraham Burgoyne	Charles Bowers	Charles Betts	William Carnahan
Frederick Cayley	John Cannon	Charles Craver	William Copeland
Christian Copler	Amandus Dutt	John Deeds	Sidney Derby
George Hrides	John Harker	Amzi Myers	Charles Mallory
William Misal	John McCallister	Orvis Merriman	Henry Marshall
Henry Messmer	Fred Neidthardt	David Ocker	Milton Pumphrey
Marvin Sisson	Andrew Stoddard	George Stinebaugh	Daniel Tressler
Jacob Wolf	John Wilsey	George Weller	Richard Henderson
Issac R. Sherwood	Henry C. Reichelderfer		

Their service of ninety days is history now; their heaviest skirmish was a Carrick's Ford, where one of their number, Henry Reichelderfer, fell pierced through the body with a six pound

cannon ball. His remains were brought home and today he, in an honored grave, in Fountain Grove cemetery, Bryan, where every 30th of May fresh flowers are strewn showing the world, if not to him, that his deeds of patriotism and self-sacrifice are remembered, and his memory cherished. One or two members of the company died of sickness, the others returned home at the expiration of their term of enlistment, most of them again enter the service in other organizations, many of them as officers.

The Captain, Benjamin Fisher, received a slight wound in the mouth, but the injury was only temporary. He did not re-enter the service, but shortly after the war went to Wichita, Kansas, where he took a prominent and honorable position, rising to the dignity of a Common Pleas Judge. He is yet living and nearly 80 years of age. He recently moved out to a farm near the city to spend the remainder of his days in quietude.

Edwin Evans, enlisted and assisted in recruiting Co. K, 68th OVI, and on its organization was elected Captain by unanimous vote of the men. He was wounded in the Battle of Champion's Hill in May, 1863, and shortly afterwards resigned on account of failing health. He died of lung disease some time about 1872.

Edgar Deuchar, assisted in recruiting Co. E, 38th OVI, and was on its organization made 1st Lieutenant. He was promoted to Captain. He died September 4, 1864 of wounds received in the battle of Jonesboro, Georgia, four days previous.

Henry Gilbert did not re-enlist. He moved west and now resides in Wisconsin.

Charles Greenwood re-entered the service as Captain of Co. A, 38th OVI and rose to command of the regiment as a Lieutenant Colonel. Many years ago, he moved to Nebraska and took up a homestead claim near Utica, on which he is now living. A more enthusiastic and zealous patriot never drew his sword in defense of his country.

Justice Rose re-entered the service and was commissioned Captain. He is now enjoying life at his home in Hicksville. Probably no man who entered the service from this county is any prouder of his service and patriotism than Captain Rose.

James Long, though weak of frame, was a patriot to the bone, and early applied to Governor Dennison for permission to recruit. He assisted in the forming Co. K, 68th OVI, and was elected 1st Lieutenant, and on the resignation of Captain Evans became its Captain. While leading his company in one of the fierce battles around Atlanta, he had his good right arm shattered with a rifle ball. During the war, he rose to the possession of a Major's commission. After the war, he spent a few years in South Carolina, but the exposures of the camp and field had too well performed their work and he returned home and after a lingering sickness, died. His weary body rests in Fountain Grove cemetery, where he sleeps the hours of his manhood away. A useful life was given freely for the perservation of his government.

Benjamin Conrad re-enlisted in Co. C, 111th OVI, and served with it until the close of the war, since which time he has resided in Bryan, where he is now engneer in the Model Mills.

Thomas Billings re-enlisted September 3, 1861 in Co. E, 38th OVI, and served until the muster out of the company July 12, 1865. He is travelling for the J.F. Lawrence Printing Co., with headquarters in Chicago.

George Brown served in Co. A, 38th OVI, from August 26, 1861 to September 13, 1864, when his term of enlistment expired. He is now residing in Hicksville.

Alonzo Burke did not re-enlist. He is now a resident at or near Topeka, Kansas.

Francis Brakeman enlisted as a private in Co. K, 68th OVI, was made sergeant on the

organization of the company, served faithfully and well to the close of the war, was mustered out July 10, 1865 with the regiment. He is now engaged in the saw mill, lumber, and roofing business in Melbern, Ohio.

Abraham Burgoyne was a member of Co. E, 38th OVI, from its organization to its muster out July 12, 1865, coming out the honored possessor of a Captain's commission. After the war, he entered the railroad service in which he still remains. He is a resident of the state of California.

Henry Crall served in Co. E, 38th OVI, from October 10, 1862 to September 10, 1863, when he was promoted to principal muscian of the regiment, where he served to the end of the war.

William Copeland went into the war again in the Summer of 1862, in the 100th OVI, coming out at the close of the war. He is married and settled down in Bryan; later removing to a Butler, Indiana farm where he presently resides.

Warren Fusselman was too active a patriot to quietly remain at home after his brief tast of war, so early in the Fall of 1861. He joined his fortunes with the 68th OVI, and served to the end of the war. He was a good soldier and added his might to keeping up the spirits of the men, both while in camp and on the march. He is now residing at Leigh, Nebraska, is the father of a large family of children, and is doing what he can to teach them by example and precept to become honored and honorable citizens in the country whose government he did so much to perpetuate.

E.S. Frager was a member of Co. H, 3rd OVC from its organization. He resided at Edgerton for several years after the war. He is now a resident of Topeka, Kansas.

C. S. Garrison did not re-enter the service. Much of the time since the war, he has been merchandising at Edon, this county. He owns a farm near Edon and lives in that village.

Philip Gillman served in the band of the 38th OVI from the Fall of 1861 until the band mustered out September 9, 1862. He is now a resident of Topeka, Kansas.

Daniel Gallatin did not re-enter the service. In 1862, he secured a position in one of the departments at Washington, where he still remains.

Israel Griffith was a member of Co. K, 68th OVI from its orgainzation until he laid down his life in the hospital, on the field of Champion's Hill, Mississippi in June of 1863. He fell wounded while assisting a wounded comrade to a place of safety in the heat of the battle.

John Harker, now cultivating a farm near Chepstow, Kansas, re-entered the service in Co. K, 68th OVI and served to the close ofthe war. Though severely wounded in the head while fighting on the front line at Champion's Hill, he afterwards returned and only gave up the fight when armed rebellion had ceased.

John Horton re-entered the service in August, 1861 in Co. A, 38th OVI and served to the end of the war. After the war, he tried his hand at farming, but could not stand the walking necessary to be performed to make that branch of industry a success. So eighteen years ago he entered the employ of J.A. Garver's, Curtis, & Co's Hardware store in Bryan, Ohio.

Hiram Louden re-enlisted in the 5th Company of Independent Sharpshooters and died of typhoid fever.

Francis Lesnet enlisted in Co. K, 68 OVI and served as 1st Sergeant until the Battle of Atlanta in July of 1864, when he was pierced with a rebel bullet and died in a few hours. There was not in the entire army a truer patriot or more conscientious soldier than Frank Lesnet. He

richly earned a lieutenant's commission and why it was withheld is a mystery to all his comrades. Among his last words was the question, "How is the battle going?" thus showing his interest in the cause to the last moment.

Charles Mallory re-enlisted in the 48th OVI and did arduous service guarding prisoners on Johnstons Island.

Andrew Newman entered the service as the 1st Lieutenant of Co. H, 38th OVI and on the resignation of William Stough, became Captain which position he retained until the close of the war.

Jeptha Powell served three years enlistment in Co. C, 68th OVI, he died shortly after the war.

S.W. Sheridan re-enlisted as a private in Co. K, 68th OVI in October of 1861, he was discharged for disability early in 1862. He now resides in Texas.

John Stevens, now living at or near Edgerton, was a member in Co. A, 38th OVI for three years from its organization.

George Stinebaugh cast his fortunes with Co. H, 38th OVI, and having completed his three years, was entering upon his fourth with the hope of soon seeing the rebellion on its last legs when in the charge on the works at Jonesboro, Georgia on September 1, 1864 was shot through one of his legs. The wound was so severe that amputation was necessary, and he went to Kansas, where he filled the office of Clerk of Courts for several terms. He is now conducting a real estate office at Ottawa, Kansas.

Marvin Sisson finding the trampings of the infantryman distasteful, concluded to try the cavalry, so enlisted in the 3rd OVC and was killed in the Battle of Stone River, Tennessee.

Jacob Wolf re-enlisted and assisted in the organization of Co. K, 68th OVI and was made a sergeant. He served to the end of the war. He now owns a large farm near Shawnee Mound, Missouri and has accumulated a good property.

I.R. Sherwood's military history is well known. He entered the service for a second time as adjutant of the 111th OVI and for gallantry and faithful service was promoted through successive ranks until the close of the war, he was a brevet Brigadier General in command of a brigade. He is now publishing a democratic paper at Warren, Ohio.

John Carnahan served as hospital steward for the 38th OVI being regularly enlisted in Co. H of that regiment. He is now residing at Kendallville, Indiana.

James Queen served in Co. A, 38th OVI from its organization up to the summer of 1863, when he was discharged to accept a Lieutenant's commission in a negro regiment. After the war, he took up residence in Nashville, Tennessee.

John Cannon preferred the practice of his profession, attorney-at-law, to that of a soldier, so did not re-enlist. He died many years ago at his home in Bryan.

Charles Carver re-enlisted in Co. H, 3rd OVC and was a model cavalryman having been killed in action.

Solomon Grim we think re-enlisted but are not informed as to his later service. He married a daughter of the late Amos Betts and moved to Kansas, where he is now residing.

William Hawkins did not re-enter the service. He now resides near Dean Church in Bridgewater township, this county.

Dr. P.O. Jump was fully satisfied with his military achievement, so devouted life to relieving the ills of the afflicted at home. He died in Bryan several years ago.

John Lewis re-entered the service as a private in Co. A, 38th OVI, was promoted to 1st Lieutenant and killed at Mission Ridge.

Henry Marshall went to Michigan soon after discharge. He recruited a cavalry company and was made its Captain. His fate is not known.

Henry Messmer served some time in Co. K, 68th OVI. He is now or did reside in Toledo, Ohio.

David Smith served with Co. A, 38th OVI and veteranized, is now living at Akron, Ohio.

John Wilsey served in Co A, 38th OVI and was killed at Stone River.

John Kaser served in Co. E, 38th OVI, now resides in the vicinity of the Williams County Infirmary.

W.H. Bailey did not re-enlist, died at home during the war.

C.R. Betts served in Co. E, 38th OVI and was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, went west a year or two ago.

Daniel Iler served for some time with one of the Ohio cavalry regiments. He died at his home in about 1869 or 1870.

John Lowe did not re-enlist. Is now living in Indiana, we think at South Bend.

Benjamin Snow served in Co. K, 68th OVI from its organization of that regiment to August 13, 1862, when he was discharged on a surgeon's certificate of disability, he died at home in or near West Unity many years ago.

Samuel Hansey served as 2nd Lieutenant in the 3rd OVC from September 10, 1861 to September 11, 1862, when he was promoted to 1st Lieutenant and would resign on June 19, 1863 on account of ill health. Later on he re-enlisted in a battery. He died in Hicksville, Ohio, a few years ago.

Milton Pumphrey did not re-enlist. He has been a railroader all his life. He is now in California.

William Misal served in the 3rd OVC and veteranized. He is now living in Isabella Co., Michigan.

Richard Russell re-enlisted as a recruit in the 3rd OVC in 1862. He died in West Unity about the close of the war.

Barwell Rockwell did not re-enlist and is now a resident of Michigan.

Sidney Derby served in Co, C, 100th OVI from its organization until sometime in 1863, when he was discharged to accept a position as lieutenant in the 1st US Colored Heavy Artillery from which he resigned November 28, 1865. After the war, he resided at West Unity and afterwards at Pioneer, where he died several years ago.

Amzi Myers entered the service in 1862 and served nine months in Co. E, 38th OVI. After the war, he went west and died in California in March of 1881.

John Billings did not re-enlist. It is supposed that he went into the Merchant Marines and is dead. The report was current several years ago that while rounding Cape Horn, he fell from a yard arm of his vessel and was killed.

B.F. Richardson did not re-enlist. He lived in the county until a few years ago when he moved to Litchfield, Michigan.

Christian Harris re-enlists and served considerable time, but we do not know the number of his regiment. He died in Bryan one year ago.

Wilson Reasoner did not re-enlist. He is now residing on a farm near Lanark, Illinois.

Henry Gilbert entered the army again as Captain of the 100th OVI in July of 1862, resigned November 27, 1862, by reason of disability, and is now residing in Wisconsin.

Frederick Neidhardt served throughout the war in Co. E, 38th OVI. Died many years ago in Bryan.

George Starner enlisted in Co. E, 38th OVI on September 3, 1861, discharged May 18, 1862 at Corinth, Mississippi on surgeon's certificate of disability. He died in the west several years ago.

John Bowlin served in Co. E, 38th OVI from its organization and veteranized was killed in the Battle of Jonesboro, Georgia.

John Deeds re-entered the service but his command is not known. He is now living in Indiana.

Lloyd Fisher is living near Cleveland, Ohio.

Orvis Merriman lives in Center township, this county, but whether he re-entered the service we do not know.

Daniel Tressler assisted in recruiting Co. A, 38th OVI and was made its 2nd Lieutenant March 6, 1862; resigned November 13 1863. He is now residing in Jeffeson township, this county.

George Weller served in the 38th OVI and died during the war.

CORRECTIONS

George Betts re-entered the service in July, 1862 in Co. C, 10th OVI instead as before stated. Captured September 8, 1863 in action at Limstone Station, Tennessee, paroled and returned to company June 14, 1864, mustered out with company as 1st sergeant June 20, 1865.

John Carnahan served in Co. E, 38th OVI from September 3, 1861 to his death December 1, 1862, which occurred at Danville, Kentucky.

There may be undoubtedly other errors. We find that it is something of a job to hunt up a hundred men after a laspe of twenty-eight years. The memories of even those most interested has retained but few facts. Our columns are open for a brief history of each of the others, and

we will be pleased to notice them if furnished in time for our next issue. Also, if there are any very grave errors in the personal notices above given, we will correct if data is given.

It seems curious that out of one hundred men who had such love for country that they would lay their own life for its protection, there should be three who cared so little for life itself as to become suicides.

The Bryan Press, April 25, 1889, Front Page

UNION SOLDIER TELLS OF BATTLE FOR CHATTANOOGA

Chattanooga, Tenn
October 1, 1863

I am at work making mattresses for the wounded. I was detailed yesterday and like the change very well. It is raining like split, but I am in a house and have beat all that I have seen for wounded men. "Old Rosey" (Rosencranz) sent out a flag of truce so we could get our wounded men off the field, whom they are fetching in every day by hundreds. It is awful to see so many young men crippled up. There never has been a battle in which so many men were wounded and it was the hardest fought battle of the war, since we had so many odds to fight against.

I don't see how I got through, but I did, and here I am at Chattanooga, all right, but I hope never to go through such a fight again. I don't know but what we will have to fight them again here, but we have the advantage now with our good fortifications to fight with us. We can whip all the men that old Fort Bragg can fetch against us. It wasn't his men that drove us back in this last battle. It was the eastern troops that did it, for I know that we killed as many of them as they did of us. We were driven back, but did get what we were fighting for--Chattanooga.

It is a nice place and we are going to hold it even though the Rebs will try every way to get it back. We aren't idle, for we work night and day fortifying, and, if they undertake to take it they will pay dearly for it. If they can get around us and cut off our supplies, then we will have to leave it, but I don't believe they can. Old Burnsides is back to keep them from doing it.

I was on fisket (picket) the night before last and we stood in sight of the Rebs. We could hear them talk and laugh, but we don't shoot at one another unless one side or the other advances. I could almost throw a stone inside their lines, but we live very agreeably.

I must go up to the Regiment before I finish my letter and see if there isn's a letter for me. A lot of mail came in last night. Since I haven't had a letter for some time, I think that I will get one. You will think that I haven't done right in not writing ofterner than I have in the last month, but I can't help it. I know that you will be wondering about me but when you find that I am all right, you won't care so much about it. Well, I will stop for the present.

Later: I have been up to the regiment and there was no letter for me but I will send this and write again when I hear from you. I will send you a star that was torn out of our old flag while we were fighting.

From William Yeagley

The Bryan Times, February 8, 1951, Front Page

CIVIL WAR LETTERS

The following letters and diary entries were written by veterans of the county. The first set of letters were drafted by Private John H. Baltozer of Madison Township. John enlisted with the 68th O.V.I., Co. G. John was born in Williams county on November 25, 1831. He died in Toledo, Ohio at the Toledo Veterans Hospital on March 27, 1901. He was buried in the Franklin Cemetery in Fulton county, Ohio.

They are an enlightening account of the war through his personal insight as to the war and its effects upon him and those around him. I reprint them as written, making no adjustments for spelling and so forth to reflect his thoughts as originally presented. I found them intriguing when compared with the 68th movements and his concerns for family life back home, it shows a man truly committed to God, Country, and Family.

Letters of John H. Baltozer.

Camp near Columbus, Ohio
January 26, 1864

Dear Wife,

I find myself wel this morning and all the rest of the boys and I hope you are blest with the same. We have plenty to eat and drink and nothing to dew but we have plenty of mud to wade through but I think we will get furlows home for thirty days. The day that we left home we got on cars that evening about fore oclock, got to Toledo that night about eight oclock, thear we had to stay till Tuesday night about one oclock we left Toledo for Columbus got to Piqua, Hancock County, Ohio about eight oclock that morning, left thear about noon got to Columbus that evening. We cant tell how soon we will leave hear but if you want to write me direct your leter to Camp Todd Barricks
Columbus, Ohio Co. G
68 Regt, O.V.I.

No more at this time but I still remain your husband

John H. Baltozer

Camp Todd Barrick
Columbus, Ohio
January 28, 1864

Mr. Henry Kunkle,

I this morning take the opertunity to rite you a few lines that I am wel and all of the boys and I hope you enjoy the same blesings. We draw our pay this afternoon at three oclock and tonight at nine oclock we leave for the redgement.

[Hear I am going to send you $60 dollers in a receit you can draw it and if my wife needs it to annyone she shell pay them and take good care of the rest for I am going to dixey. So good by from Columbus.

Yours truely,
Benjamin E. Kunkel to you Henry S. Kunkel]

I must write a litel mor to let you know that now we leave tonight haf past eight oclock for the redgement. I send you a receit of $60 on the county tresuew thear so good by.

John H. Baltozer

Memphis, Tenasee
February 4, 1864

Dear beloved wife,

It is with mutch that I sit down to write to you. We left Columbus on Friday the 30 of January and arived hear last night. This is a splended place hear. We had a nice time coming down the river so far we have come down the river over too houndred mile and they tell me that it is over four houndred miles yet to Vixburg. But I think we will get threw by next Monday if everything goes right witch I hope it will. Thear is som gurillas along the river yet they dont amount to mutch. Last night was the first night that we slept on the ground. But all the boys are well this morning. I must bring my letter to a close for I cant tell how soon we will be ordered on the boat but I still remain your husband.

John H. Baltozer

Direct your leter to John H. Baltozer in care of Captain Harmon Co. G 68 Regt OVI

Vixburgh, Misisipity
February 7, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesur that I sit down to writ to you that I am well at present and I hope you and William D. and Arminda D. are blest with the same. After a long and teatius ride we arived at Vixburgh. We left three of our boys at Memphis sick with the measles. The boys have gone on a expedetion. The camp looks forsaken and they say thet a battel about twelve miles from hear and we was on the steam boat three days and three nights and when we got to Cairo we all thout that we would see a splended citty. But we found it different we found the dirtiest and filthes loking place that I ever saw but Memphis Tennassee is a splended place and Vixburgh is one of the hillest places that I have ever saw a town buiot on it is nothing but hills as far as I can see. I must bring my leter to a close for this time if you writ direct your leter in care of Captain Harmon Com. G 68 regy OVI

John H. Baltozer

Vixburgh, Misisipity
February 14, 1864

Dear wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I set down to write to you to let you know that I am well at present and I hope you enjoy the same blesing. We have just dun sweeping our share of the

camp ground. Evry Company had got to keep thear street clean. They are just as particular with it as you are with your dooryard. Evrything had got to be dun up to order and that evry morning we have got the small pox hear in camp. I have been vascnatet twiste sins I left home onst at Columbus and wonst hear the first dident take. I dont know yet weather it wil this time or not but I dont mutch believe it will it appears like summer hear to me the folks are raking garden hear. I have sean onions grow hear the tops are about four inches long but the most fun is to see the black wemon cary a pail full of watter on thear heads over these hills. The boys are making rings out of the fuse of the shells that is out of the shells that was shot. They find them on the batelground. I have been making some myself and I sent you one in this leter. I believe I must bring my leter to a close for this time.

John H. Baltozer

Big Black, Missisipy
February 19, 1864

Dear wife,

It is with mutch pleasure that I take my pen in hand to write to you that I am well at present and I hope you enjoy the same blesing. I received your letter on the 19 day of March and was glad to hear that you was well. I have had three letter from you now. We have left Vixburgh we are twelve miles from Vixburgh. Now we have a nice camp hear. I like it better than I did at Vixburgh hear you have plenty to eat. Hear we have good light bread and beans and rice and pegs and pork. You wrote that you had paid fifty dollars on our land. I am glad to hear it. I will send anough to finish paying it as soon as I can get the money. I wrote a letter this morning to Kunkel. I told him to direct his letter to Big Black First Ohio Battalion but you neatend to dew that. You direct your letters just as you did before and you tell him to dew the same. We are cald now the First Ohio Battalion thout that we would have to direct our letters to that but the colonel says that dont make enny diferns for wen the redgement comes back again we will get to it again. It is getting late and I must bring my letter to a close. Good night for this time but I still remain your husband

John H. Baltozer

I hant got no rings now and no chance to make enny. I will send you some as soon as I can get a chance to make some.

John H. Baltozer

Vicksburg, Missisipity
February 28, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am wel at present and all the rest of the boys at present and I hope you enjoy the same. We are hear yet at Vicksburg we have nothing to dew but stand camp gard and that doant be very often. We have plenty to eat. We have good light bread and beef and sowbelly and coffee and beans. We had some fresh pork and chickens last week. The boys was out on a foren expidiction last week

and they captured some regement hant got bak yet thear is some talk that they would be hear again soon as they dew get back they say they will gow home on a ferlow and the boys that was left hear tells us that we will get to gow home. I stated in the first of the letter that all the boys was well but come to think they hant. Daniel Spencer he is sick they took him to the hospital yesterday Allen Spencer he is thear yet and has been ever cins he come hear. He has been to camp three times he looks about as pale as he did wen he came home the other time. In this letter I am going to send you a song. It is cald the wife of the volunteers. Good by for this time.

John H. Baltozer

Vicksburgh, Missisipity
March the 10, 1864

Dear wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you are blest with the same and I received your letters on the 10 day of March and was glad to hear that you was well but I was sorry to hear that the children had the hooping cough but I hope they may have a easy time with it for I think if evrything goes rite I shall see them in about a month at least that is the talk now that we will get to gow home with the old redgement and they are gowing as soon as they can get boats to take them up the river. I have seen Daniel Stoutsenbarger he is well at present. Allen Spencer he is well again but Daniel he is in the hospital yet and I hant heard eny thing of him for some time so I cant tell any thing about him now. The old redgement got back last week from ther march they was out from this place about a houndred and fifty miles. They tore up about two houndred miles of railroad and burnt all the towns and fences. I must bring my letter to a close for this time. I should like to write more but I hant the time. I had the mums sins I an down hear but I am wel now again. I feal as well now as I ever did the hardest diseas they have got down hear now is the measels. I must bring my leter to a close for it is about time for dress parade. Good by for this time.

Youers truly,

John H. Baltozer

Vicksburgh, Missipy
March 16,1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to let you know that I am well at present and I hope you enjoy the same. I wrote in my other letter that I thaut that we would get to come home with the old redgement that was the talk then but that is plade out. We dont get to gow with them you wrote in your letter that wen you got your money you would pay fifty dollars on our land and you said you wanted me to send money enough to finish paying it as soon as I got pay. I will dew so for I should like to have it paid for as soon as it can be dun. You tell Kunkle if he wants that cradel of mine he can have it for three dollars and if you hant got that broadax and square of mine at home yet you tell Huffman to bring them home. I must bring my letter to a close for this time.

John H. Baltozer

I had just finished my letter as the male come in and I received your letter and was glad to hear from you and the children but I am sorry to hear you all got the hooping cough and you wrote that you would pray for me and you wanted me to pray for myseld. I will dew sow for I have a hope if we cant meat on erth that we will meat in heven above whear we will part nomore. Good by for this time.

Black River, Missipy
March 19, 1864

Dear Sister,

I received your letter on the 17 day of March and was glad to hear that you was all well. We have left Vicksburgh. We are at the big Black River now about twelve miles from Vicksburgh. We have a nicer camp hear then we had at Vicksburgh and beter water it is nice and level hear. I like it beter hear than I did at Vicksburgh. I like a soldiers life prety good sow far yet I feel about as well now as I ever did. The talk is hear now that the 16 and 17 army corps is to gow to eastern Virginia wen you write again I want you to let me know whear Samuel and William is weather they have enlisted or drafted or what they are dewing. You tell Cooper that I should like to see him down hear we have got a redgement of new recruits hear now it is cald the first Ohio batalion 3 division 17 army corps Co. G in care of lutenent Masters but as soon as the redgement leaves thear again you direct your letters as you did before I think I must bring my letter to a close for this time. You tell Charlott that I sent my overcoat home with William Glime and I told him to leave it at Osbons. You will find in one of the sleaves JHB market with read chalk. Good by for this time.

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Big Black River, Mississippy
March 27, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write to you that I am well at present and I hope you and the children enjoy the same blesing. We are hear yet at Black River camp but I dont know how long we will stay hear for the talk is that we will leave hear in a few days and go up river to Cairo, Illinis and stay there till the redgement comes again but I dont believe it yet. I was out on pickett last night thear is plenty of rebels hear the boys can see some about evry day hear but they afraid to come very close to our pickett line thear is lots of blacks hear but the most fun is to see the black women cary a pail of water on thear head. I have seen some of them cary wood on thear heads. They are the hardest looking set that I have ever seen. White women we harle ever see one. The reason of that is because they about all Copperhead nor I dont want to see enny of them they are all a hard looking sett of people. If we dew gow up the river I will rite when we get to Cario. Some say that we will gow from thear to Ritchmon, Va. and others says that we will gow to Allabama. For my part I dont care witch place they gow. I like this place well anough yet we have plenty to eat and not mutch to do hear. We are a gowing to have corn pan cakes for dinner today and fried beef and tea but we dont have it evry day. I must bring my letter to a close at this time but I still remain yours dear and affectionate husband.

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Big Black River, Missipity
April the 3, 1864

Dear and affectionate wife

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write to you to let you know that I am well at present and I hope you enjoy the same blesing. I hant had no letter from you for too weeks. I dont know what is the reason that I dont get your letters the other boys thear letters come all right they get letters about evry mail. The boys are getting the diarea that the worst kind thear hant mutch over half of our company now fit for duty. We expect to leave hear evry day to gow up the river to Cairo. Thear was eight rebels come in our lines they desserted thear army and they say that thear is a good many more that will dessert as soon as they can get away. Daniel Spencer and his father are both well now again. I must bring my letter to a close for this time. Good by dear wife. The woods looks green hear now while you have cold weather up north yet. Good by to you and the children. But I still remain your husband now and forever.

John H. Baltozer

Cairo, Illinois
April the 14, 1864

Dear Wife

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you enjoy the same blesing. I received your kind letter on the 1st day of April but I have know chance to write then for we left the next morning for Vicksburgh and got on the boat the 6 day of April and left for Cairo, Illinois. Thear was seventeen hundred of the soldiers on the boat and about three hundred mules and horses thear was some of our boys stayed at Columbus, Kentucky. They looked for a fight thear our men was a shelling them men we left thear. I cant write mutch this time for we came hear lat night and we hant got tents up yet. But I still remain your husband good bye

John H. Baltozer

Direct your letter in care of Captain Harmon 68 regt., Company G, OVI

Cairo, Illinois
April the 20, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope you enjoy the same blesing and all the other boys are well as far as I know for they hant all hear yet they ar at Columbus, Kentucky yet but we look for them enny day. They had a hard fight at Fort Piblow last week. The rebbels drove out our men out of the fort and kiled all the blacks and all the white men that commanded blacks. They burnt some of the blacks in houses and they tell me that they kiled all the wounded white men after the batel was over but they had to leave the fort again the gun boats drove them out of it. They burnt everything that was thear. Our force was about 600 or 700 and that of the enimy was about 9000. They battel lasted from the morning till the afternoon about four oclock thear is one thing that happened sins I left wen you write again I want you to let me know all about it and that is about Jacob Ennis and his wife parting. I heard it yesterday and sad news it was to my ears to hear and to think of it for two persens to live together as long as they have and then part. But if they cant live in peace My dear wife they had better part But I hope they may gow

together again and live in peace and if it hant the will of God for us to meat on this earth I hope to meat you in heven thear to part no more. We are in Cairow, Illinois now we have our camp pretty well posted again. I must bring my letter to a close at this time no more at present Good by for this time my dear wife Write soon.

John H. Baltozer

Cairo, Illinois
April the 27, 1864

Dear wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write to you that I am well at present and I hope you enjoy the same blesing. We are hear yet at Cairo, Illinois and I think we will stay hear yet some time. The boys that was left at Columbus Kentucky are hear now with us they come her this morning. This paper where I am writing on now I got at the United Statess Christian Commission. It is kept thear for the soldiers to get it free of al charges and they have a variety of religious books for the soldiers for the benefit of the soldiers and I enjoy myself well a reading them but my dear wife I tell you thear is some boys in the army that dont care what they dew. Hear I send you in this letter a littel book and a ring for you. I hant had no letter from you sins we left Vicksburg to come up hear. I must bring my letter to a close for this time but I still remain your dear husband. Good by for this time.

John H. Baltozer

Cairo, Illinois
May the 1, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you to let you know that I am well at present and I hope you are blest with the same and all the rest of the folks about thear and I received your kind letter last night and was glad to hear that you and the children was well and you rote in youer letter that you wanted my advice about cuting the grass. I think you had better cut it your self not unless you would sell one of the cows but I think I can send you money to pay for cutting it. I will send you some money just as soon as we get our pay but I cant tell how soon that will be yet if Henry Kunkle has got enny potatoes to sell you had better try and get them of him and I will pay for them just as soon as I get my pay. You may sell that gun of mine if you can. If you cant sell it for the money you had better try and sell it to some boddy and let them chop wood and fix the fence for you. It is nice and warm hear today but wen it rains hear it is a hard looking place hear. It is rite on the river bottom whear we are campt it is rite in between the Ohio and Missipity Rivers. I think I must bring my letter to a close for this time. I think dear wife you had better sell one of the cows it wount be so much work for you to dew. I dont care witch one you sell you can suit youerself about that no more at present time. Good by but I still remain youer husband. This is the fourth letter that I wrote you sins we are hear at Cairo. Illinois and had one from you. Goodby dear wife.

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Cairo, Illinois
May the 9, 1864

Dearest and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you and the children enjoy the same blesing. I received your kind letter last night and was glad to hear from you and the rest of the folks round thear. I dont know but I think this will be the last letter that I will be permitted to write hear in this place for we look for the old redgement today and as soon as they get hear they say we will have to leave for Huntsville, Allabama and you wrote in your letter that they had called out the militia to gard the border-lines. I am glad of that for I think by dewing sow what we can end this war this summer. The report is that General Grant is driving the rebbel General Lee into Ritchmond and they say if he gets them in thear he can keep them thear. It is nice and plesant hear now it is as warm now as it is in Williams in June. I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. I send you another little book in this letter. Good by Dear wife from John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer. I will write again as soon as I can get a chance after we leave hear. If we should get on a march after we leave hear it may be some time before I can write to you again. Good by.

John H. Baltozer

Clifton, Tennasee
May 13, 1864

Dear wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well and I hope you and the children enjoy the same.We have just got off the boat and I got out hear in the woods about one mile from the river. I think we will camp hear for a few days from hear we will hal to march one houndred and fifty miles. I hant got no pay yet I will send money anough to pay for the land just as soon as I can get it Henry Kunkle wrote to me that he had the deed reddy for me you tell him that I will send the money as soon as I can get it and then you can get the deed. If you can get George Widner to buy that floar you had better dew it take them boards out of that old house I must bring my letter to a close for this time Good by dear wife and children for this time from

J.H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Polaski, Tennasee
May the 18, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you and the Children are Blest with the same. We have march 60 miles now and we have 75 mor to go before we get to Huntsville, Allabama. I dont know wether we will have to gow eny farther then that of not it is geting prety late. I must bring my letter to a close. Good by dear wife and children

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Huntsville, Allabama
May 24, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you and the children enjoy the same blesing. We got to Huntsville last night. We left Clifton Tennasee the 16 day of this month. We had a nice time of it the roads is good hear now at this present time. We march threw some hard looking country and some as nice a country I beleave as I ever saw but it looks hard to see how things is destroyed by the army. We campt at one place we turned our horses and mules and beef cattle into the wheat and oats. Our train is about four miles long. We have ust twenty tow houndred head of beef cattle. We had to wade Elk River and it was waist deep about two houndred feet wide. But the water was warm the most of the houses thear hant enny boddy aliven in them. Prety near all the folks we see in theas little towns is nigers. The corn is about four inches high hear now and the peaches is about as large as a quails egg and the aples about same size. I think I must bring letter to a close for this time. Dear wife we are a good ways apart from each other now but I hope to meat you again if not on earth I have a hope that we shall meat in heven whear parting will be nomore. Goodby for this time Dear wife.

J.H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Decator, Allabama
May the 27, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present and I hope you and the children are blest with the same blessing. I received your kind letter on the 25 of May and was glad to hear that you and the children are well. We are now at Decator, Allabama. We have march one houndred and thirty eight miles sins we left Clifton, Tennasee. And how mutch further we must gow I dont know yet I hant time to write mutch. I seen preacher Stow yesterday and David Miller. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. Goodby for this time. This is from your dear and beloved husband.

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

I hant got enny postage stamps now

Camp near Rome, Georgia
June the 6, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you and the children enjoy the same blesing. We are now in the state of Georgia. We have marched two houndred and seventy five miles sins the 16 day of May and how mutch further we must gow before we stop I dont know. I stand marching prety good I feal about as well now as I ever did. I beleave I received one letter from you sins we are marching. I would rite oftener but I cant as long as we are marching. I wrote in my last letter that had nomore stamps. I must send my letters after this without stamps unless you can send me some. I can send them just as well with out them but then I dont like to dew it. I cant write mutch this time. If I cant meat you on earth I hope to meat you in heven. Good by dear wife Charlott Baltozer.

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Lost Mountain, Georgia
June the 13, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you are blest with the same. I received your letter three days ago but I had no chance to write eny sooner to you for we are prety close to the enemy now. I can hear the guns as I sit writing but my dear wife dont fret about me for if I should fall on the field of battle I have a hope that we shall meat in heven thear to part nomore. It has been raning hear for the last three days. My close is all wet on me now we was to work on a fortification this morning and it rained all the time we was to work at it. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. Goodby dear wife and children for this time. This is from your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children.

I must send this letter with out a stamp this time

Camp near Lost Mountain, Georgia
June the 16, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines to tell you that I am well at present and I hope that you enjoy the same blessing. The last letter that I wrote to you I forgot to tell you that I seen the boys of the 38 I seen Ritchard Smith and David Kunkle Adam Kunkle, and Doctor Brown and Barret Kaunklun and James Connelley of the 100 redgement and David Crick of the 14. You can tell Henry Kunkle that Peter Clipinger and George are both well at present but sad news about John Clipinger. He has gone to his long home he was kild yesterday on the schermish line by the enemy. My dear dont fret about me for if we cant meat on earth enny more I have hope that we can meat in heven above thear to part nomore. I cant write mutch this time so Good by to you and the children for this time.

Goodby.

John Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Lookout Mountain
June 21, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you and the children are blest with the same. I received your letter on the nineteenth Day of this month and was glad to hear from you and the children and I got three stamps that you sent me and them that Henry Kunkle sent me. We are fiting yet with the rebels and have bean for the last ten days. We are now in the rebels first line of riflepits. You tell Isaac Ennis that I witch him and his wife mutch joy. You tell Henry Kunkle he can have that cradel for three dollars. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. I must write short letters now at this present time. It is still raning yet hear. Good by Dear and beloved wife for this time

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Lost Mountain, Georgia
July 1, 1864

Dear wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and hope you and the children are the same. I received your kind letter this morning and was glad to hear from you and the children. We are hear yet at the same place whear we was when I wrote my last letter. We still keep diging rifle pits from one hill to the other and we are still gaining a little ground every day. I told Joseph Greek that his folks said they dident get enny letter of him and that they wanted him to write to them. He is well at present but he hadent been well for sometime. George Clipinger and Peter are both well and so is Ben Kunkle and Christian Shelhart. If you want to you may send me a few more post stamps but dont send menny at a time for they might get lost. Good by dear wife if we cant meat on earth I hope to meat you in heven thear to part nomore. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. Good by to you all for this time from

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

I must write short letters for it is hard to get paper hear and envellops.

Camp on the Banks of the Chatahootcha River, Georgia
July 12, 1864

My dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write to you that I am well at present and I hope you and the children enjoy the same. I received your kind letter yesterday and was glad to hear that you and the children was well. We are now within eight miles of Atlanta, Georgia and the Rebbeles I beleave are all across the river and the right of our army is across. We have plenty to eat it is hard tack and pork and beef and plenty of coffee. Wen you write again I want you to write how mutch hay you got and how your corn looks and whear Shinabarger boys is and let me know whear David Caywood is wheather he has come back from the west or not and the rest of the friends are getting along. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. My dear dont fret about me for I think I shall come out of this war all right yet we must put our trust in God for he will watch over us threw this unfriendley world of sin and pain and if it is his will that I shall get out of this to meat you on this earth I shall if not I have a hope to meat you whear parting is nomore put your trust in God and dont fret about me. Goodby to you all for this time this is from your dear and beloved husband.

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
July the 24, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope you and the children are blest with the same. I received your kind letter of the twenty fourth and was glad to hear that you was all well. We had a hard fight on the twenty second. The fight comesnst about one oclock and lasted till night. We lost out of our redgement kild and wounded 65 men and Ben Kunkle was one of the kild and James Wodsworth an other. We had no fortifications when they come on to us only a few rails piled up about knee high and they come on to us three lines deep. But they went back again with thear ranks prety badly beet up. But my dear and beloved wife dont fret about me for if I should fall on the field of

battle I have a hope to meat you whear parting will be nomore. We are in the City of Atlanta we could distroy the town by shelling it if we was a mine to dew it now. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time Dont fret about me for we must put our trust in God and he will guide us threw this vain world of sin and pain. Good by to you all.

J.H. Baltozer

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
July 29, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present. I received your kind letter of the seventeenth on the night of the twenty sixth and was glad to hear that you and the children was all well and I hope you and the children will remain so but I am sory to hear that you have sutch a hard time to get your hay made and about geting your wheat. You can buy it whear you are a mine to for my part. I dont care whear you get it just so that you can get it for I want you to have planty to live on get it whear ever you can. And about the house you had better get the floor laid this fall for I think if I live I shall have plenty of money to dew it with. I dont want you to live in that house another winter the way it is you better get Mr. Huffman to dew it this fall for it will be too cold for to live in this winter. Three houndred feet of boards with what is thear will make a good floor and wount take all to dew it thear will be anough left I think to make a stairway when you write again I want you to lett me know what shear you get of the corn. You had better get the ground put out in wheat that is if the corn gets ripe in time. They had another hard fight yesterday. But as it hapent we dident get in to it this time. Clipinger and George are all right yet but Christian Shelhart he was wounded yesterday and they had to amputate his leg. He was hit by a shell seting buy a tree. He wasent with the redgement wen he was hit we all feal sory for poor Crist but that is the fruits of war but dont fret about me for I think I shall come out all right and if I dont I have a hope that I shall meat you whear parting will be nomore. Good by to you and the children for this time. I got the twenty cents and the paper and the stamps. Good by.

J.H. Baltozer

Camp in sight of Atlanta, Georgia
August 3, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to answer your kind letter and that I am well at present and I hope you and the children are blest with the same. I received your kind letter last night and was glad to hear from you and the children. But I am sory to hear that your health hant good. Christian Shelhart is dead. He died on the thirtieth of July. This will be sad news to his wife. Peter Clipinger and George are all right yet and so is Daniel Shelhart. William Shelhart he hant with the redgement yet nor George Wallace hant. We can see Atlanta from our lines. We can burn the town if we are a mine to dew so. Thear is some of our shell goes into the town. You said in your letter that if I wanted the childrens likeness you would send them I should like to have them and yours too with them. I seen Adam Kunkle the other day he is well. David hant with the redgement now he was wounded and sent back to Nashville. He was wounded at the Kennasaw Mountain. I must bring my letter to a close for this time. Good by to you and the children for this time Dont fret about me dear wife. Dont fret about the lane for that will be all right for it cant be no other way. Good by dear wife and children for this time. This is from your husband John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children.

You may send me a few more stamps. This is hard looking paper but it cant be helped for it is scarse and sow is envelopes.

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
August the 16, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and hope that you and the children are blest with the same. I received your kind (letter) today and was glad to hear that you and the children was well and I hope you will remain sow. I got the stamps and the money that you sent me. You tell Harriet Shelhart that Cristian is dead. He was wounded in the first place and then he was taken to the hospital and had his leg amputated. His leg was amputated in the morning and he died that night about twelve oclock. Daniel was with him wen he died. Peter Clipinger and George are all right yet. I cant write mutch this time. Good by to all for this time if we cant meat on earth I have a hope to meat you whear parting is nomore but I hope and trust my life in the hands of God that he will spare it to meat you on earth onst more but may the will of God be dun and not mine, Good by to you all for this time.

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
August the 18, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that you and the children enjoy the same blesing. I hant had enny letters from you for some time, so I thout I must write a few lines this morning to let you know that I am well yet. If I had plenty of paper and envelops I should like to write about too letters a week to you. But paper is scarce hear that is the reason that I dont write oftenner than what I do and we hant mutch time for they keep us building forts about all the time. All the time we have to write is wen we get a fort dun and just as like as not wen we get one dun we must leave it and build another. But I dont care for that just so that we can end the war that is all I want. We are gainng alitel every day but the rebbels is well fotified hear in this place but so good by for this time.

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
August the 21, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I take my pen to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that this will find you and the children enjoying the same blesing. I received your kind letter this morning and was glad to hear that you and the children was well and I hope you will remain so while I am in the army. You wrote in your letter that you wanted me to write about the rest of the boys that went from our place. I will tell you as near as I can Cristian Shelhart he is dead Henry Yoha dead John Cox sick in the hospital George Wirick sick Adam Shafer wounded Henry Esterlinn wounded Riley Porter wounded William Shelhart sick

Wash Wallace sick Daniel Shelhart is well and so is Joseph Greek and so is Joshua Shelhart James Woodwork Kild Peter Clipinger and George they are all right yet Henry Shafer he is well and so is all the rest of the boys. Adam Kunkel he is well and sow is Elias Shafer at least he was the last I herd of him. His time and Adam Kunkels is prety near out. Adam Kunkel told Joseph Greek that he looks for his papers enny day if it wasant for that he would come over to our redgement to pay us a visit before he went home but he says he cant leave on account of it. I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. One thing more I want you to send me some paper and some envellops for I cant get it hear. I must bid you good by for this time if we cant meat on earth I hope to meat you in heven whear parting is nomore. You tell Jacob Ennis that I would rite to him if I had the paper it is the scarcity of paper that I dont write no more than what I dew Good by you all for this time.

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
September 10, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that theas few lines may find you and the children the same. It has bean some time sins I wrote the last letter it is fourteen day today that I wrote my last letter and hant had eny sins then we had no chance to get enny mail in that time. But now we can get mail again the other boys got mail last night but I dinent get enny. We hold Atlanta now we are in camp now but how long we will stay in camp I dont know but I think we will stay long enough to get pay. I hope we will for I should like to have some money for I should like to send some home to pay for our land thear is every thing quiet hear in camp today the cannon has ceast to roar for a day or two I hant bean in enny fight sins Ben Kunkel was killed but I have herd the canon roar ever sins, then the thirty eighth was in a hard fight the other day and charged on the rebel works and captured thear cannons but they met with a hevy loss. Barret Kaunklen was wounded in one of his hands, Adam Kunkel is all right the last I herd Sins the fight Peter Clipinger and George is well at present and so is Joseph Greek We are campt in the woods about four miles from Atlanta and about three miles from whear we had the fight the twenty second of July I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. I want you to write as soon as you get this and I want you to let me know weather the Shinabarger Boys has got home yet or whear they be. We have had plenty of green corn for the last two weeks and sweet potatoes but the corn is all now that we can get and so is the sweet potatoes Good by dear wife and children for this time This is from your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Dont fret about me if we cant meat on earth I have a hope that we can meat whear parting is no more. Good by.

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
September 13, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to answer your kind letter of the third of this month. My health is good and has bean all summer and I hope that theas few lines may find you and the children enjoying the same blesing. You wrote in your letter of the third that you had sent your likeness and the children in your other letter I hant got them yet but I think I will get

them yet I will let you know as soon as I get them I like a solder life pretty well as far as I have bean yet we have plenty to eat sutch as the army can get it Beef and pork and beans and hard tack. The boys are out on dress parade while I am writing this letter I hant got enny gun now to take care of I hant had enny for about too weeks I have too spades and too axes to take care of I have pretty good times now sins we are in camp But on march they are hevier than a gun to cary but then I hant enny picket duty to dew wen night comes I can rest while the other boys has to gow on picket. We have a nice camp hear now we have all the small timber out and all the leaves swept clean and we have good watter and plenty of it within twenty rod of our camp We have had plenty of good spring watter all summer the boys that went from our town are pretty well scattered now. Joseph Greek and Daniel Shelhart and Peter Clipinger and George and myself are the only ones with the redgement now and Jon Cox. Some of them is sick and the other is wounded and three of them is dead. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time write as often as you can and I will dew the same Good by dear wife and children for this time Good by from

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
September 17, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that thoes few lines may find you and the children enjoying the same blesing. I received your kind letter of the twenty eighth of August and your likeness and the children and I am glad that I got them I was afraid onst that it was lost for I had one letter from you that you rote sins you sent it but then it is all rit now and I think they look natterl yet to me. The boys are all well at present Adam Kunkel he is well and expect to gow home in a few days and so is Elias Shafer. Joseph Greek is well and so is the Clipinger boys and Joshua Shelhart and Daniel are both well at present I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time but still remain your husband Good by for this time.

J.H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
September the 22, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to writ you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that theas few lnes may find you and the children enjoying the same and all the rest of the friends. I think that we well get pay now before long the boys are all well now at present time. Joseph Greek is well when you write again you may send me a few more stamps it has been raining for the last few days hear and about the corn I think you better try and get some boddy to cut up your half if you can for you will nead half of it If I can get a ferlow this fall but it is uncertain yet about it I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. Direct your letters just as you always did Good by from

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children Good by for this time.

Camp near Atlanta, Georgia
September the 23, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to answer your kind letter of the eleventh and the stamps in it I am well at present and hope that thoes few lines may find you and the children the same We are still in camp yet the redgement is out on picket duty today I am left in camp for I hant got enny gun It is raining this morning A soldiers life is a hard life in a wet time wen it is clear weather it hant sutch a hard life as a person might think it was but for all the hard ships that I have sen yet I hant tierd of a soldiers life yet and you can bet that I have seen some prety rought times in this campain Sins we are in camp hear it dont hardly apear to me like war for thear is everything quiet all a round us but before we went in to camp you could hear the old cannon boom about all the time and the muskets but them I dont think that this war will last enny longer then till Spring for the rebels are diserting just as fast as tey can get away thear is some comes to our lines prety near evry day. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. Dont fret about me for I think that I shall see you in this world again and if now we have a promise in a better land whear paring is no more Good by dear wife and children for this time.

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Ship Gap (Snake Creek)
October the 17, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that this may find you and the children the same. I received your kind letter of the twenty fourth of September and was glad to hear that you and the children are well. I received it on the twelfth of October I would of rote sooner but we had no chance to send enny mail for the rebels tore up the railroad about thirty miles from Atlanta they tore up about fifteen miles of it and we are after them now but they are retreating along the rail roads as fast as they can and distroying our rail road when they can. Bit I think tey are stopt now. We have marched pretty near day and night sins the third of this month. I got them socks that you sent with Josh Shelhart last spring. You needent send enny this winter. I must bring my letter to a close at this time Good by dear wife and children for this time.

From J.H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Galesville, Allabama
October 26, 1864

Dear wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope theas few lines find you and the children the same. I received your kind letter of the ninth today and was glad to hear that you and the children was well I got that paper that you send me you needent to mine about niting me enny socks for I think I have anough to dew me this winter we are in camp again for a short time we are about one houndred miles from Atlanta, Georgia the rebels still keeps retreating we have nice weather down hear but it is raning some today I hant time to write mutch this time for the mail leaves in a few minutes I will send you a small bunch of cotton in this letter then you can see how it looks before it is made in to cloth. I must bring my few lines to a close for this time. Good by to you all for this time from

J.H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Marieta, Georgia
November 7, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that theas few lines may find you in the same state of health and all the rest of the friends. I received your kind letter of the 21 about a week agow but had no chance untill now I think we will get pay today yet for they are paying the troups now I will send it home as soon as I get it. Can tell you that we are in camp again for a short time we are in camp about four miles from Marieta and about twenty miles from Atlanta and wen you get the money I want you to pay the land and the rest what you dont nead I want you to let some one have that you can get it enny time that you want it it dont make enny difference ho it is but I want it to be some man that is good for it I think I shall send it to Henry Kunkel for he can gow and get it that will save you a good deal of trouble I must bring my leter to a close for this time Good by for this time from

J.H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Marieta, Georga
November the 8, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I set down to write you a few lines that I am at present well and I hope that you and the children are blest with the same We got pay today and I sent to Henry Kunkel one houndred and sixty five dolars and I want you to pay the balance on the land and rest what you dont nead I want you to let some man have that is good for this time Good by to you all for this time You tell Henry Kunkel that I sent his letter to West Unity with the receit in it.

From John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Atlanta, Georgia
November the 10, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to writ you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that you and the children are blest with the same. We got pay at last and I sent a receit to Henry Kunkel for one houndred and sixty five dollars to get at Bryan out of the tresure and what money it dont take to pay the land and what you dont nead you had better let some boddy have we are in the citty of Atlanta now but how long we will stay hear I dont know for thear is some talk we are going on other rades. If we dew you may know what is the reason that you dont get enny letters for thear wount be enny chance to send enny mail. If we gow for some time at least for one month but dont fret about me Good by for this time

From John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Savanna
December 15, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present time and have bean all the time sins we left Atlanta and I hope that you and the children are blest with the same Sins we left Atlanta we have marched about three houndred miles and had no fight with the rebels yet. But we are seaging Savana now, thear was some of our forse went to the mouth of the Ogechee and captured Fort McAlister with 200 prisoners with all its arms and equipment We have had some pretty hard times on this march men we left Atlanta they give us three days rations and that to last five days and then they give us three more for five and after that they give us too days for five and after that they give us one and a half day for five and the last time we drawed we dident get ennything but coffee and sugar but we had plenty to live on all the time we had plenty of sweet potatoes and fresh pork and corn meal but we had to get that of the rebels as we marched along we had some men out evry day to forrage for us we have plenty of rice now thear is a rice mill hear with about eight thouthand bushel in it but we must hull it ourselves that and sweet potatoes and beef is all that we have to eat now but we will have plenty to eat in a few more days for the train had goen after them now we are twenty miles from ocen and 6 miles from Savanna and I think we have the rebels that is in Savanna shut in so that they cant get out I received to letters from you today and was glad to hear that you and the children was well wen you write again I want you to write and let me know if you got the money or not I sent to Henry Kunkel I hant time to write mutch more this time wen you get the money you pay for the land and get the deed and pay the taxes on the land I sent one houndred and sixty five dollars I must bring my letter to a close for this time good by to you for this time Dont fret about me for I dont think that this will last mutch longer than spring All we have to eat now is rice and beef and coffee Good by rite soon and often I send you a bunsh of rice in this letter

John H. Baltozer

Camp in Warren Square, Congress Street
City of Savanna, Georgia
December 24, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that these few lines may find you and the children with the same blesing. The rebels left Savanna on the night of the twenty first of December and we marched in to the citty the twenty second we are in town now dewing gard duty in the citty but how long we will stay hear I dont know there is some talk that we would get to stay hear but I dont beleave it but I hope we will be luckey ones for thear will some of our forse stay to hold the city Savanna is a pretty large place and it is as nice a town as I ever saw The country is level it is level as Hank Kunkels farm But it hant as wet and it is differnet soil It is all sand that is whear the citty is but one mile from town it is swampy thear is shade trees on both sides of the streets and they are out in leaves now like in the months of June up north They tell me that they all ways stay green I hant mutch to write this time Joseph Greek is well at present and all the rest of the boys I seen David Kunkel yesterday and he is well and all the rest of the boys as far as I know I must bring my few lines to a close for this time for the mail leaves pretty soon for that reason I cant write ennymore for this time Good by for this time Dear wife and children write soon and as often as you can.

From John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Savanna, Georgia
December the 30, 1864

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that thoes few lines may find you and the children enjoying the same blesing We are hear yet at Savanna but how long we will stay hear I dont know from the apearance of things I dont think that we will stay hear very long till we will start on another march for we had an order read to us last night that they couldnent give enny furlows for they needed all the troops at this present time for to gow on another campain and I think our next march will be for Charleston, South Carolina and it will be another swampy one and a cold one it is cold hear now but not as cold as it is up north if it was I should hate to be a soldier, it dont freace but littel hear I cant write mutch this for it is geting late hant had but too letters sins we left Atlanta Good by for this time

Direct your letter:c/o
John H. Baltozer
Co. G 68 Regt
2 Brigade 3 Division
17 A.C.O.V.I.

Dont fret about me for I think I shal meat you all on this earth again, if not I hope to meat you whear parting will be nomore Good by for tis time and rite soon and as often as you can

John H. Baltozer

Savannah, Georgia
January the 1, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I take my penn to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that you and the children enjoy the same blesing this is new years morning and it is cold one for this country the ground is frouse this morning pretty hard and that it dont very often dew hear for in the night it is cold anough to freez and towards the middle of the day it is warm anough to run around without a coat on Wood is scarce hear and all the wood hear is pine and that is green and you know how green pine burns at that The citicens hear had to pay one houndred dollars for one load of wood and pine at that The most of the country that we marched threw on this last march is a fine country and sypress swamps Dont fret about me but keep up courage for I think if God spared my life till next new years I shall be at home I should like to be at home today if it cant be so we have plenty to eat now again we had a pretty rough time on this march on the nineteenth of November and twentieth it rained and we had to march all one day and one night Got in to camp in the morning about eight oclock got our grub and started again about noon and marched that day and pretty near all that night again threw the mud and rain Some of the boys you could hardley tell what their clothes was made of I for my part got along pretty well if it was muddy Peter Clipinger and George are both well at present and all the rest of the boys that went from our town I must bring my few lines to a close for this time I dont know what is the reason that I dont get enny letters ennymore I hant had but too sins we come to this place when you write again direct your letter to

John H. Baltozer
Co. G 68 Regt
2 Brgade 3 Dicisio
17 A.C.O.V.I.

Camp near Beufort, South Carolina
January the 8, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I take my penn to write to you I hant had but too letters from you sins we left Atlanta, Georgia We left Savannah Georgia on the fourth for Beauffort, South Carolina we marched down the river 6 miles to a place cald Thunderbolt and thear we got on the boat and come around to Beaufort But you can just bet thear was a sick set of boys after we was on the boat about three hours and got out in to the sea but it dident last long on enny of us we are in camp about three miles from Beaufort on an island Beaufort is a pretty large place but not as large as Savannah I hant mutch to write this time the boys are all well at present dont fret about me Dew the best you can, put your trust in God if we cant meat on earth I have a hope to meat you whear parting will be no more and whear the sound of war is not heard Good by for this time

From John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Beaufort, South Carolina
January 11, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to write you a few lines My health is good at present and all the rest of the Boys is well at present and I hope that these few lines may find you and the children enjoyin the same blesing. We are hear yet at Beaufort but how mutch longer we will stay hear I cant tell We have plenty to eat again We didnt get full rations till we go to this place and hear we get plenty of evrything We got three days rations of light bread for the first time sinse we left Cairo, Illinois If we leave hear I think our next place will be Charleston or Augusta We are only fifty one miles from Charleston now if we go to Charleston it will be a short campain for us But if we should go to Augusta it may be a pretty long one for it is about three times as far it makes but little difference to me Just so that we can end the war for it apears that nothing but fiting will end this war The report is hear that thear is another call for three houndred thouthand more men I hope it is true for I should like to see the last Copperhead drafted and brought to the front if we had all of them down hear we could take care of them we hate them worse then we dew the rebels in the field it will make harder times for them that gets to stay at home but after all the fuss they dont know enny thing about hard times for hear wheat the army goes along they very often dont leave ennything I must bring my few lines to a close for this time Good by to you all from

John H. Baltozer
General Sherman's Army
Reg. 68 Div. G
Camp near Beaufort, South Carolina
Fort Royal Island
January the 13, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down this morning to write you a few lines it was pretty cold this morning and frosty But it is now about tenn oclock and it is nice and warm Folks down hear dont know mutch about cold weather We got orders yesterday morning to march this morning by day light but the order was countermanded but we look for orders again evry minet to leave I havt had but too letters from you sins we left Atlanta We only get mail about evry ten days the first mail we got I had two letters and that is all I have had But I think I will get some

before long for the report is that thear is a large mail at Hiltonhead for us if we dont leave hear too soon and if we should leave hear we may not get it for months or more But I hope we will stay till we get it for I should like to know if you got the money I sent to Henry Kunkel I must bring my few lines to a close for this time Direct to: Co. G 68 Regt. 2 Bre., 3 Div., 17 A.C.

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Procotaligo, South Carolina
January 16, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to answer your kind letter of the twenty fifth of December and was glad to hear that you and the children was well we are now about twenty five miles from Beaufort We cross over the river the night of the thirteenth and drove the rebels that night about three miles and the next morning we started again and drove them about eight miles and thear we found them fortified We went into camp then for that night built a line of works that night calculating to find them thear in the morning but when day light came they had left we marched to the rail road whear we are in camp now it is the rail road that runs from Savannah, Georgia to Charleston, South Carolina you tell Henry Kunkel if he hant got that receit yet to write Columbus, Ohio and get another receit from the book that is if he cant get it without a receit I must close for tis time from

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

The boys are all well at present

Camp near Pocotaligo, S. Carolina
January the 26, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that these few lines may find you and the children enjoying the same blesing We are at the same place yet that we was wen I rote my last letter But how mutch longer we will stay I dont know It is cold hear today and has been for the few last days the ground is froze pretty hard Peter Clipinger and George are both well at present and so is Joseph Greek and all the rest of the boys that went from our town Wen you write again I should like to know whear George Ostman is I must bring my few lines to a close for it is too cold for to write Write soon and as often as you can and I will dew the same from

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Pocotiligo, S. Carolina
January the 28, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to answer your kind letter of the eighth and was glad to hear that you and the children was well and was glad to hear that you had got a letter from my brother Samuel I had one letter from father today the first one that I have had sins I am in the army and the last that they had herd from William he was in the hospittel yet he had been at home on a furlow I cant write mutch this time Dont fret about me dear wife I have plenty to eat now again Good by for this time Write soon and as often as you can and I will dew the same from

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer, wife, and children

Camp near Fayettville, North Carolina
March the 12, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to write you a few line that I am well at present and have been ever sins we started on this campain It is about forty five days sins I wrote my last letter to you We hant had enny chance to send eny mail sins we left Prolotaligo, South Carolina We marched from_____ to Orangeburg and burnt the railroad thear and about half the town I hant time to write mutch at present when the mail goes out again I will give you all the particulars of the campain Peter Clipinger and George are both well Good by for this time from

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Goldsboro, North Carolina
March 26, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to answer your kind letters I got three today from you and three from Hank Kunkel and one from my brother William he is with his redgement again now my health is good at present with the acception of a bad cold We had a long campain this time we left Procataligo South Carolina on the 30 of January and got hear to this place on the 24 of this month and with in that time I had a chance to write one letter and that was at Fayettville, N. Carolina near Cape Fear River We marched prety near five houndred miles on this campain and about me reenlisten you need not fret for I shant if they want me again they will hafto draft me I got too more letters from you sins I comenst to write this and you wanted me to let you know what that was that I got Ben Kunkel it was a portfolio for to keep paper in I am to pay fifty cents for it wen I get pay again I will send it to you thear is some talk we will get pay hear but I think it a litwl doubtful about it but I hope we may get pay before we leave again thear is seven months pay due us again and one payment of bounty so if we should get pay I shall get one houndred and thirty six dolars You had better get that field put out in corn again if you can get enny boddy to put it out for you We have plenty of good ham and corn meal and flour and sweet potatoes so that we did not suffer for enny thing to eat on this march But we had to wade a good many swamps South Carolina and North Carolina are very swampy but we had no fiting of anny acount till we got within about twenty miles of this place thear we found the rebels in forse waiting for us they first pitched on the fourteenth and the twentieth corps

but they found that they couldent dew ennything thear then they tried the fifteenth and seventeenth Corps but with no better luck My redgement wasent in the fight I must close for this time Dont fret about me if we cant meat on earth I hope to meat you whear parting is no more Good by for this time from

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Wen you write again send me some stamps for I hant enny and cant get them hear

Goldsboro, North Carolina
March the 29, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I take my penn to write you a few lines We have at last go in to camp onst more But how long we will stay I cant tell but I think we will get pay before we leave again at least thear is some talk of it and if we dew I will send it to you today Karl and Clay has got back to the redgement again. We have a nice place hear for our camp and plenty to eat and plenty of good watter and plenty of coffee we had a rough time of it on this campain At Orangeburg, South Carolina the rebels made up thar minds that they wasnent gon to let us cross the river the weather was cold then at that time about the coldest time that we had down hear this winter and the only way that we could dew was to put the pontoons across in the woods about one fourth of a mile below the reb fort and thear cross the main channel and then made the balance of the way till we got a cross on to the rebbels side we all thaut that we would have to fight but till we got a cross they had all left I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time from

J.H. Baltozer your husband to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Goldsboro, North Carolina
March the 30, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I set down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that theas few lines may find you and the children in the same state I received your kind letter of the fourth of this month and was glad to hear that you and the children was well and I hope that you may remain so till I get home for I dont think that this war will last a grate while eny more for I think the rebels are drove about to thear last hole for we are only about forty five miles from the capitel of North Carolina and I know they cant hold that and if they loos that Ritchmond is goen with it for by taken that place it cutd the communications with Ritchmond and the rebels know it but it is too late now for them the doar is closed for them they cant come in now When you write again I want you to let me know if you got that overcoat of mine or not that is the one that I sent from Vicksburg with William Glime You tell William and Arminda to be good children I must close for this time Good by from your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Goldsboro, North Carolina
April the 3, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to write you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present and I hope that theas few lines may find you in the same state of health We are still in camp yet hear at Goldsboro but how long we will stay hear I dont know Bit I dont think it will be a grate while before we leave again for thear is some talk of it now for my part I dont care for laying in camp hant agon to end this war I think one more rade will end it and if it does we can all go home then to stay thear about getting pay hear I think it is pretty doubtful about it the boys are all well at present and I hope that the boys will remain so while we must stay in the army I hant wrote eny for three day we had been away after oats for the teams we had to gow about thirty miles from Newburn, North Carolina It is the prettyest country from Goldsboro to Kingston that I have sean in the south the principal part of the timber is pine it is a grat country for to rase corn and pretty good for wheat I think I must close for this time excuse me for not writing more it hant the will of God that we shall meat on earth I have a hope that we may meat whear parting will be no more Good by for this time from your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Goldsboro, North Carolina
April the 4, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I take my penn this eavning to write you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present and whear I am at Goldsboro North Carolina but how long we will stay hear yet I dont know at this present time But I dont think it well be a grate while enny more before we start on another campain and for my part I dont care how soon they will start for laying in camp hant agoento end this war and I want it to end as soon as it can be dun so that I can gow home and stay thear I should like to come home now but if I could get a furlow it would cost me pretty near one houndred dollars to get thear and back again so that I think I had better save the money and wait till I can come to stay thear if my life is spared me till that time comes I think by all appearance of things now that we will all be at home by next fall I must bring my few lines to a close for this time the reason that I write small letters is because paper is scarse and hard to get hear at this place we have plenty to eat hear at this place we marched pretty near five houndred miles sins we left Pocotaligo, S. Carolina threw swamps and mud good by for this time Dont fret about me from your husband

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Goldsboro, North Carolina
April 7, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down this eavening to write you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present and I hope that this letter may find you and the children with the same blesing We are yet at Goldsboro, but how long we will stay hear I dont know we may stay hear for sometime yet and again we may leave within a week or so it is hard to tell hear one day whear we may be the next day But I think it will be a little to how Grant gets along at

Ritchmond If he can drive the rebbels this way I dont think that we will move very soon I think the rebbels are about plaidout for they have lost thear strongholt at Ritchmond and Petersburg the report is hear that Grant took twenty one thouthand prisners and too or three houndred peaces of cannon William Kunkel Henry Kunkel brother was drafted and I was gald to hear it But then I dont beleave that he will ever see enny fiting I must bring my few lines to a close for this time Dont fret about me Good by for this time but I still remain your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Goldsboro, North Carolina
April the 9, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to writ you a few lines that I an well at present and I hope that theas few lines may find you in the same state of health we are hear yet today at Goldsboro but wheather we will be here tomorrow is a litel doubtfull for thear is orders for us to leave tomorow morning at six oclock the latest news that we have from Grant is that he has Lees force all battered and Lee with his battered forse is making for Danvill and Sheridan is helping him along and his men are leaving him as fast as they can get away They was quite an excitement hear last night thear was firing all along the line both muskets and artillery and some of the boys went to General Shermans quarters and cald him out and wanted him to make a speetch he told them to keep quiet and would read them the latest news that thear was and hear is the news Grant has taken thrity seven thousand prisners and three houndred and fifty peaces of cannon and fifteen thoushand kild and wounded that is sins he drove him out of Ritchmond with makes fifty two thouthand that Lee has lost sins he left his strong hold at Ritchmond and that Sherman was to foller Johnston and end this war as soon as possible If evry thing goes as well as it looks now I think well be by most fall at least I hope so I think I must close for this time But dont fret about me wen you dont get a letter from me for two or three week for it is very often that we cant send enny so good by for this time but still remain your kind husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer and children

Camp near Raleigh, North Carolina
April the 19, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to write a few lines that I am well at present and hope that thoes few lines may find you and the children in the same state of health We left Goldsboro on the tenth of this month and got to Raleigh the fourteenth The distens from Goldsboro to this place is forty eight miles Raleigh is the capitel of North Caroliner I supose you have heard that General Lee had surrendered to Grant I think this war is about plaid out we are onley about twenty miles from the rebbel General Johnston and I think he will surrender without a fight If he dont he will wish he had for we have men enough hear to make him come under I cant write mutch this time for the mail leaves at ten oclock and it is past nine now So I must close for this time Good by Stamps I hant got to put on my letters so I must send them without

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Raleigh, North Carolina
April 20, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to answer your kind letter of the ninth and was glad to hear that you and the children was well My health is good at present and all the rest of the boys I think the day is not far off wen we can all go to our homes and remain thear in peace onst more the report is hear that General Johnston has surrended all the men in arms from the Potomac to the Rio Grand that includes the hole southern confederacy I got the stamps that you sent to me But you nead not send enny more for I think it wount be a grate while till we will be whear we can get them for I think this war is about plaid out at least I hope so But for all that I hant sorry yet that I enlisted wen I did I am glad to hear that you are geting that field put out again in corn I rote a letter yesterday to you we left Goldsboro on the tenth of this month and marched forty eight miles to the capital of North Carolina whear we are now at this present time and I think I must close for this time Good by for this time from your husband

John H. Baltozer

you rote to me some time agow that you wanted me to let you know what I got of Benjamin Kunkels it was a portfolio and I was to pay fifty cents for it good by

Camp near Raleigh, North Carolina
April 28, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to write you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that thoes few lines may find you and the children enjoying the same blesing we are hear yet at the capital of North Carolina But I dont think that we will stay hear mutch longer for thear is some talk that we will leave hear tomorrow morning for the north I think the way things look now that we will be at home by the fourth of July at least I hope so The war is over now we will have to march from hear to Virginia that is the talk today I must bring my few lines to a close for this time Good by from your husband

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Ritchmond, Virginia
May the 10, 1865

Dear wife,

It is with plesure that I take my penn to writ you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that thoes few lines may find you and the children with the same blesing We left Raleigh North Carolina on the thirtieth of April for Ritchmond and marched threw by the way of Petersburg and we are now within three miles of Ritchmond and we are to gow from hear to Washington and from thear I think we will gow to our own state but how soon I dont know but I hope it wount be very long till we will sea our homes I want to get home now as soon as I can for the war is over now we must march from hear to Washington it is one houndred and forty miles from hear to Washington and we have marched one houndred and sixty miles from Raleigh hear to this place I think wen we get to Washington that will finish our marching the boys are all well at present and in good spirits to think that the war is over and that they are going home to enjoy themselves onstmore I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time Good by from your husband

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Alexander, Virginia
May 20, 1865

Dear Wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down to answer your kind letter of the nineteenth of April and was glad to hear that you and the children was well we are in camp now about twelve miles from Washington We got hear yesterday We marched from Raleigh North Carolina to this place witch made a march of about three hundred miles But I think the marching is over for now at least I hope so but how soon we will get home I cant tell ennything about that yet but I hope it will be before long for I think the war is over for now I should like it if we could get home by the first of July so that I could cut my own grass We are to march threw Washington City next Wednesday The boys are all well at present I hant time to write mutch this time so you must excuse me for this time for not writing more So good by for this time from your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Washington City
May the 27, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to answer your kind and welcome letter of the nineteenth I am glad to hear that you and the children are well and I hope that you remain so while I stay in the army We are in camp about four miles from Washington City the Capitel of the United States We marched threw the city on the twenty fourth of this month on grand review The war is over but how soon we will get to gow home I cant tell I should like to get home before harvest but I dont hardley think that we will the boys are all well at present My health is good yet I think sometimes it is as good as it was wen I enlisted I am glad that you are getting corn planted if I cant get home to plough it I think I shall be at home to cut it us if thear will be enny to cut up this fall But thear is one thing certin if we must stay too or three months yet the fiting is over with so that we wount see as hard times as we have seen But the boys say the war is over and they want to gow home that is about all the talk now I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time Dont get discouraged this is from your husband

John H. Baltozer

Camp near Washington City
June 4, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I sit down this morning to write a few lines to inform you that I am well at present and I hope that these few lines may find you and the children enjoying the same blesing Joseph Greek and all the rest of the boys are well at present We expect to leave hear now evry day for Lewisville Kentucky But how soon we will get home I cant tell at this present time Some think that we will be home till fourth of July and others think that we wount and I think myself it is a litel doubtful but if I find out for ser in that we wount get home till then I think I shal try and get a furlow and come home We hant got enny pay yet but hope we may for we hant had enny pay sins we left Atlanta, Georgia If I dont get home to cut the grass you must try and get it cut the best way you can I think I must bring my few lines to a close for this time from your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Lewisvill, Kentucky
June the 25, 1865

Dear wife,

It is with mutch plesure that I set down to answer your kind letter of the nineteenth My health is good at present and I hope that thoes few lines may find you and the children enjoying the same blessing We are still in camp yet at Lewisville but how long we will stay hear I cant tell thear is twelve thouthand to be mustarded out of the army of the Tennasee and I think that our redgement will be discharged for one at least I hope so for I want to get home just as soon as I can some says that we will be in our own state in twenty days We got pay on the twenty second and I have sent with Cornelius Vannorsbalen one houndred and fifteen dollars to give to you or leave with Henry Kunkel for you to get it hear He has also takem some for Joseph Greek and some more of the boys I must bring my few lines to a close for this time Dont get discouraged for I think that I shall be at home before very long From your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

Camp near Lewisville, Kentucky
June 26, 1865

Dear and beloved wife,

It is with plesure that I set down to writ you a few lines that I am well at present and I hope that these few lines may find you and the children enjoying the same blesing. I am sending in this letter the pickters of four of our Generals - Grant and Sherman and McPherson and Logan and if you get them I want you to take good care of them till I come home for I think it woult be very long now ennymore till we will be at home good by for this time from your husband

John H. Baltozer to Charlott Baltozer

These four pickters cost me one dollar

THE MOSS LETTERS

The letters can be obtained from the book entitled,"Our Boys Who Wore The Blue," by David L. Lupien. These letters were obtained from Mrs. William Winzeler's collection on the Moss Family. The letters were written by William and Sanford Moss of West Unity. Sanford would die on June 25, 1864 near Big Shanty, Tennessee of wounds received in action. Sanford served with the 3rd Ohio Cavalry. I have reproduced Sanford's death notice from the Atlanta Campaign.

On the Battlefield
Near Big Shanty, Tenn
June 29, 1864

Mr. John Moss and Family,

Sir, I sit down this morning to pen you the sad inteligence of the death of Sanford C. Moss. He was wounded in a fight on the 15th of June, seven miles north of Marietta and was sent to the rear, to the hospital on the 16th, died on the 25th. When he received his wounds we were laying in the edge of a swamp. I was near him at the time he was struck on the point of his left shoulder with a musket ball sinking deep into his shoulder. The ball could not be found till after his death. It had lodged deep inside his shoulder blade. He endured his wounds with all the fortitude a man could although quite young and a new soldier, was brave, cool, and deliberate on the battle field. Mild and agreeable in camp, was loved by all who knew him. Alas, he has fallen and is numbered with the many brave that have fallen since this cussid rebellion broke out. We mourn his loss and sympathise with his berieved friends. It is hard for friends to part but it must be a great consolation to you to think that Sanford fell on the battle field battling for his country, fighting for that flag that was so dearly brought by our forefathers and now trampled upon by rebels. What a satisfaction it must be to be parents, brothers, sisters, and loved ones to think they have friends in the army to maintain this nation once happy but now in arms. Will C. Moss called to see me this morning. He says he don't think it is advisable for you to undertake to move his body home at present. I did not suppose it was a mortal wound or I would have sent for his brother and after he was sent to the hospital, I did not know where to find him. If there is any other information I can give you in regard to him write me and I will do so with pleasure. Below I send a copy of his death from the Surgeon in charge.

Headquarters, Field Hospital
15th Army Corps
Barton Army Works
June 27, 1864

Commanding Officer
Co. H, 3rd Ohio Cavalry

Dear Sir, I have the honor to notify you that Sanford C. Moss, Private Co. H, 3rd O.V.C. died in this hospital on the 25th day of June, 1864 of gun shot wound in the left shoulder.

Very Respectfully yours,

A. Goslin, Surgeon 48th Illinois
Hospital, 15th A.C.

Respectfully yours in haste,

Francis P. Gates
Capt.,Co. H, 3rd O.V.C.

FOURTEENTH OVI (3 months service)

The story of the Fourteenth OVI is one of intra-county rivalry and the military operations of a northwest Ohio militia unit in the earliest phases of the Civil War. The Fourteenth OVI would serve with vigor and great enthusiasm as it is ultimately sent to Western Virginia to rescue this vital area for the Union. As Whitehall Reid said,

> " the success of the initial Ohio three months units was about the offering made to the General Government by the State whose Governor had been bold enough to say that 'Ohio must lead throughout the war' and the result of the initial campaign of the 14th is the story of a rescued and regenerated West Virginia."

Upon the beginning of hostilities, Ohio became concerned about invasion because her southern border of 436 miles laid adjacent to slave states. On the south-eastern corner lay the State of Virginia, one of he Confederacy's bulwark supporters. And, Kentucky was already contributing recruits to the Rebel cause. These regions become a primary focus of concern for Ohio.

Now due to the very nature of the 'lay of the land' as to how Virginia thrust northward and created a wedge between Ohio and Pennsylvania and separated this region of the Union into two separate fragments. And with its natural mountain fortifications, which would make it very difficult to remove a well entrenched Rebel army; while they could at any moment raid upon the frontier or move east or west on the flank of any Union army movement. Yet, the people of this region of Virginia were generally not hostile to the Union. They were quite bitter in their opposition of their eastern cousins decision on secession and had many local grievances. Seeing then the strategic importance of the area and the general dissatisfaction of its residents, there was every reason to expect the Rebel's to occupy this area at its earliest opportunity.

Thus, the Adjutant General of Ohio, Carrington suggested that the Ohio River was not a proper line of defense against a hostile Virginia. It would be better to seize the mountain ranges of Western Virginia and rally the loyal inhabitants to their own defense.

So after review of the situation and consultation with the Federal authorities, Governor Dennison came to the decision that Ohio's interests must and would be protected. April 19th, only four days after the initial call for volunteers, he determined to protect our exposed points with Virginia. The first was Parkersburg, the Virginia town at the western terminus of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which was identified as a vital communication link for the South and North. It was felt that the Rebel's would move to control this vital link. And the second was across the river at Marietta, the terminus of the railroad from Cincinnati, which was exposed to raids from the Rebel side and liable to be cut-off or extensive damage done to the tracks and trestle works.

In the meantime, General McClellan was given command of the Ohio troops. He was in contact with both General Scott in Washington and Governor Dennison. He was not ready to move into Western Virginia as was Dennison's desire to secure the area and safeguard the loyalty of the residents, who were themselves contemplating withdrawing their region from the secessionist Virginia and forming West Virginia. Likewise, McClellan was working on a plan to move up the Kanawha Valley and move east across the mountains, to the James River and take Richmond from the back door. But General Scott, although acknowledging the efforts of McClellan's plan, had other aspirations with a grand movement down the Mississippi, with McClellan at command. So the West Virginia project was postponed.

By May 20th, Dennison receives telegraph messages of alarm for the Rebel troops under command of Letcher were entering Grafton, probably take Clarksburg the next day and then

be approaching Wheeling. In Wheeling, the loyal connection was meeting, and it was the avowed intention of Letcher to break up this meeting. It was time for action from the Union, if West Virginia was to be saved and Ohio's borders protected.

Dennison contacts both General Scott in Washington, D.C., and McClellan with these facts, and by Scott's urging, McClellan decides to move. May 26th, General Carrington issues orders for the movement of troops:

Fourteenth Regiment
Colonel Steedman
Zanesville, Ohio

Move at once by river to Marietta to support Barnett's Battery already there, and await orders.

At the same time, dispatches were sent to various railroad and steamboat companies concerned with providing transportation of troops. Within six hours after McClellan requested action, State troops were in motion. The stage is set for the field campaign which would introduce Ohio to the field.

LOCAL SUPPORT

Rumors are spreading across the North. Lincoln's election to the Presidency in November of 1860 was a blow to Southern desires. The period between November and March of 1861, when Lincoln would take his oath of office, would see the more vocal elements of secession harden their position and make arrangements for carrying out their threats.

In Bryan, Ohio, gleaning through the Williams County Leader, a local newspaper of the time, you can see how this issue of Southern secession and possible war is getting major coverage. News reports, local leaders giving their positions, community meetings being held to express points of view were common place. In the January 10, 1861 issue it states,

"Civil War is upon us; such are the indications."

The article goes on to report on new treasonous acts or outrages to Northern citizens. It is not safe to travel in the South, no matter what your politics. The "Leader" reports from the Ohio Legislature dated January 7, 1861 that Governor Dennison's message is a long document occupied mainly with State Affairs. The important item made note of was that he recommends a more thorough organization of the Military in Ohio.

January 24, 1861, the paper reports of a large meeting held at the Court House on the evening of the 18th to consider the propriety of setting on foot measures to quell rebellion. The Honorable S.E. Blakeslee, Frank Case, and James Pullit were appointed to draft resolutions. John Carnahan is chairman, I.R. Sherwood is secretary. The next meeting will be held on Friday evening, January 25th.

Indeed the meeting takes place. Headlines read:

"Great Excitement in Bryan, The People Thoroughly Aroused.
Large and Enthusiastic Meeting at the Court House".

The meeting takes place at the Court House with men of all parties, and quite a delegation of ladies present. The object of the meeting was to ascertain the amount of patriotism in the men of their section and how many would fight, if necessary.

The meeting was organized by B.H. Fisher, Esq., and I.R. Sherwood was secretary. A choir composed of Professor Juggles, Mr. Wilcox, Professor Cordly, Miss Juggles and Miss Flora Crawl sang a national air. A.M. Pratt, Esq., was called for remarks which were short and to the point that embodied the sentiments of every true hearted man and woman present. He stated,

> "There are only two sides to this question - that the issue was made up - we were either for the Government or against it...".

A committee is set up to draft resolutions composed of Messrs. Case, Plummer, and Mallory. The Bryan Brass Band played a national air and more speeches are heard. From the indications of this meeting in Bryan, Williams County can send 1000 good strong men to defend the liberties of the country. Everybody is brim, full of patriotism.

We see that the people are solidly in support of the Union position. By March of 1861, H. S. Kirk of West Jefferson submits to the Williams County Leader for publication the following poem entitled,

The Banner of Stars

"Thou ever glorious banner of the brave, Riding triumphant o'er the briny wave, Floating o'er mountain, valley, hill and lake, Columbia's sons can ne'er thy folds forsake.

Beneath those folds our fathers bled and died, Thou long hast been our Nations joy and pride; Our foes have learned at thy approach to quake, Ne'er shall Columbia's sons thy folds forsake.

Though dark-born treason may assail our land, Myriads of patriots dwell on every hand, Raising on high thy voice from gulf to lake, Columbia's sons will ne'er thy folds forsake.

Woe to the traitor who with guilty hand are striving to repel thee from the land; The flag of Washington no foe may take, Its fold Columbia's sons will ne'er forsake.

Throughout our wide domain are patriots found, From sea to sea, from river, gulf and sound; Even in the land of Palmetto and snake, Shall hosts arise who'll ne'er thy folds forsake.

Ye gallant wand'rers of the stormy main. Say, will you not this glorious flag sustain? Hark! from the boundless sea the echo breaks, Columbia's son will ne'er thy folds forsake."

By April, the call for troops comes for the suppressing of the National Emergency of Insurrection. Ohio puts out the call for every county to fill its quota. The Northwestern Regiment sees every company exceeding the number required; the total excess was some 285 over the number required for the regiment. The regiment elected J.B. Steedman, Colonel; George P. Este, Lt. Colonel; Paul Edwards, Major. An immense concourse of people witness their departure. The 14th started for Cleveland at 10:50 A.M. in high spirits from Toledo as

reported from the April 25th Williams County Leader. Isaac R. Sherwood also sends back a personal report. Be it noted, that comprising the 14th Regiment are men of Company C from Bryan and men of Company E of Stryker.

So, at the call of the President for Volunteers to crush out treason and enforce the law, the gallant sons of Williams County have nobly responded. Last Thursday, Colonel J.B. Steedman and Mr. Bassets of Toledo came to this place and held a meeting. B.H. Fisher was authorized to form a company at Bryan, and Colonel E.D. Bradley, one at Stryker. On Saturday, the Bryan volunteers were sworn in and elected B.H. Fisher, Captain; E.J. Evans, First Lieutenant; E.M. Deucher and Henry Gilbert, Second Lieutenant. At four o'clock p.m., the ladies of Bryan presented Captain Fisher a beautiful silk banner. In a few hours, a second company was formed or nearly 100 men. Tuesday saw the first company of 112 taking cars for Toledo. The company at Stryker, commanded by Colonel Bradley is said to contain 170 men. Over $2500.00 has been subscribed to aid the volunteers and support their families.

Williams County Leader, April 25, 1861.
Toledo, Ohio.

Tuesday Evening half past 10. We are all right side up with care. The Bryan Company have turned in at the "quarters" in the Oliver about 100 in one room. It is decidedly a musical room. Our boys are all feeling finely. The Stryker boys numbering 127 under Captain Bradley are at the Kingsbury House, about a quarter of whom it is said are under guard. Some of the boys are rather fast. The Wauseon boys are at the Collins House; they number 126. We leave for Cleveland on Thursday. The regiment is now full to overflowing. The six counties to wit. Williams, Fulton, Lucas, Henry, Defiance and Paulding have in upwards of 1000 men. I will furnish all the items I can collect of interest for next weeks paper.

Isaac R. Sherwood

Williams County Leader, May 2, 1861.

Correspondence date: April 26, 1861.
Camp Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio.

Our boys reached Toledo on Tuesday at 4 o'clock and considering everything were well cared for. On Thursday at 10:30 a.m. we left for Cleveland. Previous to leaving, we were marched down Summit Street about three miles, more or less, and after having stood on our feet for about four hours, were marched to the depot. The boys were enthusiastically cheered upon their departure from the city. The Regiments numbers 1050 men and occupied 22 cars. The trip was a perfect ovation. Large crowds were gathered at nearly all the stations on the line with martial music, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs, amid loud cheers for the Ohio Volunteers.

At one place in particular, a fair sister of about nineteen summers and as many glorious spring times, threw a kiss at your humble subscriber, of course, we responded (for heavens sake don't tell my wife). We reached Cleveland at about half past four o'clock in the afternoon and were immediately marched to Camp Taylor, about three miles from the depot.

Since arriving here, life has not been as agreeable. On the morning we left Toledo, we took a hasty breakfast at 5 o'clock and were kept on the march until half past 10. Upon arriving in Cleveland, we were kept marching until 9 o'clock, when we were allowed a lunch, leaving a space of sixteen hours without a bite.

I will not brag much on soldiers fare, specially the kind we have here. Coffee and cold pork, the subscriber could never masticate, and as this, with bean soup and indescribably

hairy butter, makes up our fare, your writer's feast of fat things is a minus quality.

Our sleeping arrangements are very fair, considering. Every soldier is allowed a bundle of straw and half a blanket (one blanket to two men). Of course, the officers fare better. Some of our boys are compelled to sleep without any cover save Heaven and a few clouds.

The arrangement for meals are miserable. This morning we were compelled to be up at daylight and get breakfast at 4 o'clock, at which time, Captain Fisher arrived from town (Cleveland) and marched up to the table. We are marched everywhere to everything, table, drink, and I was going to say, prayers, but we have none. Curses are far more numerous. At 11, we had our dinner, making only two hours between meals. Half of our boys will be sick in three days, if the regulations are not changed and the comforts of life increased.

There seems to be no regular order about anything. We hope, however, to be better accommodated in a few days. Many of our boys talk of seceding, some doubtless will. The subscriber, however, was fully aware of the trials of soldier life, and feels like putting the thing through. How long we will be drilled, and where our destination will be, no one knows here.

There are now 4200 men in Camp Taylor. The men are drilled 16 hours a day - hardly allowing them time to eat. Of course, this is tough for poor cusses like us who are unaccustomed to hard labor. The camp ground contains ten acres.

The music of the fife and drum is constant. Large crowds gather about the guards daily to witness the drilling and at the chief entrance to the Camp, the sentinels are compelled to lock the bayonets of their muskets to keep the crowd back. Ten of the tallest of our company were selected as guards, myself among the number.

As Captain Plummer of our town is organizing a company, a few suggestions! In the first place every man should be sized and assigned a place in the ranks. Next, he should be exercised properly. Let every member arise promptly at the beat of the drum at 4 o'clock, form in ranks and march to Williams Center and return. Then, deal out to every man a pint of bean soup, 8 ozs. of bread and a plug of tobacco. After breakfast, form in line, dress up and march to West Unity and return. Then march, counter-march, dress up and stand at ease until 9 o'clock p.m., when every man should be served with a pound of pork, a teaspoon of mustard and a boiled egg, after that, turn in on the east side of the Court House yard (two men to a blanket) one of these damp nights, and if he don't feel as stiff as a saw horse the next morning, he'll pass muster. I think, I can stand it after the first week; so here goes for a try.

The boys all send respects to friends at home. Those who left pleasant homes to defend the right are prepared for the worst, your subscriber among the number - if constitution will stand it. Wilson Reasoner says we only need a ball on the leg to be in a State's Prison. Of course, the discipline must be strict, and the men insured to hardship, otherwise, they would not be prepared to fight the battles of their country.

Yours, &c.,
I.R.S. High Private

Second Letter
Sunday Morning, April 28th, 1861

My last letter was written on Friday. My predictions in regard to the health of the boys have been verified - seven are now sick. They are Harley Butler, Wilson Burgoyne, John J. Carnahan, John Billings, G. Jackson, John Wicker, and William Mills. Unless a different arrangement is made more will be sick.

There are now over 5000 men in Camp Taylor, and the accommodations are not sufficient for half that number. Our regiment will be mustered and accepted tomorrow. We are drilled all the time and our company will soon present a creditable appearance on parade. Our fare is very miserable. We have sufficient in quantity, but in quality, everything is sadly deficient and dirty. There is no necessity for this, and unless a change is made very soon, the volunteers will club together and clean out the entire squad of darkey cooks. Captain Bradley boards at the 'American' down town. Many of the officers do not take meals with the soldiers.

On Saturday, the gates were opened and the citizens of Cleveland allowed to enter the grounds and witness the drill. It seemed as if all Cleveland were here. The Zouave's attracted universal attention. They were dressed in Turkish uniforms, which is the gayest dress I ever saw. The Zouave drill is very fine.

Of course, it will not be my aim to furnish the war news. Our readers must gather that from our news columns. I can only give the routine here, as all the rest of the world is now lost. No State's Prison convicts were ever more closely guarded. I can therefore only give you the proceedings in Camp Taylor, where upwards of 5,000 men are preparing themselves for the stern realities of war. It is a fact much to be regretted that many of the soldiers in camp are utterly regardless of the mission they are here to perform. They act more like a band of desperadoes than like a body of men armed in the holy cause of liberty. The associations here, however, tend to deprave a man's morals. Soldiers who are driven about like cattle, who are cursed at every little mistake, who work to exhaustion and whose fare cannot be expected to improve much in morals. Take some men away from their home and its endearments and they seem to entirely forget their duties and pride of character.

Yesterday, while out on parade, a heavy shower of rain set in and we were all more or less soaked. Of course, we have no fires to dry ourselves and the old shanty where we sleep (about a thousand of us) leaks like a sieve. The night set in cold and chill, and many of us were without even so much as a blanket to cover us. Many have taken severe colds. I succeeded in securing half of John Low's blanket and slept like an eel in a mud pond. Of course, I feel glorious today. I was fortunate today in securing a small strip of board about four inches wide on which to write this letter.

LATER, The Second Letter Continued.
3 o'clock, P.M.

Hon. E. Foster came into our barracks this morning, and I accepted an invitation to take dinner with him at the Angier. Of course, my appetite was good. I have just returned with Mr. F. to camp. He says there are 10,000 men in Columbus, most of whom were thoroughly drilled and armed. He was surprised that we were furnished no better quarters and such dirty fare. He says the volunteers in other places fare first rate.

Our boys have just returned from meeting in the camp. The band playing the "Star Spangled Banner" have just left the stand. There must be some ten thousand visitors on the grounds now. Companies are drilling today as usual, although the grounds are more quiet.

Yesterday, one of the Warren Companies was killed by a negro with a brick bat. One of the Fremont Company was shot dead with a pistol this morning by accident. As to the health of the other companies, I am not informed. I think I can stand drill in a few days with any of them. I am feeling fine, considering all things. More anon.

I.R.S.

THIRD LETTER
Monday Morning, April 29th.

John Billings and John J. Carnahan are up again today and on parade. It is the word this morning that we leave Camp Taylor this week. Only a rumor.

The surgeon informed me this morning that there were 170 sick in camp, 20 of whom are in the hospital. The morning broke fresh and beautiful, the bands are playing lively airs, and the entire 5000 men are out on parade. The sight to a spectator is very fine. Some of our boys will leave camp today.

I.R.S.

Williams County Leader, May 9, 1861.
Correspondence date: May 3, 1861
Camp Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio.

Colonel Bradley reports to me a misunderstanding in regard to some of the Stryker boys being placed under guard at Toledo. I would say that we are all under guard. Colonel Bradley only commenced placing men under guard a little in advance of the rest. The boys only regarded it as a joke and nothing was thought of it whatever.

Yesterday, two thousand men left Camp Taylor for Camp Dennison. About one thousand men have arrived in camp since. The hurry and bustle at Camp Taylor has not abated in the least. The music of the horn and fife, and the rattling drums is almost constant. Two thousand men can be seen on parade at an hour from sunrise to sunset, and in the hours of drill double that number. Thousands are present daily to witness the parade.

The company from Oberlin composed of students from the college, left yesterday. A crowd of visitors from Oberlin were present to bid them God speed. Some fair young girls were present to kiss their war-like lovers good-bye. The Oberlin boys are a first class set of fellows.

We have three or four desertions from our company. Some of the boys were very home-sick, and the thought of soldiers rations and cold steel were perfectly horrifying. Fire arms are not intended for men with cautiousness and weak nerves. It takes a powerful muscle to wield a sledge hammer to pound steel; and it needs a steady nerve to drive cold steel into the heart of an antagonist. War is a dangerous trade for cowards and weak-kneed, supercilious mummies. It is something different from a summer day parade over green lawns with soft music in gilded trappings. It is not fun, nor a mock parade. It is a path strewn thick with the missals of death, through the blood of its victims. And still, there is something grand and impressive in the march of soldiery, particularly so when the glorious old Stars and Stripes wave in triumph above them, and the liberties of a continent are in the balance.

Last Monday, I was let out on parole to transact some business in Trumbull county and while near Warren, I met a man who upon &c., &c., gave me some interesting facts.

Monday's Cleveland Herald contained a communication from Youngstown, stating that John Brown, Jr. was encamped near the Ohio River with 500 Negroes and was expecting 1500 more from Canada to join him, to make a second raid upon Virginia. In expressing myself pretty freely upon the moral character of this move, I was interrupted by a certain gentleman, who told me that the report was not true. I afterwards met the same man at Warren, and learned from him the following facts. There is now a company of cavalry consisting of 2000 picked men, each of whom has a good horse, a sharpe's rifle, a sabre, and a brace of revolvers. They are located at present in Iowa, Kansas, North Elba, N.Y., Canada and the Western Reserve,

where they belong. Virginia, has seceded, and as soon as the war is opened these men will invade the state on their own book. The plan of the raid of course, I do not know. None know but those who are engaged in it. Two secret agents passed through Warren only two weeks ago. John Brown, Jr. is now in Canada. He is a fine looking man and has all the pluck of his father. Some of the men who are engaged in this are men of large means. I suppose many of our readers will pronounce this a hoax, but I can assure them it is not and ask them to await patiently the progress of the war.

It is said today that the Northwestern Regiment will be sent to Wheeling. None of our boys are dangerously sick, neither are the Stryker boys. The fare is some better and I feel first rate. The boys all send their best respects to their friends and plenty of love to their sweet hearts.

Yours for the right,

I.R.S.

May 9, 1861

The Williams County Leader reports that Lt. Evans of the Bryan Volunteers, now in camp at Camp Taylor, came to town Monday to transact some business for the Company. He reports the boys in good spirits and full of patriotism, ready and willing to stand by the glorious old Stars & Stripes and follow them on to victory. Lt. Evans left again for Camp Taylor, yesterday.

It is also reported that a second company of Bryan Volunteers have organized and elected the following officers: Captain - William Stough, 1Lt. - John W. Pollick, 2Lt - H.C. Long. The Company was out on parade last Saturday and presented quite a creditable appearance.

William County Leader, May 16, 1861
Correspondence date: May 4, 1861
Camp Taylor, Cleveland

I notice many mistakes in my letter of the 26th. In one place it is stated that, "Captain Fisher arrived from town at 4 o'clock, when we took breakfast." It should have been 9 o'clock.

Since last writing a material change has taken place in the arrangements at Camp Taylor. We now have our meals regular, a new squad of cooks, and things in better order. We have a better supply of blankets, and our barracks only leak when it rains.

The desertions during the last few days have been quite numerous. The Bryan Company have missed seven and the Stryker and Wauseon Companies each about the same number. I will mention no names.

We are not drilled hard now, and we are feeling better. The report which was current in camp about one of the Fremont boys being shot dead, proved incorrect, he was only wounded.

Yesterday morning a letter was read to our Company from A.M. Pratt, Esq., full of good cheer and words of encouragement. At the close of the reading three cheers were given to the writer. Good news from home is ever welcome in camp.

There is some slight foundation for the report that John Brown, Jr. is down on the Ohio with 500 Negroes. Some Negroes are doubtless concentrated there, but John Brown, Jr. is not with them. The raid upon Virginia will be by white men principally.

None of the boys from Williams or Fulton are dangerously sick. Captain Bradley is again in good condition and is with his men punctually. He is one of the best and most faithful officers on the ground. We have some officers here who should be kept in show cases or band boxes. They seem to pride in nothing but showing their vain persons in gaudy uniforms entirely regardless of the high mission they are here to perform. They have their "wine and women," and dash about in their gilt trappings and white kid gloves as if on summer day parade and nobody was expected to be hurt. I trust they will learn ere long that it is much easier to throw amorous glances at fair virgins than to face the mouth of a cannon. I fancy I hear as one of these kid gloved conceited asses gallops past the ladies stand on the parade ground, a sweet voiced angel exclaimed, "How perfectly enchanting!" For my part, I am disgusted with them.

On Friday last, the Governors of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan met at Cleveland to counsel together. I presume the object of this meeting was to consult plans for the opening campaign. They were serenaded at the Angier on Friday night and happy and eloquent responses were had. The response of Gov. Randall of Wisconsin was very fine. It is easy to see what program of the Administration is. A vigorous war policy has been fully inaugurated. It has been such from the start. But it is no easy thing to put 18,000,000 of freemen, or an army drafted from that population on a war footing at once. The events of the coming week will demonstrate that the Administration has been doing all that could be done to prepare for the complete vindication of our national honor. The South will make a desperate effort, but they will be crushed out. No man who knows the relative strength of the two sections, North and South, can for a moment doubt it.

LATER

Sunday Morning, May 5th

This morning broke fresh and beautiful; and the sun sends a warm ray of gladness, which is duly appreciated by the inmates of Camp Taylor. We have learned to love the sunshine these few days past.

Our boys turned out this morning at sunrise, and after stretching themselves and picking the straws from their disheveled locks, prepared to form in line for breakfast. We took breakfast at the usual hour, and after a short march were allowed to break ranks and do as we pleased. The barracks present an interesting spectacle today.

By invitation of friend Buckingham, I took dinner at the American. Captain Clinton of the U.S. Army is quartered there at present. The Captain is a first rate fellow and a good officer. The American, for solid comfort and uniform good living, can't be beat. The proprietor, Mr. Ensign, is a gentleman, and the attaches to the institution are so near to it that a stranger could not tell the difference. C.L. Chase, Esq., and Colonel William Miller, of our county, are also quartered there.

One distinguished friend, Ikey B., has not enlisted for the wars. He's afraid cold lead might extinguish the fires of his ambition and blot out the family name from the records of posterity.

I will write a letter tomorrow giving the names of the officers of the Bryan and Stryker Companies.

Yours, &c.,

I.R.S.

Second Letter
Monday Morning, May 6th

The following are the officers of the Bryan and Stryker Companies:

BRYAN COMPANY - Captain, Benjamin H. Fisher; 1st Lieutenant, Edwin J. Evans; 2d Lieutenant, Edgar M. Denchar; Orderly Sergeant, Henry Gilbert; 2d Sergeant, George W. Durbin; 3d Sergeant, C. Greenwood; 4th Sergeant, Justus O. Rose; 1st Corporal, Samuel Hansey; 2d Corporal, James H. Long; 3d Corporal, Benjamin H. Coonrod; 4th Corporal, James H. Queen.

STRYKER COMPANY - Captain, E.D. Bradley; 1st Lieutenant, A.C. Bradley; 2d Lieutenant, D.S. Talliday, Orderly Sergeant, O.G. Doughton; 2d Sergeant, Henry Rust; 3d Sergeant, S.M. Huyck; 1st Corporal, Samuel Donaldson; 2d Corporal, John Boyers; 3d Corporal, Aquilla Coonrod

I.R.S.

Third Letter
Tuesday, 11 o'clock P.M.

We have had wet times in camp for two days past. The men who stood on guard last night suffered somewhat from the cold. It is decidedly a heavy job to carry a fire-lock through the cold and drizzling rain in these kinds of nights.

This morning two men were drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March" - a tune usually played on such occasion. The hootings and groanings were perfectly hideous. Deserters are usually served in this way, after having their heads shaved. One of the poor fellows was from the Defiance Company.

Our boys who are not sick are all in fine spirits and making good progress. The Stryker and Bryan Companies are the best drilled Companies now on the ground. Our Drill Sergeant, C. Greenwood, is very faithful in his duties.

Colonel Bradley has been appointed Adjutant for our Regiment. The rest of the staff officers, it is said , are to be selected from the Toledo Companies. Dr. P.O. Jump of Bryan has been appointed Surgeon's Mate - a first rate birth - and John S. Cannon, Esq., is Secretary to Captain Fisher. One or two of our boys will have to be sent home as it is evident that camp life is wearing on them.

It is now probable that we will remain in Camp Taylor for ten days at least. I shall write regularly for the Leader, and keep all our friends posted.

I.R.S.

Fourth Letter
Sunday Morning, May 12th

This is Sabbath morning and the camp is unusually quiet. The guard for the day have been escorted to their posts of duty; the band left the grounds, and nearly half the companies have been marched down town to church. The day is very fine. A gentle breeze comes over the

Lake, stirring gracefully the score of silken banners which move over our barracks and the ever-welcome sunshine sends a thrill of joy and gladness into the hearts of all. The parade ground looks almost deserted. The sentinels who are pacing to and fro with their rusty fire-locks have it all to themselves.

Camp Taylor is now under strict army discipline, and everything runs as regular as a clock. This week we receive our camp kettles and go upon rations. We are all well pleased with this, and will learn the genial art of cooking with alacrity. The number on the sick list has materially decreased and with a few exceptions, all our boys are in good spirits, full of pluck and ready for any emergency.

I am informed that those who read my first letter from Camp Taylor thought we fared rather hard; and some few who did not share our little grievances with us, have undertaken to say that I have misrepresented things here. In regard to the fare and treatment, I stated nothing but facts, and I now have the satisfaction of knowing that my letters reflected the sentiment of the entire camp at the time of writing. It is not necessary to say more. Officers and privates are two separate institutions in this camp and there is a radical difference of opinion. The only complaint made to me has been that my letters would have a tendency to dampen the ardor of those about to enlist. If men's patriotism is to be cooled, thus, they had better remain at home. A man who enlists as a soldier expects to endure all kinds of hardships; if he does not he will be badly fooled.

How long we shall remain in Camp Taylor no one here knows. Our uniforms and shooting irons have not yet been furnished us.

E. J. Evans, Esq., returned from Bryan yesterday bringing with him a box of good things from kind friends at home. He was literally besieged by the boys, all anxious to hear from their friends. The provisions sent us were gratefully received and eagerly masticated. Pies and cakes are great luxuries at present.

There is nothing new in camp, outside the usual routine of daily duties. So I will close with a cheer for Old Abe, three times as many for the Cabinet, and three times three for our common country. May this war end when Liberty shall be universally proclaimed throughout the States, and not a traitor remains unhung.

Yours for the right,

I.R.S.

Letter From A Member Of Captain Fisher's Company
Camp Taylor, Cleveland
May 30, 1861

Editor Leader.

Many of your readers are doubtless anxious to hear from the Williams County Volunteers, and from their camp.

When we first arrived at Camp, I.R. Sherwood wrote you a short account of our fare, etc., about which some of our officers are putting themselves to considerable trouble, endeavoring to make it appear that his statement was in the manner false. From what I can learn of the boys, Mr. Sherwood's statement reflected the sentiments of the entire Company. At first, we fared pretty hard. Quite a number slept on the ground for the first night or two; and our "grub"

was cold, raw and dirty. But these things are improving and getting quite passable for soldiers fare. Of course, we can not expect to have the accommodations of a first class hotel - at least I did not and do not while I remain in the service. Our officers at headquarters have plenty of toddy to bolster up their spirits.

A great many of our boys have become dissatisfied. Some say they are entirely strapped and can't raise money to send a letter home, and others that they are daily in receipt of letters from their families stating that they were not provided for. Yesterday morning they demanded an explanation as to whether they were to be accepted and draw pay, before they would drill another hour. Colonel Steedman called our Company aside and somewhat pacified the boys by telling them that they had been accepted and were drawing pay from the 22d or 25th of April.

There were ten more companies expected to come into camp today, but they have not yet arrived. It is raining quite hard this afternoon.

Yours Truly,

S.S. Smith

Williams County Leader, May 23, 1861
Correspondence: May 12, 1861
Camp Taylor, Cleveland

Every city has its attractions. Cleveland has many. It not only has the gallant Perry in marble, green parks, gushing fountains and palatial mansions, but much of the wealth and yellow dust, and no small allowance of sin and luxury. Were the city less beautiful, and the surroundings not half so romantic, the fires of patriotism would undoubtedly burn brisker, and the sparks of military enthusiasm fly thicker and swifter. Cleveland is not notorious for patriotism. It has furnished few fighting men for the wars. Very few in proportion to population. It is a sort of "sleepy hollow," a half way elysium, where every one dozes in the sunshine of lazy luxury, and nobody is anxious to be hurt. There are few more beautiful cities than Cleveland. It is regularly and handsomely laid out, stands high and dry "o'er the lake," and is surrounded by a beautiful country under the highest culture. And now is the attractive season. Gentle Spring is in her gushing maidenhood. She has clothed her budding form with all the glories of her season. Upon her green mantle gleams the saucy dandelion; violets and daises wink and peep at each other; while the crimsoning blossoms of the maple and the delicate green of the willow stand out in bold relief. Of course, the birds sing sweetly. If they should forget is a key would be out of tune; for there is no genuine beauty without music, and a bird chorus is more welcome after the rains then the music of the harp, or of the sweet guitar with a pretty girl on the end of it.

It was only two evenings ago, just as the sun went down into the lake, that we walked from Camp Taylor abroad into the outer world. Accompanied by a friend, we paid a visit to the Cleveland Water Cure. This is a lovely spot to "while away the Summer hours." We expected to meet here none but pale faced invalids; but were agreeably surprised. We found thrifty sprigs of gentility, votaries of fashion, lovers of fun and good living, ladies who write poetry and those who don't. The grounds about the Cure was not at all disagreeable.

We returned to the camp before ten, were allowed to pass the guards unmolested, and found the boys all snoring in the barracks. And what a picture! In these barracks are three thousand sleepers. They are lying gracefully three deep (steamboat fashion) upon their uncouth board couches; every man occupying his three feet of room, with his satchel and boots for a pillow and his blanket for a covering. The snoring is terrific. We turned in at our usual place, wrapped our blanket majestically about us, and laid down to pleasant dreams.

I.R.S. High Private

Williams County Leader, May 23, 1861

Explanation

I understand that Captain Fisher of the Bryan Guards, now in Camp Taylor, thinks my first letters to the LEADER cast reflections upon him as an officer. I would say that such was not my intention. The contract for feeding the soldiers at Camp Taylor was let to a Mr. Schovill of Cleveland, at 50 cents per day per man, for the table board. The contractor, instead of giving the volunteers the kind of quality of fare contemplated in the contract, furnished the poorest and coarsest quality, employed incompetent and dirty cooks, thereby wronging the soldiers, and putting from $1,800 to $2,000 per day into his own pocket. My letters to the LEADER denouncing the arrangements at Camp Taylor are mild in tone compared with the papers on the Western Reserve, outside of Cleveland. It is well known at Camp that entire companies left the tables and went down town for their meals. Mr. Schovill was reported at Columbus and the contract annulled. The statement of these bare facts should satisfy every person. No officer in our Regiment had anything to do with the arrangements at Camp at the time of my first writing, consequently none should be take offense at what I said.

The writer in the Toledo Times who signs himself "Sumter," never eat a meals victuals with the soldiers at Camp Taylor - so I am told.

I.R. Sherwood

A special note is also made with a notice filed by James B. Steedman, Colonel 14th Regt. It reads:

Headquarters,14th Regiment
Camp Taylor
May 13, 1861

Calvin Brown has been honorably discharged from the service in Company E, 14th Regt., on the certificate of the Surgeon of the camp, that he is incapable of performing his duties of a soldier, on account of pulmonary difficulty.

Approved, M.J. Carey, Brig. Major

Editor, Williams County Leader. Please publish the above and oblige Calvin Brown.

Williams County Leader
May 30, 1861
From Camp Taylor,

The following letter from Camp Taylor was written by a prominent member of the 14th Regiment to a friend. It is true.

Cleveland, April 30, 1861

Dear Sir:

We are having some experience in camp life with a vengeance. Our barracks leak, and I got wet Saturday night and am sick. Sometimes, we get good meat (corn beef) and fresh bread to eat; but more than sometimes we don't and the sour smell that comes out from the group of tables where 500 men eat at a time, with dirty cooks, and pools of slop and water under them, is as much worse than a respectable hog pen as you can imagine.

Our Regiment was not as you know legally organized, and our distinguished field officers got snubbed considerably when they first came. The Regiment could not be taken as it was some companies having too many men and if cut down the whole company would leave. If mustered into the U.S. service by companies our distinguished officers would lose their places; therefore we are not mustered, and there is no present probability that we will be. Our officers are brave. They want to fight very much; but won't fight unless it be as Colonels, Majors, &c.

Truly Yours, &c [Note-The letter was not signed by name in the paper]

As you recall as previously written in this section, this is what Fisher took offense from. But, it was all worked out with the contractor loosing his appointment once it was learned of the deplorable conditions.

Williams County Leader, June 13, 1861
Army Correspondence, June 1, 1861
West Union, Virginia

I am with the advance guard of the 14th Regiment. Companies A, K, E and J left Parkersburg night before last for a burned bridge 20 miles this side. When our Regiment arrived in Parkersburg there were, it is said, about 800 rebel troops at Grafton. The same night three bridges were burned, entirely cutting off our advance, and the rebel troops scattered from Grafton like so many flocks of sheep. We reached the burned bridge about 11 o'clock p.m., made our supper upon raw bacon and bread, wrapped our blankets about us and slept till morning. This bridge was across a branch of the Kanawha River. This advance was under the command of Captain Bradley. The boys went to work early the next morning clearing out the burned timbers. A detachment of 50 men were sent 9 miles distant to procure timber and the work of rebuilding vigorously commenced. At 11:30 a.m., 20 men were picked from Companies A, K, E and J, and ordered to march 25 miles in the advance to station guards on the ridges, and open the way for the regiment. Our Company is E, commanded by Captain Bradley. We made the march by dark. Considering the rough and rocky road we had to travel, and the load we had to carry, we think we did well. Our pickets were stationed immediately upon our arrival, four camp fires lighted and after a supper of raw bacon, coffee and bread, we turned in upon the grass for the night. We were not allowed to sleep around the fires as it was not considered safe. These imps of secession are constantly prowling about and our guards are liable to be shot by them at almost anytime. The hell hound who was captured at Parkersburg with his rifle was let at large by Colonel Steedman. These secessionists are few in number, comparatively speaking, but they are all of them desperadoes. They will burn bridges, fire upon our men from concealed places, and commit all manner of crimes. In advance of us men are being impressed into the service daily and compelled to take the secession oath. Of the characteristics of the Union men of Western Virginia, I will speak of when I have more time. West Union is 50 miles from Parkersburg.

Our men are now reduced down to 70 having left 10 to guard the bridges. We shall not move much further without some other companies of the Regiment. Our progress is doubtless onward to the mountains and over them. The Bryan company is in the rear. I left them in Parkersburg. Western Virginia, by the route we have traveled, is a wild and romantic country. There is no grumbling about our fare. We can eat anything and march anywhere. There are 75 secessionists in this precinct. They are mum now. They are caving since the Ohio boys crossed the frontier. They will doubtless pursue their hellish plots of shooting Union men for a while, but their doom is sealed.

I.R.S. High Private

Second Letter, June 4, 1861
Webster, Taylor County, Virginia

Six companies of the 14th Regiment left Clarksburg on Sunday afternoon. A detachment of 15 men from Captain Fisher's company under command of Charles Greenwood also came with us. Nothing unusual occurred during our stay at Clarksburg. We stood on our arms all one night expecting an attack from rebel forces, but they did not come. About daylight, the rear of the 14th arrived. The Parkersburg Home Guard (Union men) fired a salute as the train reached the depot. Our boys thought themselves attacked by the secessionists and the guard stationed up on the engine returned the fire. The entire Regiment immediately jumped out of the cars, expecting a battle, of course. The Home Guard broke and run which saved their lives.

We reached this place (which is 4 miles from Grafton) on Sunday evening and camped until 9 o'clock, p.m., upon the spot where the rebel forces camped four days before. We learned from Union men here that their forces then numbering 1200, and since arriving at Phillippi, they had been reinforced to 2100. About sunset, the 6th Indiana Regiment arrived, and a little later the 7th, each 800 men. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, we were ordered to march at 9 o'clock for Phillippi, 12 miles distant. I started with the Regiment (7 companies going); but was sent back to camp along with several others about 11 p.m. I have since learned that our men are scattered all along the line of march. Those of us who were with the advanced guard were half sick and in no condition for a forced march. I arrived back in camp about midnight, was halted by the guard, and taken in kindly by Captain Barber of the Fulton County Volunteers, and well provided for. Had it not been for the "raw meat disorder", I should have been all right.

Yesterday morning, a messenger arrived from Phillippi announcing the retreat of the rebels. Of course, they did not offer resistance but ran like scared sheep at the first fire of our artillery. The rebels did not occupy a strong position. Had not our boys have been so ferocious for a fight their retreat would have been cut off. About 4000 men were sent against them. 600 of our Regiment and 600 of the Indiana 6th left this place together. The plan was to surround their camp and them open on them with our two pieces of artillery. The signal for the opening fire of the artillery was to be the firing of a gun. An old woman (secessionist) fired five shots at the artillery as they were passing a house. The fire was opened - 13 rounds were fired only one of which took effect, shooting off the leg of a young rebel from Eastern Virginia. The other shots went too high. This was about 4 o'clock, a.m. 15 minutes later and the whole rebel camp would have been surrounded. As it was, nearly all escaped. A few rounds were fired by the infantry upon their retreat. Many of the secessionists wheeled and fired before running, but a great majority of them were too badly scared to shoot. Nobody was killed on our side, and only 30 secessionists. About 30 horses were captured, 500 guns, 3 secession flags, all their camp equipage, provisions, and stores, and about 5 taken prisoners. They fled towards the mountains. Phillippi is a small town of about 500 inhabitants, and is a secession hole. It is greatly to be regretted that the fire was opened so soon; but nobody was to blame.

It has rained almost constantly at night since we have reached this place. We have here, Captain Barber's company and three companies of the Indiana 6th. We have had considerable excitement. Last night, we were all called up at midnight in the rain and formed into line. The guards at the bridge were attacked and firing aroused the whole camp. The attacking party was small and were scattered at the first fire. It was a false alarm. Several of our picket guards were fired on last night. This is one of the games of the secessionists to shoot down our guards and worry us in a small way. One of Colonel Steedman's spies who went from Clarksburg to report the strength of the rebel army at Phillippi returned here last. He had passed the picket guard at Phillippi and was near the camp when discovered. He was fired on and his horse shot from under him. He had been three days in the woods hotly pursued, but succeeded in making his escape. The guide who was with him was taken and it is said, hung.

Our bread is now gone, and we receive rations in flour, which is cooked as well as circumstances will allow. Those who are not sick are in the best of spirits and eager to fight. It is said by outsiders that the 14th Ohio Regiment is the most determined and fearless set of men ever seen in these regions. Not a murmur is heard in the ranks. They only talk fight, and so long as they have strength to keep body and soul together, they will fight. Captain Fisher's company is still in Clarksburg. The detachment under Greenwood is also there, not being ordered to Phillippi. Gov. Letcher's proclamation ordering us to leave the state in 24 hours has reached here. As we are not at all probable that we shall march. We don't fear Governor Letcher nor his imps. "Let them come on."

This is a rough and romantic country, made up of high elevations and deep woody glens - the best country in the world for skulking traitors to hide themselves, and a very dangerous country to march an army through. The majority of the people are for Union, but the large minority are a set of desperadoes, urged to acts of desperation by the "powers that be."

I will write again when I feel better, which will be in a few days.

I.R.S., High Private

Third Letter, June 5th, 1861
Webster, Virginia

Last night the teams arrived with the guns and plunder taken from the rebel troops at Phillippi. The number of guns taken is now ascertained to be about 600, most of which are cap lock muskets. This town is on the road direct from Phillippi to Grafton. Several of the horses equipped for mounting were also sent through to Grafton. I noticed one or two blooded horses - one iron gray equipped with brass mounted saddle, plated trappings, &c. He had evidently carried one of the F.F.V's - one of the timid and chivalrous sons of Eastern Virginia. In my yesterday's letter I spoke of one of Colonel Steedman's spies, who was taken by the rebels at Phillippi, being hung. The Union troops reached Phillippi just in time to save him. He had been tried, convicted of treason against the State of Virginia, and was to be hung that morning. He was liberated and reached here last night. I had a long talk with him. He is a German and belongs to the Clarksburg Home Guards. His name is Houry Myer. The jail at Phillippi was full of Union men awaiting their punishment at the hands of the rebels. The Union cannon announced their happy deliverance. I learned from Myer all the particulars of his arrest and trial. The number of similar cases are so great that I have not room for detail. I trust, however, the reign of terror is about over in these regions.

Last night about sunset a team arrived bringing a Secessionist, a Union man, and a dead negro. The secessionist had been released by the Union men after swearing to support the Government, and "kissing the book." His name is Martin. He ran for the legislature on the secession ticket, and had lent his influence in that direction. I asked him how he liked the Ohio boys. He replied that they had treated him very gentlemanly, and that he liked the officers very much. The negro was shot by a negro waiter of one of the Indiana Colonel's, for saying in a jocose way that he was a secessionist. The negro who shot him was hung last night at Phillippi, so said.

This little town of Webster presents an animated appearance now. So many armed men were never before seen among these hills. The white tents are scattered all around the town; and at every alley, lane, and public road a vigilant sentinel stands day and night with his trusty musket.

Yesterday afternoon, the 15th Ohio Regiment passed through here en route for Phillippi and last night a body of three years soldiers took up their line of march to the same place.

Captain Barber's company is still here; and the Bryan boys are anxiously awaiting orders at Clarksburg. I am in the hospital car along with several other used up soldiers. We shall all be fit for service in a day or two. The weather is now quite warm.

I.R.S., High Private

Williams County Leader, June 20, 1861
Army Correspondence
Clarksburg, Virginia, June 6, 1861

I was ordered back to this place yesterday. The Bryan and Defiance companies are here. The boys are quartering at the Court House, are feeling well and taking their ease. There is a regiment of Virginians for home protection being formed here. Two companies are already formed. It will take the Virginians a month to do what we up in the North-West could in a week. The Union men here now begin to feel that the Government is going to sustain them and are losing much of their timidity. They have feared to take up arms against the great State of Virginia, fearing punishment for treason. Heretofore, they have been overawed and scared into submission by the State Government. The power of the State Government is now broken and they see the road open for their deliverance. I think Western Virginia will form a new State and cut themselves aloof from the negro-breeders east of the mountains. This is their only salvation. As there is no war news to communicate, and the hounds of secession have been pretty effectually cleaned out in the valley, I propose to touch lightly upon other matters.

This town contains about 1500 inhabitants and is the county seat of Harrison county. The county contains 13,000 inhabitants and was settled in 1783. In the Circuit Court of this district, I find the record of some very interesting cases. One is a chancery suit brought by Michael Cressah against Archibald McLane, Jonathan Roberts and George Washington. The bill files makes bold charges against Washington, among other things charging fraud, double-dealing, etc. The answer is in the hand writing of Washington and is signed by him. It is written upon stamped paper, and headed "Memorandum." It bears date, "Mount Vernon. August 6, 1798." The hand writing is plain and uniform, and the style concise and accurate. I viewed the old paper with interest. It is fearful to think that the State which gave Washington to the world is now in open rebellion to that government which Washington first administered. Virginia has given birth to great men but her greatness has vanished. She is in her dotage, and the supporters of her declining years will only be known in the annuals of infamy. Out of her ruins may spring up a new State west of the mountains, which, if properly organized may cope with advancing civilization, but this is not probable. If the counties of North Western Virginia would organize a new State, with a free government, introduce free schools and give full play to the elements of Christian civilization, in ten years Western Virginia would not know herself. She would spring forth as if by magic, and grasp the progressive lever with Ohio and Pennsylvania. These little rivers which now run almost unmolested to the Ohio would turn ten thousand spindles, and the hum of busy manufactures would make merry these mountain hills. These woody glens, instead of being inhabited with squalid huts and log cabins, would be the abodes of intelligent, freeman, and these sloping hill sides would teem with abundance. God has made this a lovely country. The climate is delightful and the breeze that comes over the hills is "as pure as the breath of Heaven." The fevers of our region are entirely unknown here. And yet how poor and desolate man has made this country with the labor of his slaves, and how degraded and ignorant are the great majority of the people. There is no lovelier country under God's heaven's than some portions of Western Virginia; no finer scenery, no lovelier valleys, or more beautiful slopes. The water which comes down the hill sides in sparkling brooks is the best I have ever tasted. For upwards of three quarters of a century has this country been settled, and now it stands at least half a century behind the age.

Before closing this letter, I must mention a little incident. A Frenchman who belongs to Company K in our regiment was placed on the picket guard, a few evening since. Towards the

"wee small hours" a large bull " approached him. The Frenchman gave the order to halt, but the bull, "no halted." He then demanded the countersign, but the bull still advanced. Having ordered a second halt, and cocked his musket. The bull was by this time within ten yards of him. He gave the word once more, "Halt or I fire," but "the bull no halt." He took deliberate aim and fired, the bull dropping instantly, shot in the head. The night was quite dark. The Frenchman swears he thought the bull was a man with two muskets (mistaking the horns) and was almost certain he saw a knapsack upon his back. When the bull fell, he said he heard three or four men struggling to pick him up. The bull undoubtedly kicked. It is a bad bore on the Frenchman, as well as the man who owned the bull.

I.R.S.

Grafton, Virginia. June 4, 1861

This is the head quarters of the Army of Western Virginia. About 1500 men are encamped here at present. Their white tents dot the hills above the town. As a military point this is important. It is located upon the fork of the Baltimore and Ohio R.R., 96 miles from Wheeling and 104 from Parkersburg. The town is located in the valley and contains about 1500 inhabitants. It bears the appearance of all Virginia towns in this region.

The 11th Indiana Regiment (Zouave's) has just arrived, en route for Cumberland. They present a splendid appearance. Their uniform is grey, cut in Zouave style. They are finely equipped - armed with Minnie rifles and besides their quota of fifers and drummers, have a first-class brass band. They are the best drilled regiment I have yet seen and their appearance indicates pluck and hardihood. I noticed in the ranks a young girl of about 17, who goes as a nurse. She wore the loose Zouave pants, tight at the ankle, neat laced gaiters, a plain green dress (without hoops) reaching to the knee, a Zouave jacket and a grey felt hat pinned up with a star. Her countenance is sunny from exposure, but she is good looking and wears the defiant smile of a genuine Zouave. She marched by the side of a private in the ranks. Her gracefully swelling outlines and military air attracted universal attraction. May God bless and prosper her.

The day is very fair, a cool breeze comes over the hills, and I see a promise of fair weather in the cloudless heavens. No prospects of fighting.

I.R.S.

[Note - The above letters were written for last week's Leader, but were crowded out. Since writing the above, we have returned home on furlough for a few days. Our regiment is now at or near Phillippi. They were at one time at Buchannon, 18 miles further south. The Bryan Company is Co. C and not K as many seem to think.]

I.R.S.

Williams County Leader, June 27, 1861

Army Correspondence
Grafton, Virginia, June 24th, 1861.

I arrived here last night on a special train from Benwood along with the 4th Ohio Regiment. I shall start for Phillippi in an hour, where the 14th are now stationed. There has been some skirmishing and considerable excitement along this valley for three days past. There are so many flying "rumors of wars" that it is hard to get at the truth. Every little skirmish is exaggerated into a great battle before the report reaches 50 miles and the telegraph is not at all reliable. The affair of the bridge burning at Piedmont is entirely misstated by telegraph; and the fugitives who are flying with their families from that section are too badly awe struck to tell reasonable stories. I saw a man this morning who was at Piedmont in the fight, and

learned from him that not a man was killed. The Home Guards (Union men) run, leaving their guns behind them. The Secessionists burned the bridge and retreated back to Romney. The skirmish near Mannington has also been greatly exaggerated. The facts, as I learned from an officer of the 20th Ohio Regiment, are as follows: Mannington is a small town about midway between Grafton and Bellaire, on the Baltimore and Ohio R.R. A scouting party of 27 men left there on Thursday last, and about 12 miles out came across a party of about 80 rebels quartered in a large brick house with the doors barricaded. The boys went up to within three yards of the house when they received a volley which wounded four - one mortally. Seeing the number they retreated and sent for reinforcements. On Friday, they were reinforced to about 49 men. They then renewed the attack, surrounding the secessionists. They killed six, took about eight prisoners, drove them from the house and burned it with the entire property. I saw the prisoners at Fairmont yesterday as I came through.

Only some five picket guards have been shot in all - two of the 14th Ohio, two of the 20th., and one of the 16th. One of the 20th was just alive as we reached Bellaire yesterday.

We expect hot times near Phillippi in a few days. A little more time will tell the story. The rebels are now at Buchannon, strongly fortified upon a hill, with several pieces of cannon. We shall attack them in a few days. They number 2000, so said. If they show fight, they will kill many of us before they can be routed, but they will be routed.

General Hill, of Toledo, and staff are here. I am bearer of dispatches from him to Colonel Steedman. If I could peep inside I could probably tell our readers when the rebels will be routed at Buchannon - but they are sealed. If I should get popped over at Buchannon, or between here and there, I bid the readers of the Leader good bye.

I.R.S.

Williams County Leader, July 4, 1861

Army Correspondence
Phillippi, Virginia, June 26, 1861

I reached this place on Monday. Co. C was then in Clarksburg and Co. H at Webster. The balance of the Regiment arrived however, yesterday, so that the 14th is again united.

Outside of the usual routine of camp, there is but little to tell of Phillippi. The troops here have been anxiously waiting for an attack from the rebels for the past week; but all hopes of that are vanished. For a few days, we were only eight miles apart - the rebel camp on Laurel Hill being plainly visible from our batteries, and the scouts and pickets exchanging shots frequently. P.W. Norris of our county officiated as a scout for a few days and came very near losing his life. I rode his scouting horse over from Webster on Monday, the same day he (Norris) left for home. I think from accounts that Norris must have shot several rebels on his scouting expeditions.

Our camp is three quarters of a mile from Phillippi, upon a hill commanding the town. Our rifled cannon command the Beverly Road for eighty rods, the other side of town, and our defenses are such that 10,000 men could not successfully attack us. Every night after tattoo, when all outsiders are out of camp, one of our rifle cannon is taken about two miles on the Beverly Road; also one off the Buchannon Road, which could rake the rebels for 40 rods, giving us warning of their approach. Two companies of infantry also lie in ambush along with each cannon, to open fire the first cannon shot. Other unknown defenses are around upon the hills, which will prove disastrous in case of attack. We have here now about 4500 men. There are now about 22000 men west of the Blue Ridge mountains in Western Virginia, and more constantly arriving. Where we are going is a greater mystery to the soldier than to the readers of this paper. All we know is that we may expect some hard fighting, that we are food for

powder, and that many of us will be buried in the valleys and upon the mountains of Western Virginia. In a guerrilla warfare, such as this, omens the rebels will have the advantage. They are familiar with every cave, ravine and skulking place in the mountains, and can annoy and harass our advances in their safe mountains retreats without great risk of life.

I visited Phillippi this morning. It reminded me of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Only one solitary family was to be seen. War has laid its devastating hand upon all things movable and even the permanent fixtures of secessionists look like "old ruins." The chimneys of many of the houses are torn down to build bake ovens for the soldiers, and everything of use belonging to traitors has been taken by the soldiers. The secession printing office has been totally destroyed. The type lies scattered in the streets, the stands and tables are used for cooking conveniences and the press is entirely unjointed. Not a solitary citizen was to be seen in the streets. Weeds grow in the flower gardens, grass in familiar paths, and but for the soldiers who patrol the streets, the picture of desolation would be complete. Phillippi was once a lovely village. It is located on the valley river 12 miles from the B & O Railroad and surrounded on every side by mountains and hills. It contained about 500 inhabitants.

As I finish this letter, the 14th Ohio is marching into camp from regimental drill. It presents a splendid appearance, the bright bayonets, glistening in the sunshine, like wands of silver. There is something grand and imposing in the tramp of soldiery.

We have our marching orders and leave today - destination South - that is all I know.

I.R.S.

Williams County Leader, July 11, 1861

Army Correspondence
Phillippi, Virginia, July 1, 1861

Should I write a letter of camp rumors I could astonish the natives. The correspondents of the Cincinnati Gazette and Commercial have certainly done it. Each of these papers have a correspondent in camp, and every "authentic" yarn of these (Union men) scared. Virginians who bring information to our camp receives full credence from our worthy correspondents. They get paid for their labors, and labor to make their letters as intensely interesting as possible. For instance: The 14th Ohio Regiment was ordered to Buchannon, 20 miles distant. They had not been there more than four hours before news came that they would be attacked by a superior force and they immediately retreated back to Phillippi leaving $23,000 worth of provisions there entirely unguarded. After we returned here it became known that there was no danger of an attack at Buchannon and had been none; still the provisions were left there. A few evenings ago two or three scared Virginians came riding into camp saying that 4000 infantry and 250 cavalry were marching on Buchannon. One of the men declared that he lay in the bushes by the roadside and saw the grand army pass. The next day it proved that a few marauders from the rebel camp had went over to Buchannon, taken all our provisions, sacked the town, taken all the provisions from the neighborhood to feed their troops, and also taken several Union men prisoners. Thus, the only Union town in this section is sacked. Of course, nobody is to blame for this cowardly management. Two hundred and fifty men would have saved Buchannon.

In the Cincinnati papers, I learned that the rebels at Buchannon number 4000 strong. The facts are that not a rebel soldier is near Buchannon. The report about our pickets being fired on nightly are mainly correct. It is true that we are constantly exposed to danger, and that our sentinels are fired on nightly. But the rebels have lost more men thus far than we have. The sentinels are no longer ordered to halt skulking devils seen in the night about their posts, but to make sure of the victim by a well directed fire. The halting business is played out. Night before last, a Second Lieutenant of the 15th Ohio was fired on while officiating as Officer of

the Guard. Two of these devils had passed the outside pickets. They escaped in the bushes.

We had orders to march when I closed my last letter, but it was countermanded and we are still in Phillippi. General T.A. Morris is now here and this morning inspected the troops.

A forward movement on the rebels at Laurel Hill is daily expected. We number at present 4,500 men, with six pieces of artillery. Our men are in good health and anxious for a fight.

Our fare consist of crackers, bacon and coffee, with some rice occasionally, bread and butter we do not get. Colonel Bradley is now recovering and will be on duty in a day or two. Five only of the Bryan Company are on the sick list. The weather is very warm.

I.R.S.

Williams County Leader, July 18,1861
Army Correspondence, Camp Philippi, Virginia
Thursday Evening, July 4, 1861

Yesterday, the startling cry of "To Arms, To Arms!" rang through the camp. The pickets were driven in, and the whole camp was under arms and ready for the fray in about ten minutes from the time the alarm was sounded. It was really a stirring scene. The hurrying to and fro of mounted men, the sharp command, the shrill bugle of the artillerymen, and the rapid marches of men into line was a grand sight. We had learned of the rebels receiving large reinforcements at Laurel Hill, and of course expected a fight; but it proved a false alarm. Adjutant Bradley, the man of the 14th Regiment was promptly on hand encouraging the men, telling them to keep cool, and in fact taking the command. Colonel Steedman in his excitement formed the right of the Regiment on the left, and Adjutant Bradley had to countermarch us to bring us in proper shape. The 14th were to receive the enemy at the first fire. Had they come, their reception would have been most cordial. We had a spy on Laurel Hill the day before who learned that it was their intention to attack us soon, as they had been reinforced to upwards of 10,000 men. We have only 5,000, but can hold the position.

The 85th anniversary of our National Independence has been appropriately celebrated here today. We had the national salute and at 10:30 o'clock, the entire Brigade was formed. Eight Regimental flag were flying. All of the Regiments are not full. The display was quite imposing. General Morris and staff rode through the Brigade after formation, when the following exercises were had: Song by the soldiers - the Star Spangled Banner, Music by 9th Indiana Brass Band, Prayer, Reading of the "Declaration of Independence," by Professor Edgerton, Cleveland Light Artillery, Oration by Lieut. Col. George P. Este, 14th Ohio; Music by the Band. The reading of the Declaration by Prof. Edgerton was finely done, and the oration passable to say the least. The theme, the occasion, the association - everything, in fact - would tend to inspire a speaker today. Think of that audience of soldiers and the righteous cause they have espoused. It strikes me a man would make a glorious speech upon such an occasion.

The 6th Ohio Regiment arrived at 3:30 o'clock today. They were three hours in passing. They came to reinforce us. When our cannon was firing at midday, they were about nine miles out. They thought we were attacked and rushed through on the double quick for a couple miles, which caused nearly half of their men to give out. Hence, their long time of straggling soldiers. The day has been intensely hot.

The smallpox has broken out at the hospital and the process of vaccination is going on as fast as the surgeons can accomplish it. We fear that more than the enemy.

I could give you a half dozen camp rumors concerning our future movements, but I have no reliable information, I will not venture a prediction. Camp life at Phillippi is becoming tedious. We are anxious to move forward. The marching to and fro of armed men, the constant music of

the fife and horn, the drill and dress parade form some excitement; but we are sick of false alarms, and if the rebels don't come soon we shall be after them certain. Wait and see.

The sun has just gone down behind the hills, the pickets for the night have gone out and the flags have been lowered. The camp is quiet. The soldiers are mostly in their tents. It is interesting to look in upon them. Some are polishing their guns, some writing letters, some reading, others are conversing in groups of friends about home and the loved ones left behind. Our company has 11 tents and our street is christened "Skeleton Street" highly significant of our fare. Just across the road is Company H, Captain Barber, and farther up the hill to the right the entire Regiment is quartered. The streets are regularly laid out. Among the most prominent is Summit Street, where the Toledo boys are quartered. We are expecting an attack again tonight. One of our 6 pounders has gone down the Beverly Road and the pickets have been doubled.

I have just returned from Adjutant Bradley's quarters. The Colonel of the 6th Ohio, which came in today, informed him that at Webster the people are hourly expecting an attack here, and that the men, women, and children on the road were rushing into Webster for safety, anticipating a rout of the Union troops here. If we are routed, we can say that one 4th of July has been celebrated by our troops on the "sacred soil" of Virginia, A.D. 1861. But rout is impossible - don't think of it.

The tattoo is sounding, and the sharp cry of the sentinel of "lights out!" compels me to close. I must drop my writing desk (knapsack), spread my blanket and "turn in."

I.R.S.

The July 25th Leader gives notice that the 14th is on its way home. According to a dispatch published in the Toledo Herald and Times, the 14th started home on the 22nd. The Cincinnati Commercial speaks of the Regiment:

> "It was this regiment that opened the Parkersburg Road from the Ohio River to Webster, suffering incredible privations in that pioneer work, doing it in less than 10 days. They are part of the column that moved upon Phillippi and participated in the rout of Porter's field command. They made a forced march to Buchannon and returned immediately; they afterwards moved with Morris' column upon Beelington and occurpied the post of danger during the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th of July, and were the advance of the right wing under Captain Benham at the battle of Carrick's Ford."
>
> Note-The South called this battle "Corrick's Ford."

Sherwood would not send his next dispatch to the Leader until the report of the military operation for the battle of Laurel Hill, July 8th; and, Carrick's Ford, July 13th had been fought. But, once all this action had been executed and men able to retire, Sherwood writes a grand review for the local hometown folk.

Williams County Leader, August 1, 1861

Army Correspondence
The 14th Regiment - Their March from Philippi to Laurel Hill
and Cheat River - Three Days Skirmishing - Five Days Marching
Two Fights - The Victory - The Prisoners, &c, &c.

Cheat River Battle Ground
Monday, July 15th, 1861

General Morris Brigade, 4,500 men including the 14th Ohio Regiment and the Cleveland Light Artillery (6 guns) left Camp Phillippi at one o'clock a.m. on Sunday, July 7th for Laurel Hill. We arrived within one mile and a half of the main camp of the rebels at 8 o'clock a.m., distance 14 miles. Our army was immediately formed in line of battle and occupied the strongest positions upon the hills commanding the road - the 14th Ohio taking an advance position on the right. Breast works were immediately thrown up, the road strongly barricaded and our cannon planted in position. The rebels on Laurel Hill were supposed to be 7,000 strong and from information since received our suppositions were correct. Skirmishing commenced within an hour after our arrival - one of the 9th Indiana being killed at the outset. It did not close with sunset nor with night - the pickets kept up a constant firing until day-break. The next morning General Morris issued an order prohibiting skirmishing; notwith-standing this it was kept up all day. The main camp of the rebels was one and a half miles from our lines, but about 1,000 men occupied a strong position upon a hill covered with woods, with breast works thrown up within 350 yards of our lines. Their position commanded the main entrance to the rebel camp from the north. It was this force that our boys were determined to rout. Skirmishing commenced briskly at 3 o'clock and ended at sunset in a short fight in which our boys drove the rebels from their breast works, killing 20 of their men. They succeeded in gaining the cover of the woods, after which, the fight became a sort of "hide and seek." Pop went an Enfield, a Minnie, or a Musket every time a rebel poked his head from cover. The artillery boys threw a few shells into the woods, which routed them from their hiding places when they received a volley in the rear. Our boys drove them from their breast works, and with one terrific yell run up the old "Stars and Stripes." This fighting was done without an officer to command. Men who have seen service say they never witnessed bolder fighting that that of our little band on Laurel Hill. The next few days our camp was comparatively quiet. We succeeded in harassing them by throwing shells into their camp, but the only emplacement where we could plant cannon to reach them was two miles distant - too far to throw a shell with effect from a 6 pounder. We annoyed then seriously however, and kept them constantly under arms.

On Friday, July 12th. at 3 o'clock p.m., we took up our line of march in pursuit of the rebels. We had just learned of there retreat. It took place the night previous. They had left about 100 tents standing upon the hill which deceived us. They had 12 hours, the march ahead. We made a quick march to their main camp, halted a half hour and after them we went. Laurel Hill is the strongest position and most beautiful camp ever saw. Military men say that 500 men could hold it against 15,000. Two miles of trenches had been dug - the preparations for defense were most ample. I have not time here to speak further of this camp. It was laid out by a very skillful engineer, whoever he was, their retreat was over Laurel Mountain and over the mountain we marched, climbing over trees they had felled after them and winding up the zig zag mountain road for three miles to the top. We marched about 8 miles that night and camped in the woods without tents or supper. The night was cold and chill and about midnight a heavy rain set in which wet us to the skin. At three o'clock a.m., we arose and after eating a cracker apiece, we dashed ahead - the Ohio 14th leading the way. This day's march I shall ever remember. It was a terrible day for the 14th. The rebels had retreated over Fork Mountain (a range of the Cheat Mountain) by a rough, narrow, rocky, and almost impassable road, and had felled trees across the track every opportunity. It rained all day, the mud was almost ankle deep, and our clothes heavy with water almost dragged us to the ground. But we marched on, and that too at a rapid pace, so rapid that we overtook the rear guard of the rebels at one o'clock and exchanged shots. They were cavalry and run like devils. We reached Cheat River at two o'clock and found the enemy in line of battle to receive us on the opposite side. We forded the river (a swift stream about 40 yards wide) sent skirmishers into the woods and found a nice little ambush laid to entrap us. About 3 rounds were let go into the

woods in their supposed location, killing three and routing the remainder. We have since learned from a Georgia prisoner that the reason our fire was not returned was owing to the fact that the thick underbrush in which they were concealed entirely hid us from view. They were at least 50 feet above us. Caught in their own trap. I visited their place of ambush this morning and found about 100 blankets left to the woods. We pursued them closely, again fording the river, and one mile further ahead again found them formed in line of battle. We ran one of our 6 pounders up to give them a volley when the devils again run. They made "double quick" in good order, the cavalry taking the lead, and our advance firing a volley after them.

THE FIGHT

But a mile farther on they gave us a warm reception. They crossed the river at Carrick's Ford, and 42 companies with two pieces of artillery were formed in battle array to drive us back. Their position was a strong one. The river bank was 30 feet high, very steep, and lined with trees and rocks, and thick underbrush, making an excellent covering. Our side of the river was almost level with the water's edge, and our men exposed to open view. We were in fact through neglect of an advance guard led into an ambush, not knowing of their presence until a volley from three thousand muskets was poured into our broadside at a distance of only forty yards. Two cannon opened fire simultaneously. Lucky for us, they fired too high. Had their aim been accurate one third of the advance companies of the 14th Regiment would have "bit the dust." We stood our ground and for thirty-seven minutes fought them our best. A fight is something that must be witnessed to be appreciated - I cannot describe it - I can only say that the bullets whistled swift and merry music about our heads, that the limbs and leaves fell thick and fast, and that the noise was terrible. The 14th Regiment fought them alone and completely routed them. We immediately forded the river, captured one rifled cannon, one hundred horses, thirty army wagons, and plunder enough to sink a ship. It is surprising that in this close fight, we lost only two killed and ten wounded (two thought mortally) while the enemy lost eleven killed on the field and four mortally wounded, besides what they carried away. Henry Reicheldeifer, a brave boy of Company C, is among the killed with a cannon ball, killing him instantly. We slept last night upon the field. We have taken about fifty prisoners from the Georgia and Virginia Regiments. We are twenty-eight miles from Laurel Hill, a little north of east, having followed the enemy for that distance without food, given them battle, whipped them, they numbering two to our one, and taking so said about $200,000 worth of plunder. General Garnett was killed upon the field. We captured two splendid rebel flags which we will yet carry in Toledo.

Second Letter
Laurel Hill, Virginia, July 19, 1861

I notice some of the Indiana troops are claiming to have killed General Garnett at Carrick's Ford. The facts are that the 14th Regiment was the only Regiment that fires an effective shot; they were the only Regiment exposed to the rebel guns. Nor was Brig. Gen. Morris (who is an old drone) present at the fight.

We marched back to this place the next two days after the fight, bringing our plunder and prisoners with us. Many of the prisoners to the crack Georgia Regiment, but the majority were from eastern Virginia. The road from Laurel Hill to the battle ground was literally strewed with plunder. At least, a thousand knapsacks, filled with clothing and valuables were seen on the way. Two army wagons had been capsized by the rebels in descending the mountain and left as our booty, while tents, camp equipage, medical stores, trunks, etc., etc., were scattered along the entire route. They were scared and threw away everything calculated to retard their retreat. The Georgia troops were splendidly equipped - much better soldiers than the Virginians.

Henry Reichelderfer was buried upon the hill side near the battle ground on Sunday, July 14th., with the honors of war. He was the Second Sergeant of our Company. The boys feel his loss deeply. He was a brave and trusty soldier and a good companion.

We shall probably be home by the 27th.

Yours &c.,

I.R.S. High Private

Note: Frank Gero of the Stryker boys, Company E of the 14th Ohio had been mortally wounded during the Battle of Laurel Hill on July 8th. He would die of his wounds on July 11th, 1861. He was buried in the Laurel Hill cemetery with full honors.

Williams County Leader, August 1, 1861

The Homeward Journey

The 14th Regiment left Laurel Hill on Sunday, July 21st., at 7 o'clock p.m. and reached Webster (26 miles) on the B & O Railroad at 8 o'clock Monday morning - marching all night and passing two Regiment - reached Bellaire on Tuesday morning. Columbus on Wednesday evening and Toledo on Thursday at 2 o'clock p.m. The trip through Ohio was a perfect ovation. Everybody knew of the Fourteenth, and the large crowds gathered at every station welcoming them home with deafening applause. At Columbus, Governor Dennison gave an excellent supper, after which he made one of his very neat and patriotic speeches, complimenting the men highly for their pluck, daring and endurance.

At Toledo, the crowd was tremendous. We were welcomed with fourteen guns, and after displaying ourselves to the multitudes in a two mile march, we were treated to a bounteous supper, and allowed to return home. The Fourteenth will meet at Toledo on Monday next and be mustered out of the service.

Williams County Leader, August 1, 1861

Return of the Soldiers

Late on Thursday evening a dispatch was received stating that the troops would start from Toledo at 7:30. Immediately the "Union Artillery" fired a number of guns, a signal by which those living at a distance knew that the boys were coming.

Soon after 10 o'clock, the train bearing the brave fellows came in. The roar of the cannon and small arms and enthusiastic cheering of the large crowd collected was deafening. It was a glad time; there was a grasping of those war trained hands which had first turned back the tide of rebellion.

On Friday, the soldiers listened to a reception speech by the Rev. F.L. Harper. Captain Fisher responded, giving a brief account of the doings of the 14th and also of Company C, which although not always with the regiment occupied positions of danger and responsibility.

The citizens of Bryan set a table extending the whole length of the hall of the Court House loaded with good cheer for the soldiers after partaking of which, they went through the drill, affording an opportunity for the crowd of seeing "bonafide soldiers".

Sergeant Greenwood with a few of the company went through with the Zouave drill. Nothing indicates the superiority of modern tactics more than this drill.

Instead of offering some 8 or 9 square feet as a target for the shot of the enemy, there is less than a third of that surface presented, when lying down, a position in which they readily load and fire.

Not many of the soldiers have evidently suffered in health from their tremendous marches. The greater part look firmer and hardier than when they went away.

Our Northwestern volunteers would excel as sharpshooters and skirmishers, their skill in the use of the rifle could give them a decided advantage. But, they are good soldiers any where, their coolness and courage when opposed to the greatest odds is remarkable.

Worthy successors of those Revolutionary heroes, they are competent and willing to maintain those noble principles and institutions which our forefathers established. They would return to Toledo on Monday, August 28th., and be mustered out of the service. But immediately, Colonel Steedman begins to start recruiting for a new 14th Regiment O.V.I. for three years service. At the same time, many of the Williams County men return home. Some would begin civilian life again, and others would resume organizing local companies for further service. Bradley, Sherwood and other leaders would assist in the promoting of new Regiments consisting of men from both Defiance and Williams County.

To supplement Sherwood's personal correspondence of the 14th Regiments activity, I present the following vignette to show the service history for the 14th. The 14th was raised in the 10th Congressional District of Ohio, in and around Toledo. Nearly half of those who offered their services were refused. In less than three days, the 14th was ready for the field, and on April 25, left for Camp Taylor, near Cleveland, from Toledo. While at Camp Taylor, the men were thoroughly drilled and its organization completed. On the 18th of May, the regiment was transferred from the State to the General Government.

The regiment left Cleveland on the 22nd day of May for Columbus, there received their arms and accouterments, and on the same day started for Zanesville, Ohio; arrived at 1 p.m. on the 23d and immediately embarked to Marietta; occupied Camp Putnam until the 27th of May, then was ordered to embark for Parkersburg, Virginia, at which place it landed without opposition, and for the first time the regimental flag of the Fourteenth was unfurled in the enemy's country. Immediately on its arrival one company was double quicked along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; the bridges of which were being fired by retreating Rebels as a signal of the arrival of National troops in Western Virginia. Four Rebels were taken in the act of firing a bridge and sent to the rear as prisoners - guards were posted along the road to prevent further destruction; and on the 29th the regiment moved forward until Clarksburg was reached, having repaired all the burnt bridges and culverts up to that point. At Clarksburg some important arrests were made, and trains were put to running for supplies.

On the 2d of June the regiment started by rail for the town of Webster, supplied with rations sufficient for a march to Phillippi, a distance of thirteen miles. This march was performed on a dark, dismal, rainy night, to surprise a force of about two thousand Rebel cavalry in camp near that place. The march brought the regiment in front of the town at 5 a.m., when a battery belonging to the force opened on the surprised Rebels. The expedition was not wholly successful, because of a mistake made by a co-operating force of National troops who were to have come from an opposite direction. However, the Rebels were frightened and scattered to the bushes and hills as fast as their horses could carry them, some leaving their clothing and boots behind, and making off almost in the Georgia costume of "a shirt and a pair of spurs." A few prisoners, all the Rebel stores, and five wagon loads of arms and munitions fell into the hands of the National force. On the National side there were but four men wounded, including Colonel Kelly, afterwards Major General. One of the Rebel Calvary had his

leg taken off by a cannon ball.

On the next day, the Fourteenth, in company with the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Ohio, Sixth and Seventh Indiana, and First Virginia Infantry, went into camp on the hills in the rear of the town of Philippi.

From this camp expeditions were sent out against guerrilla bands which infested that region; forced marches were made, in which the men suffered terribly, and frequently to no purpose, as at that early period "scares" were very easily raised and the wildest reports implicitly believed. A few men lost their lives on either side, but nothing of consequence was gained by either party. On the 2d of July, 1861, the regiment received its first pay, in gold and Ohio currency.

On the 7th of July, the Rebels began to show themselves in force at Laurel Hill, and works were thrown up at Bealington to repel their attacks. Several Calvary charges made by the enemy were handsomely repulsed. On the 12th, General Garnett having suddenly retreated, the National forces moved out of their works, the Fourteenth taking the advance, took possession of a fort vacated by the enemy and pressed on after the retreating column. The Rebels were closely pressed, the road being strewed with trunks, boxes, tents, stalled baggage wagons and "tuckered-out" Rebels. In Crossing Carrick's Ford, the enemy obliged to make a stand to save their trains. Taking a strong position they awaited the coming of the National forces. The advance guard of the Fourteenth was under the Rebel guns before they were aware of it. The Rebel flag was flaunted in their faces, and with shouts for Jefferson Davis came a shower of balls from the bluff above and opposite the stream. The Fourteenth closed up to its advance guard and answered the enemy's first volley before the second had been fired. In twenty minutes, and just as the first regiment of the main column came up for action, the enemy gave way in great confusion, casting off everything that could retard escape. Over thirty well-laden wagons, one battery, three stands of colors, and two hundred and fifty prisoners were the fruits of this victory. The next morning the regiment returned towards Philippi with the prisoners and captured train, fording at least six rivers and creeks swollen by the heavy rains, arriving at Laurel Hill on the 15th of July.

The Fourteenth remained in camp on Laurel Hill until 22d, when it moved to and crossed the Ohio at Bellaire, and there took cars on the Central Ohio for Toledo and home. The wounded received great attention from the people along the road, and the regiment was tendered ovations and kindnesses with number. It arrived at Toledo on the 25th of July, where it was hailed by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. After partaking of a sumptuous feast, prepared by the citizens at the Oliver House, the regiment dispersed, and after a few days rest at home the men reassembled on August 13, 1861 and was mustered out of the service by John C. Robinson, Captain, 5th Infantry, U.S.A., Mustering Officer.

FOURTEENTH OHIO INFANTRY

Battles

Philippi, Virginia	June 3, 1861
Laurel Hill	July 8, 1861
Carrick's Ford	July 13, 1861

Roster, Three Months Service

Officers

Colonel	James B. Steedman
Lt.Colonel	George P. Este
Major	Paul Edwards
Surgeon	J.A. Coons
Asst.Surgeon	W.C. Daniels
Captain	Seth B. Moe
Captain	Louis Von Blessing
Captain*	Benjamin N. Fisher*
Captain	Sidney S. Sprague
Captain*	Edwin D. Bradley*
Captain	Andrew Crawford
Captain	John S. Snook
Captain	E.L. Barber
Captain	Caleb Dodd
Captain	George W. Kirk
Captain	Amon C. Bradley
Captain	Enoch B. Mann
1Lieutenant	Wilbur F. Stopford
1Lieutenant	John A. Chase
1Lieutenant*	Edwin J. Evans*
1Lieutenant	William Irving
1Lieutenant*	Amon C. Bradley*
1Lieutenant	John D. Belknap
1Lieutenant	Alfred Russell
1Lieutenant	Thomas M. Ward
1Lieutenant	Denis C. Lahan
1Lieutenant	John F. Wallace
1Lieutenant	David S. Tallerday
1Lieutenant	Edwin D. Bradley
1Lieutenant	Henry D. Kingsbury
1Lieutenant	George W. Wells
2Lieutenant	Frank W. Marion
2Lieutenant	William Shultz
2Lieutenant*	Edward M. Deuchar*
2Lieutenant	Charles Kahlo
2Lieutenant*	David S. Tallerday*
2Lieutenant	Samuel Pomroy
2Lieutenant	John Crossen
2Lieutenant	R.A. Franks
2Lieutenant	James Manton

2Lieutenant	Samuel Sherman
2Lieutenant	Orrin B. Doughton

Note: The * indicates officers for Company C and E. Rosters of the companies can be reviewed by looking up the "Three Months Service" units in the Official Roster of Ohio Soldiers & Sailors in the War of the Rebellion, 1861-65. This source gives the individual names of each man, rank, age, period of enlistment, and related remarks. Williams County provided Compnay C from Bryan, and Company E from Stryker. I list only the name of the men.

COMPANY C
Bryan

Non-Commissioned Officers

Charles Greenwood	1st Sergeant
James H. Queen	Sergeant
James H. Long	Sergeant
Henry Reichelderfer	Sergeant
Samuel J. Hansey	Corporal
Benjamin F. Conrad	Corporal
Charles Mallory	Corporal
Henry Marshall	Corporal
John W. Bowlin	Musician

Privates

William H. Bailey	John Ball
Charles R. Betts	Charles Beverly
John S. Billings	Thomas E. Billings
Charles Bowers	Francis P. Brakeman
George W. Brown	Wilson A. Burgoyne
Alonzo Burke	Charles Butler
George M. Butt	John S. Cannon
John J. Carnahan	William A. Carnahan
William R. Copeland	Christian Cosler
Henry J. Crall	Charles P. Craver
John B. Deeds	Sidney A. Durby
Amandus Dutt	George W. Everitt
Lloyd Fisher	Anzi F. Forester
Elias S. Frazer	Warren Fusselman
Daniel B. Gallatin	Curtis S. Garrison
Henry Gilbert	Philip J. Gilman
Ephraim B. Glass	Issac Griffith
Solomon A. Grim	John Harker
Christian Harris	William Hawkins
Emanuel J. Henderson	Richard Henderson

Martin Hepshire
John C. Horton
Daniel Jaberg
Peter O. Jump
Henry Kailey
John F. Kaiser
Horace P. Kirk
Daniel Lewis
Hiram Lowden
John R. McAlister
Orvis H. Merriman
William Misal
Frederick Needhardt
David W. Ocker
Milton G. Pumphrey
George E. Revett
Benjamin F. Richardson
Justice O. Rose
Wallace S. Sheridan
Marvin R. Sisson
John D. Smith
George S. Starner
George D. Stinebaugh
Daniel Tressler
John J. Wilsey

George W. Hews
Daniel N. Iler
Alonzo R. Jones
Frederick Kailey
William Kailey
Elijah J. Kimmell
Francis Lesnet
John Lewis
John M. Lowe
William Martin
Henry Messmer
Anzie V. Myers
Andrew Newman
Zeptha Powell
Wilson S. Reasoner
Lemuel N. Richards
Burwell F. Rockwell
Richard Russell
Issac R. Sherwood
David C. Smith
Benjamin J. Snow
John W. Stevens
Andrew W. Stodder
George W. Weller
Jacob Wolf

Company E
Stryker

Non-Commisioned Officers

Henry Rust	1st Sergeant
Sanders M. Huyck	Sergeant
Oscar Mott	Sergeant
Samuel Donaldson	Sergeant
John Boyers	Corporal
Aquilla Coonrod	Corporal
James L. Ashcroft	Corporal
Augustus W. Whippel	Corporal
Issac E. Kintigh	Musician
Daniel Rittenhour	Musician

Privates

Lemuel Alliger
James L. Ayres
George E. Barkdoll
Charles Bavin
Daniel Bourdine
Amon M. Bradley

Levi Alliger
Oscar L. Ayres
John Bates
Joseph D. Benson
John D. Brace
James H. Bradley

Chalres Branson
John H. Burgess
Alonzo Chapin
Abner Cobb
Abraham Collins
Levi S. Dakon
Frank Depior
John F. Dunscomb
Thomas E. Evans
Edward Fitzgerald
George F. Goll
Andrew W. Grice
William Gurwell
Alpheus Hoopes
Hiram Huyck
Samuel E. Huyck
Benjamin Kimble
Henry Kimble
Henry Leichty
Daniel M. Luther
Archibald McConeghy,II
James McNeal
Anson R. Mathews
John Meek
George W. Mills
Philetus W. Morris
James M. Radabaugh
George W. Rathmell
George N. Richardson
John C. Scheer
John Schlosser
Thomas Slusser
Richard Smith
Caleb Thomas
William C. Venandah
Henry M. Woodworth

Henry H. Burgess
Henry S. Burwell
George Clinger
Willard J. Cole
Bentley S. Cook
Edward P. Denman
Henry Doman
John F. Evans
Benjamin F. Ewers
Frank Gero
Charles H. Gorsuch
Isaac Guillinger
George Hart
Jacob Housemick
John F. Huyck
John Kesler
Enos Kimble
Orrin L. Landaman
Jacob Leichty
Archibald McConeghy
Abram B. McGrew
William Mapes
Sherman Mead
William Miller
Edward Mitchell
Joseph M. Myers
Williamm. H. Radabaugh
William M. Replogle
Chandler J. Richman
Ezra Schlosser
Finch Skeels
Martin V. Smith
William H. Smith
George W. Towle
Watson Webb
Michael Wyrick

ROLL OF HONOR

Pvt. Frank Gero	Co. E	Wounded at Battle of Laurel, Hill, Virginia on July 8, 1861. Died of wounds on July 11, 1861. Buried Laurel Hill, West Virginia
Sgt. Henry Reichelderfer	Co. C	Killed in Battle of Carrick's Ford, Virginia on July 13, 1861. Buried Carrick's Ford, West Virginia

THIRTY-EIGHTH OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

This regiment was organized at Defiance, Ohio, on the 1st of September, 1861, under the President's call for three hundred thousand men for three years. On the 22d of September it was transferred to Camp Dennison, where it was armed, equipped, and to a considerable extent, drilled and disciplined, and then ordered into active service in Kentucky on the 1st of October.

At sunrise on the morning of the 2d, the regiment passed through and encamped near the town of Nicholasville. Remaining here about two weeks, it was ordered to the relief of the garrison at Wild Cat, Kentucky; and, after a forced march of sixty miles, reached its destination on the 19th of October, 1861. Afterward it pursued the enemy to London and Barboursville; marched on all the subsequent campaigns during the fall of 1861; and Christmas found the army encamped near Somerset, Kentucky. During the winter of 1861 and 1862, the men, being almost constantly on duty, and not accustomed to rough usages of camp life, became sickly; and in a short time, out of nine hundred and ninety men, less than three hundred were fit for duty. The regiment participated in the campaigns of Mill Springs, after which it marched to Louisville, where it arrived February 28, 1862.

On March 1st the regiment embarked on transports destined for Nashville, Tennessee, where it arrived on the 5th of the same month, and went into camp to prepare for the coming campaign in the spring of 1862. On the 19th of March, it left Nashville with the Army of the Ohio; marched through middle Tennessee, and, during the month of April, encamped on the battlefield of Pittsburg Landing; marched with the army under Halleck toward Corinth, Mississippi, and took an active part in the siege of that place.

After the evacuation of Corinth, May 27, 1862, the Thirty-Eighth march with the army in pursuit of Beauregard as far as Booneville, and, on its return, encamped near Corinth until the 20th of June, when, with the Army of the Ohio, it marched in the direction of Tuscumbia, Alabama, where it arrived on the 28th of June. Remaining there until July 21st, it marched, via Decatur and Huntsville, to Winchester, Tennessee, where it arrived August 7, 1862.

During the month several reconnoitering parties made extensive detours through the mountain spurs, in the direction of Chattanooga, then the head-quarters of the Rebel Army. In these reconnaissances no regiment took a more active part than the Thirty-Eighth Ohio. A party of eighty men made a forced march of thirty-six miles, captured Tracy City, and, after destroying a large amount of tobacco, whisky, leather, and articles of less value, returned to camp, having marched seventy-two miles and destroyed a large amount of property without losing a man.

On September 1, 1862, began the retrograde march from the vicinity of Chattanooga, which terminated only when the army reached the Ohio. The Thirty-Eighth Ohio endured all the hardships and shared all the trials of that campaign. Remaining but a short time at Louisville, on the 1st of October the regiment marched southward with the army, and, on the 8th, found the enemy in position at Chaplin Hills, near Perryville, Kentucky. Remaining here but a short time, during which a detachment of recruits was received, it again took up the line of march in the direction of Nashville, Tennessee. During the months of November and December, 1862, the regiment was guarding railroads between Gallatin and Nashville. In the latter part of December the regiment marched to Nashville, and prepared for the approaching campaign, which terminated with the battle of Stone River. The Thirty-Eighth acted a very conspicuous part in that battle. losing but a few men however; and, after the battle, went into camp near the city, where it remained until March 13th, when it joined the forces then at Triune. While there it built the earth fortress known as Fort Phelps.

On the 23d of June, 1863, the Thirty-Eighth marched with the Army of the Cumberland, and took an active part in the Tullahoma campaign. After resting a short time at Winchester, Tennessee, on the 17th of August the march for Chattanooga began. The Thirty-Eighth moved with the center corps, crossing the Cumberland Mountains, and finally halted on the banks of the Tennessee, opposite Shellmound, where rafts of logs were constructed, preparatory to crossing the river. Crossing the river on the night of September 2, 1863, the march was resumed across Lookout and Raccoon Mountains, and the middle of September found the army in Lookout Valley. Preparations were made for battle by sending everything to the rear that would encumber the army. The large train belonging to the entire army was sent to Chattanooga, and the Thirty-Eighth Ohio, detailed by special order from General Thomas, was charged with the safe transit of the immense train. Accordingly on the evening of the 18th of September, the train started and, as the morning of the 19th of September dawned, the train was within six miles of Chattanooga. The Thirty-Eighth did not participate in the struggle on the field of Chickamauga, but it performed the task which the vicissitudes of war assigned it.

On the 25th of November, 1862, the division to which the Thirty-Eighth belonged assaulted the fortifications at the foot of Mission Ridge, ascended the hill, and carried the works, driving the Rebels from them. The Thirty-Eighth was on the extreme left of the army; and although Bragg had pronounced the slope inaccessible, yet they moved up, up, up, until the summit was reached. The fire from the Rebel batteries was terrific, yet comparatively harmless, and but few were injured. In this charge the regiment lost seven men killed and forty-one wounded.

After pursuing the enemy as far as Ringgold, Georgia, the Thirty-Eighth returned to camp near Chattanooga, where it reenlisted as a veteran organization, and was furloughed home. At the expiration of the furlough the regiment joined the army at Ringgold, Georgia. Recruits were sent forward, and when Sherman started for Atlanta the regiment numbered seven hundred and forty-one men.

On the 5th of May, 1864, the regiment broke camp at Ringgold and marched to Buzzard's Roost Gap, where it was brought into action. After skirmishing two days a flank movement was commenced via Villanow and Smoke Creek Gap, nearly in rear of Resaca. Here the Thirty-Eighth erected field works and skirmished continually; and though no general engagement took place, several men were killed and wounded. After the evacuation of that place the regiment participated in the campaign which followed; took an active part in the siege of Kenesaw, fortifying and skirmishing, and, on the 5th of July, 1864, reached the banks of the Chattahoochie River. Remaining here until July 17th, the advance was again sounded and the river was crossed. On the 22d day of July the Thirty-Eighth had the honor of establishing the picket-line of the Fourteenth Army Corps, near the city of Atlanta. It remained here some time holding its place in the line, until August 3d, when it moved to Utoy Creek. Here, on the 5th of August, a portion of the regiment (companies A, C, and K) charged with the enemy's skirmish-line, and was successful. Out of the one hundred and twenty men who charged, nine were killed and forty-two wounded.

On the night of the 25th of August the regiment marched with the army on a flanking expedition, and, on the 27th, struck the Atlanta and West Point Railroad. Remaining there until the 31st, it again advanced, and that night took possession of the Macon Road, near Red Oak Station. Remaining there during the night of September 1st, it was ascertained that the enemy was then fortifying Jonesboro, and the army was put into action for that place, and about four o'clock p.m. came upon the pickets of Hardee's Corps. Este's brigade (to which the Thirty-Eighth belonged), of Baird's division was brought forward and assaulted the works. In this charge the regiment lost out of three hundred and sixty men, forty-two killed and one hundred and eight wounded, making a total loss of one hundred and fifty men.

Corporal O.P. Randall had the colors at the onset. He fell lifeless, pierced by a minnie ball. Corporal Baird next took them, and he too fell dead. Corporal Strawser next took them, and he fell severely wounded. Corporal Donsey then took the flag and bore it to the works. Of the five who had in charge the colors, but one Corporal H.H. Brookes escaped unharmed, although not untouched, for five balls passed through his clothing. The dead were buried on a little knoll near the battlefield, and the regiment encamped near the town of Jonesboro. On the 9th of September the troops fell back to Atlanta.

On the 3d of October, 1864, the army broke camp and retraced it recent line of operations as far north as Dalton, Georgia. Hood having in the meantime, marched to the rear of General Sherman. The Thirty-Eighth accompanied the expedition thus far, moved thence via Gaylesville, Alabama, to Rome, and, on the 5th of November, marched to Kingston, Georgia. On the 12th of November communication was severed, and the army started for Savannah, marching along the line of the Georgia State Railroad, destroying it as they went, until they reached Atlanta, a second and last time. During the march from Atlanta to Milledgeville there was nothing to mar the progress of the army. Arriving at the capital on the 24th November, the Thirty-Eighth was ordered into the city as a provost-guard, where it remained until the 25th, when the army moved on in the direction of Louisville. Just before reaching Louisville, the army left the road it had been moving on (the Augusta Pike) and marched directly east. It became necessary that the bridge across the Big Ogeechee should be destroyed, and the Thirty-Eighth was designated to perform that duty. This regiment had already marched fifteen miles that day, and it was yet ten miles to the bridge. After marching ten miles and burning the bridge, it was then thirteen miles to where the army went into camp. Misfortune being the guide, the regiment took the wrong road, and marched six miles out of the way, and it was twelve o'clock p.m. when it arrived inside the picket-line, having marched that day forty-four miles and destroyed the bridge.

From Louisville to Savannah, the march was an agreeable one, and on the morning of December 21st, the Thirty-Eighth Ohio went into camp near the conquered city, the enemy having evacuated the night before. During the stay of the Thirty-Eighth here, two hundred drafted men and substitutes were received.

On the 30th of January, 1865, the Thirty-Eighth left Savannah with the army and participated in the "Campaign of the Carolina's," and, after forty days, came to Goldsboro, North Carolina. From there it followed the retiring army as far as Holly Springs, North Carolina, where it remained until the surrender of Johnston's army. From Holly Springs, the regiment marched back to Raleigh, and thence to Richmond, and finally to Alexandria, Virginia, where it remained until after the grand review at the National Capital, when it encamped near the city of Washington. Remaining there in a state of inactivity until the 15th of June, orders were received to proceed by rail to Louisville, Kentucky. Meantime, a portion of the drafted men were mustered out. On the 15th of June the regiment took the cars to Parkersburg, West Virginia, and from there proceeded by boat to Louisville, Kentucky, where it arrived on the 23d of June.

Soon after arriving orders were received for the muster-out of the regiment and, on the 12th of July, the muster-out was completed, and the regiment proceeded immediately to Cleveland, Ohio, where it was finally discharged on the 22d of July, 1865.

BATTLE ROLL

PERRYVILLE, KY.....OCTOBER 8, 1862

STONE RIVER, TN.....DECEMBER 31, 1862 TO JANUARY 2, 1863

HOOVER'S GAP, TN.....JUNE 23-30, 1863

CHICKAMAUGA, GA.....SEPTEMBER 19-20, 1863

MISSION RIDGE, TN.....NOVEMBER 25, 1863

KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA.....JUNE 9-30, 1864

NICKAJACK CREEK, GA.....JULY 2-5, 1864

ATLANTA, GA..... JULY 22, 1864
(HOOD'S FIRST SORTIE)

UTOY CREEK, GA..... AUGUST 5-6, 1864

JONESBORO, GA..... AUGUST 31 TO SEPTEMBER 1, 1864

SIXTY-EIGHTH OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

This regiment commenced to assemble at Camp Latta, Napoleon, Henry County, on the 21st of November, 1861. Defiance, Paulding, Williams, and Fulton Counties, each furnished one company, and Henry County furnished the majority of the men in the other companies. Men from Williams County filled the ranks of Companies E, G, and K being the core company. The regiment was quartered in Sibley tents furnished with stoves, which made things comfortable. They received rations of poultry, vegetables, fruit and cakes from home frequently. This support made their winter campaign of 1861-62, in Henry County, the most pleasant they would see during their service.

On the 21st of January, 1862, the regiment was ordered to Camp Chase, where it remained temporarily until February 7. They were then ordered into the field. They moved to Fort Donelson, Tennessee, arriving on the 14th. The regiment was attached to General Charles F. Smith's division, and would be constantly engaged in action skirmishing on the left of the lines during both days operations. After the surrender of Fort Donelson, the unit encamped at Dover till March 15, when it moved to Metal Landing, on the Tennessee, and then by boat to Pittsburg Landing. The health of the regiment, until this last move, had been quite good; but bad weather, bad water, and bad rations, would decimate the unit's strength from one thousand to less than two hundred and fifty men. The regiment was assigned to General Lew Wallace's division, and during the battle of Pittsburg Landing would be engaged in guarding ordnance and supply trains.

During the operations around Corinth, the regiment was constantly engaged in building roads, bridges, and entrenchments. After the evacuation, the Sixty-Eighth, with the Twenty-Third Indiana, were stationed at Bolivar, where they would rebuild the bridge across the Hatchie and guarded the railroad for a number of miles.

The regiment participated in the battles of Iuka and Metamora and for gallantry in the latter fight was complimented in general orders. It closed the campaign of 1862 by forming the advance of an expedition which attempted to penetrate the interior of Mississippi to Vicksburg. This endeavor was frustrated by their surrender of Holly Springs and the regiment returned to Memphis. During the campaign in Mississippi, the regiment was assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps and would serve with the same until the close of the war.

The Spring campaign of 1863 saw the unit at Lake Providence, Louisiana. They were assigned to clearing a passage, the Lake Providence Canal, for boats through Bayou Tensas. It was also engaged on a similar project at Walnut Bayou, in the vicinity of Eagle Bend. Around the 10th of April, 1863, the regiment moved down to Milliken's Bend and would be assigned to work on the military road towards Richmond, Louisiana. On the 23rd of April, the regiment began its march for the rear of Vicksburg. It marched more than seventy miles over low bottom lands, which were partly submerged and crossed numerous bayous on bridges quickly constructed of timber from neighboring houses and cotton-gins, and reached the Mississippi at Grand Gulf. They would then move down to Bruinsburg, crossing the river, and by forced march was able to participate in the battle of Thompson's Hill, May 1, 1863. The unit followed closely, the retreating Rebels and engaged the enemy in the battles of Raymond, Jackson, May 14th, Champion Hills and Big Black. The regiment sustained heavy casualties in all of these actions, especially at Champion Hills.

The regiment next participated in an attack on the Rebel works in the rear of Vicksburg on the 18th of May, and would take an active part in the assault on Fort Hill on the 22nd. In the beginning portion of this siege, the regiment was almost constantly in the trenches and supplied a large detail of sharpshooters; but during the latter part of the siege it was placed in the Army of Observation, near Big Black. The regiment was then ordered on a reconnaissance towards Yazoo City, during the latter part of June, and it participated in the engagement at Jackson on July 12th. After this battle, it would guard about six hundred prisoners into Vicksburg. The regiment was quartered in the suburbs of Vicksburg until the middle of August, when it moved on an expedition to Monroe, Louisiana. Upon their return, they had one-third of its men either in the hospital or on the sick list.

In October, the regiment moved on a reconnaissance with the Seventeenth Corps, and would engage the enemy at Bogue Chitta Creek, and on February 5, 1864, it would participate in the fight at Baker's Creek, while moving on the Meridian raid. This expedition prevented the unit from going North on veteran furlough as promptly as it might have otherwise gone. It was one of the first regiments in the Seventeenth Corps to report three-fourths of its men reenlisted, it having done so on December 15, 1863. After its return from the Meridian raid, the men were supplied with clothing, and they traveled North, leaving one hundred and seventy recruits at Vicksburg. The unit arrived at Cairo on the 23rd of March, and they transferred to cars, moved its way via Indianapolis, Bellefontaine, and Columbus, to Cleveland, where it arrived on the 26th. Through Illinois and Indiana, the regiment was welcomed with banners and flags. It was entertained at the Soldiers' Home in Indianapolis on the morning of the 24th, and was feasted bountifully by the citizens of Muncie, Indiana on the same evening. The regiment was detained ten days at Cleveland before a paymaster could be obtained, and soon after payment, the regiment started for Toledo, where it arrived at three o'clock on April 6th. It was met by a delegation of residents and the Mayor. And, after marching through the various principal streets was then escorted to the Island House for a splendid dinner. Afterwards, special trains were made up on the different roads and by night all the men were sent to a place where they were assured a welcome - home.

On the 7th of May, the regiment again took the cars at Cleveland and proceeded to Cairo by way of Cincinnati. At Cairo, they would be joined by the recruits left at Vicksburg and with those obtained during furlough, numbered over three hundred. At this time, the regiment also turned over its old arms and drew new Springfield muskets. May 12th, the regiment with over seven hundred men for duty, headed for Clifton, Tennessee, and then it marched by way of Huntsville, Decatur, and Rome, to Acworth, Georgia, where it joined the main army under Sherman on June 10th. During the remainder of the Atlanta campaign, the Sixty-Eighth was under constant fire. It was on the advance line for sixty-five days and nights, and was engaged at Kenesaw, Nickajack, Atlanta, July 22nd and 28th; Jonesboro, and Lovejoy. On the 22nd of July, the regiment saw heavy action. It was selected to go to the rear and picket the roads in the vicinity of army and corps headquarters; but when they arrived on station discovered in its front, instead of cavalry, a corps of Rebel infantry; while, simultaneously,

another line of Rebel troops were forming across the road in its rear. Thus, the Sixty-Eighth was sandwiched between the enemy's advance and rear lines. The Rebels were totally unaware of the buckeye band. The commands of the Rebel officers could be discerned clearly, and prisoners were captured almost from the line of file-closers. As the Rebel line moved forward, the Sixty-Eighth advanced on the double quick and dropped behind a fence line. They then poured a volley into the Rebels, who were in the open field. The batteries of Fuller's brigade, Sixteenth Corps, responded to the alarm given, and the fight opened in totality. The Sixteenth Corps engaged the enemy promptly which allowed the regiment to carry out a flanking movement with a wide detour, to pass around the enemy's right, and thus to rejoin its brigade, which now was fully engaged in battle. The attack came from both front and rear with the men first fighting from one side of the works and then the other. There was even a time during the battle that a portion of the brigade was on one side of the works, firing heavily into the Rebel line, while a little farther down the same line the remainder of the brigade was on the other side of the works, giving heavy fire into the opposite direction. The left of the brigade swung back to the crest of a small hill, the right still resting on the old works, with a few rails thrown together, forming a barricade, when the last charge of the day was made by two Rebel divisions. On they came in splendid style, not firing a shot, arms at "right shoulder shift," officers in front, lines well dressed, following each other in quick succession. The Union brigade held firm until the first line had crossed a ravine in its front, and the second line of reserves could be seen coming down the opposite slope. Then came the awful crash of musketry, and then volley after volley. The Rebels fell back, leaving the ground strewn with the dead and dying.

After this engagement at Lovejoy, the regiment was stationed on the Rough and Ready Road, near Eastpoint, for two weeks, prior to being ordered in pursuit of Hood's troops. The regiment marched as far as Gaylesville, Alabama, and here a number of the men were mustered out by reason of the expiration of their term of service. The regiment began its return march about the 1st of November moving by way of Cave Springs and Lost Mountain to Smyrna Camp meeting ground, where the men were supplied with clothing and the unit refitted. The railroad was destroyed and on the 14th, the regiment moved to Atlanta, and at daylight of the 15th commenced their March to the Sea. With the exception of an engagement with the Georgia militia at the crossing of the Oconee, and the destruction of railroad buildings at Millen, the regiment experienced an easy march and pleasant bivouacs. By the 10th of December, the regiment reached the works outside of Savannah. On the 12th., the Seventeenth Corps moved well around to the right of the main road running from King's Bridge. The regiment assisted in throwing up a heavy line of works and furnished two companies of sharpshooters daily. The men subsisted almost entirely upon rice during the Savannah operation. Rice was found in large quantities near camp and the men hulled and ground the rice in the hand-mills located nearby. With the occupation of the city completed, the regiment was ordered to guard-duty in the town. They quartered safely in Warren and Oglethorpe Parks. Again, while stationed in Savannah, the regiment would again lose men who mustered out of the service by reason of expiration of term of service. A large number of commissions were received, and the regiment was supplied with a fine new corps of young and enthusiastic officers.

On January 5, 1865, the regiment embarked at Thunderbolt Bay for Beaufort. Once they arrived, they formed the advance of the corps for most of the way to Pocotaligo. Again heavy works are built and the troops rest for about two weeks. They then began on the campaign of the Carolinas. The regiment march to Orangeburg, Columbia, Winnsboro, and Cheraw, destroying both public and private property. As they approached entering North Carolina, the destruction of property was forbidden by orders from superior headquarters. They continued their march through Fayetteville to Goldsboro, where the regiment arrived ragged, barefooted, bareheaded, and blackened and be grimed with the smoke of the pine-knots. On the morning after their arrival in Goldsboro, the Adjutant reported forty-two men barefooted, thirty-six bareheaded, and two hundred and sixty wearing some article of citizens' clothing. The regiment rested ten days and moved out to Raleigh.

Upon Johnston's surrender, the regiment marched by way of Dinwiddie Court House, Petersburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Alexandria, to Washington City, where it participated in the Grand Review on the 24th of May. After the review, the Sixth-Eighth camped at Tenallytown for a week, when it received orders to travel to Louisville, Kentucky. It went into camp about two miles from the city, and a regular system of drill and discipline was maintained until July 10th., when the muster-out rolls were signed, and the regiment ordered to report to Camp Taylor, near Cleveland, for payment and discharge. Upon arriving in Cleveland, the Sixty-Eighth was met at the depot by a delegation of citizens, and escorted to Monument Square, where they were feted to a grand breakfast. They then marched to camp, where they remained until the 18th of July, 1865. They would receive their final pay and be discharged from the service. Home they headed to resume peaceful lives once more.

During its term of service, the regiment was on the "sacred soil" of every Rebel State except Florida and Texas. It marched over seven thousand miles and traveled by rail or steamship over six thousand miles. The regiment was presented by the citizens of Henry County with a beautiful banner before its muster-out. The flag was returned to the citizens of Henry County and through Joseph Stout, of Napoleon, the regimental colors were turned over to the Adjutant-General of the State, and then deposited into the archives. Upon these flags, by authority from corps and department headquarters, were inscribed the names of the following battles: Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Siege of Corinth, Iuka, Metamora, Thompson's Hills, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Big Black, Vicksburg, May 22nd; and siege, Jackson, July 12th; Monroe Raid, Bogue Chitta, Meridian Raid, Kenesaw, June 27th; and siege, Nickajack, Atlanta, July 21st, 22nd, and 28th; and siege, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Oconee, Savannah, Pocotaligo, Salkehatchie, Orangeburg, Columbia, Cheraw, Bentonville, and Raleigh.

100th OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

This regiment was organized in Toledo during the months of July and August of 1862, and mustered into the service September 1st. On the 8th, the regiment moved for duty to Cincinnati, in defense of the city. On the 9th, it went into position on Covington Heights, a few rods in front and to the left of Fort Mitchel.

The regiment marched for Lexington, Kentucky on October 8th and remained there, undergoing a thorough course of instruction, until December 1st, when it moved to Richmond. It would assist in the construction of the fortifications until the 26th of December. it was then ordered to Danville, and on the 3rd of January, 1863, it moved to Frankfort. Towards the end of February it marched to Lexington to intercept a Rebel raid, and from this point it marched to Crab Orchard, Mount Vernon, Somerset, and to various points where the presence of the enemy rendered it necessary.

The regiment went into camp at Danville on August 13th in preparation for their march for East Tennessee. Upon arriving at Knoxville, a portion of the regiment was sent up to the Virginia State Line to guard the railroad. The detachment, two hundred and forty strong, was captured by the enemy on the 4th of September, and was sent to Richmond, Virginia. The regiment participated in the defense of Knoxville, and was on active duty during its stay in East Tennessee.

Early in the Spring of 1864, the regiment marched with the Twenty-Third Corps and joined General Sherman, whose force was positioned at Tunnell Hill, Georgia. They moved on the Atlanta campaign. They would be present at nearly every battle from Rocky Face Ridge to Atlanta. On the 6th of August, the regiment would assault the Rebel works in front of Atlanta. In the process, they would lose one hundred and three men out of three hundred. Thirty-six men were killed on the field and eight more wounded within the next thirty days. The units Colonel was disabled for life. After the evacuation of Atlanta, it joined in the pursuit of Hood

and participated in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. The 100th moved with the Twenty-Third Corps to Wilmington, North Carolina and would be engaged actively in this action. They would then move into the interior of North Carolina moving from Goldsboro to Raleigh with Sherman's army. They would march to Greensboro, and from this location be ordered to Cleveland, Ohio. They would then be mustered out of the service on July 1, 1865 having served two years and ten months from muster-in to muster-out.

The One Hundredth lost during its term of service sixty-five men killed in action, one hundred and forty-two wounded, twenty-seven died of wounds, one hundred and eight died of disease, three hundred and twenty-five captured by the enemy with eighty-five dying in Rebel prisons. It participated in the battles of Lenoir Station, Knoxville, Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, Etowah Creek, Atlanta, Columbus, Franklin, Nashville, Town Creek, and Wilmington.

Confederate Prisons

Generally, life in a Confederate prison was not something a soldier looked forward too. I have read numerous accounts of various soldiers experiences in the prisons throughout the south. The following theme was presented in all of their memoirs. I have taken the example of Camp Sumter for my review of the horror that was to befall each man.

Andersonville is the more common name of the prison named Camp Sumter by the Confederates. Camp Sumter was the brain child of General John H. Winder. He sent his son W.S. Winder to establish the location for this new prison pen. After reviewing over 100 other sites within Georgia; he chose the location of Andersonville, as he stated,

" for being the most capable site of killing off prisoners!"

Thus, the new facility was established November 23, 1863. Winder was crazed with inflicting as much misery on the prisoners as possible. When the site was secured, he boastfully proclaims,

"I am going to build a pen here that will kill more d--d yankees than can be destroyed at the front."

This would indeed be what Andersonville would become, a 19th century version of Dante's Inferno.

It opened for reception of its first victims in February of 1864 and by June contained more than 20,000 POW's. In July, they enlarged the enclosure to receive more prisoners from the various Richmond prison sites in Virginia. July and August of 1864 were terrible months in the prison do to the climate and living conditions. No shelter, food that was unfit to consume, lack of medical care, unsafe potable water in the humid, hot southern summer. Disease was found everywhere and festered do to the poor sanitary arrangements. No man wanted to go to the sick house, you only went there to die. And when death did occur, the men would take from the deceased what worldly items they might be able to use as to clothes, shoes, whatever might help them survive another day.

By the Fall of 1864, General Sherman had occupied Atlanta and the Federal troops were now within striking distance of the camp. The Confederate authorities moved most of the prisoners to other camps in South Carolina and along coastal Georgia. What was left of the camp was placed under the command of Captain Henry Wirz. The camp would be closed permanently in May of 1865 and Wirz would be arrested and charged with conspiring with high Confederate officials to "impair and injure the health and destroy the lives... of Federal prisoners" and "murder in violation of the laws of war." Such a conspiracy on Wirz's part never existed, it had been the Winder's doing; but, public anger over the conditions at Andersonville demanded appeasement. Wirz was tried, found guilty, and hung in Washington, D.C. on October 10, 1865.

In July and August of 1865, Clara Barton, a detachment of laborers and soldiers and former prisoner Dorence Atwater went to Andersonville to identify and make final arrangements for the reburial of the Union dead. As a prisoner, Atwater had been assigned to record the names of the deceased. Fearing loss of the death record at war's end, he made his own copy of the 12000 plus buried in the makeshift cemetery. Thanks to his list and the Confederate records confiscated at the end of the war, only 460 of the Andersonville graves had to be marked "UNKNOWN U.S. SOLDIER."

The following list gives the name and state location of the sites where our men were held. Conditions were never good at any of the sites. It was a daily battle to survive the inhumanity of the prison pens. We will never know the names of many of the deceased buried in prison

cemeteries. Their struggle must never be forgotten, their honor was the salvation of our nation.

VIRGINIA

Libbey Prison	Richmond	Union Soldiers
Castle Thunder	Richmond	Housed Northern citizens, Southern Unionist, spies, desserters, convicts, and negro servants captured from Federal Officers
Castle Lightening	Richmond	Housed rebel desserters and Southern Unionist
Smith Prison	Richmond	Union Soldiers
Scott Prison	Richmond	Union Soldiers
Pemberton Prison	Richmond	Union enlisted
Belle Isle Prison	Richmond	Union Soldiers. Located in the James River opposite of Richmond
Danville Prison	Danville	Prison #1 and #2 enlisted men, #3 Union officers
Petersburg Prison	Petersburg	Temporary holding area prior to sending the men to final primary holding sites
Lynchburg Prison	Lynchburg	Union Soldiers held in tobacco warehouse

ALABAMA

Cahaba	Dallas County	Prison Pen
Tuscaloosa		Prison Pen

TEXAS

Camp Gross	Hempstead, Waller County
Camp Ford	Tyler, Tyler County

GEORGIA

Camp Sumter	Sumter County	aka	Andersonville Prison with cemetery
Camp Lawton	Burke County	aka	Camp Millen
Blackshear	Temporary Camp or Depot		

East Point	Temporary Camp or Depot	
Camp Oglethorpe	Bibb County	aka Camp Macon
SOUTH CAROLINA		
Charleston	Work House	Federal Officers
	Roper Hospital	Union enlisted and Officers
	Jail Yard	used as a distribution site
	Fair Grounds	prison pen for soldiers
Castle Pinckney	Charleston	enlisted
Camp Sorghum	Columbia	used for Officers exclusively
Camp Asylum	Columbia	officers and enlisted
Florence	Arlington County	union soldiers
Beaufort		union soldiers
NORTH CAROLINA		
Camp Necessity	Charlotte	aka Camp Bacon Temporary site
Salisbury	Salisbury	Major prison for Union soldiers with large cemetery

Editor's Note:

I thank Donald Allison for allowing me to reprint his abstract of his book, "Hell on Belle Isle", published in the Bryan Times as a special series. The abstract gives a vivid portrayal of the life of the Civil War prisoner and the sacrifices they all rendered in defending the Union.

CAPTIVE SERGEANT LONGS FOR LIBERTY

'I shall yet come out all right'

In a way, Sgt. J. Osborn Coburn and his comrades were lucky. They were spared the horrors of Libby Prison, already notorious for its squalid living conditions. Although the men passed within view of Libby, they instead were escorted into an adjacent building.

But J.O.'s accommodations were far from luxurious. Like Libby, the nearby prisons were converted tobacco warehouses. And because of the continually growing prisoner of war population, conditions were becoming nearly as foul.

Men were crowded into the dark rooms. In some areas, the smell from corner privies was nearly overpowering. Human filth of various kinds littered the floors.

Members of the Confederate House of Representatives, investigating Richmond's prisons, reported that conditions were "terrible beyond description...the committee could not stay in the room over a few seconds."

But fall 1863, POWs in Richmond were living on short rations, the food often spoiled or nearly indigestible. Under those hardships, the men were doing the best they could to survive.

October 26, Monday -- We are up with the sun having slept soundly from previous lack of sleep and fatigue, for there was nothing else to repose. We find here a few troops from Burnside's, Grant's and Rosecrans' army, brought in lately.

The news from various seats of war are full as encouraging as we could expect through Rebel sources, probably far less so than our own papers would have us believe. At 8 o'clock rations are issued to us. Just half rations of good soft bread and good boiled beef. I ate part of mine only as I shall need the balance more in the morning.

The time is passed principally in walking the floor, telling war scenes, etc. We 'go to bed' early to secure a favorable position on the floor. Wrote a short letter to father and Eva to be sent by flag of truce boat which is here.

October 27 -- The sun rose tolerably clear this morning and it would be a treat to be able to promenade the street of Richmond, but prisoners have no such privileges. It is quite a novelty to me as I was never before in any manner under durance, and can truly say that no earthly record of any kind can show ought against me. My name does not appear even as the party to any suit of law. O how I hope this may continue to be true and that the Great Book will show as clear a record for men.

God smiles outside in the genial rays of the shining sun and everything seems bright. We are told that a general exchange of prisoners occurs on the 1st of November. I trust that he is thus smiling upon us and that we shall soon cease to be prisoners, though it be but little more pleasant to be in any part of the army service.

Early in the Civil War, prisoner exchanges were common between the Union and Confederacy. But, the exchange system began to break down. One problem arose over the Union's use of back troops. Southern's fighting to maintain slavery had trouble accepting black union soldiers as regular prisoners of war.

In May 1863, Union General-in-Chief Henry Halleck suspended prisoner exchanges. But in certain instances, by special agreement, the practice continued. Hope of exchange helped the POWs keep up their spirits amid the dismal prison surroundings. Thoughts of home and family -- and perhaps a far-away sweetheart -- also helped pass the idle hours, as J.O. attests.

I am certainly thinking of home and friends. One picture only have I left. All the rest are captured or destroyed. My money has been taken away from me and only Eva is taken from my pocket at times to smile upon me and assure me that she has remained with me as my guardian angel, and that I certainly shall outlive the war to be happy with her.

The day passed on relieved only by our attempted game of chess. Myself and opponent are both amateur players, hence but little real interest in the game. We received our usual one and one-half loaf of bread and small pieces of meat. We are told the bread ration will be doubled to us tomorrow.

Oct. 28, Wednesday -- Looking from the windows we behold a pretty autumn morning outside, which has a slight influence upon the feeling of the prisoners within, but we want liberty. The hearts of the men are cheered up this morning by the report said to have come from a Rebel officer that we are to be immediately paroled and sent to Point Lookout until further arrangements could be made concerning us. This may be so, I hope it is, but I have long since learned to give little credence to "camp rumors".

City Point, as mentioned by J.O., was the point of prisoner exchange for the eastern theater of the war.

Oh how I long for something to read merely to while away the tedious hours. But nothing is to be had, so we sit and look and listen, wish and wonder till we are tired. Yet there is little gloom and discontent manifest. The men generally keep up a cheerful appearance and make the best of a hard fate...

J.O. was more fortunate than many of the Richmond prisoners, as sunshine reached his room of confinement. In many cases the prison buildings were so close together that sunlight was unable to reach the lower floors. But approaching those sunlit windows would be dangerous, even fatal. Confederate guards often were under orders to shoot anyone making himself visible at a window.

The sun is setting gloriously and from the windows of our prison room, the scene is a golden one...but God's works as all else is viewed to a better advantage where liberty and a "full stomach" can assist in appreciating them. Our rations today are the same except that the quantity of meat was considerably diminished. Just as "Old Sol" has laid himself down. I close to await the dawn of tomorrow, taking twilight to look at and think of Eva and many other things ere I sleep. I have slept but such a sleep. I may as well describe the manner of "resting."

The floor is swept, when the men arrange themselves in rows on either side with their heads to the walls, lying "close order" in the manner usually called "spoon fashion". Two similar rows are formed with their heads to the center of the room. We are without blankets or overcoats except in a few instances. Hence the "close order" to assist in warming each other with the united warmth of the body.

Long before morning our bones become very tires from contact with the had floor, which with the cool nights makes the night to us very unpleasant. Various rumors continue to circulate as to the disposition to be made with prisoners, but I can place little confidence in any of them and conjecture is useless.

October 29 -- Thursday, Another pleasant morning outside. All hands seem more cheerful this morning. More so that one could have reason to expect or than is usual.

J. O. wrote about new rumors of prisoners exchange -- apparently each day supplied a round of such stories -- and noted exaggerated reports of Union troops moving on Richmond.

O such a time as all hands are having cleaning floors here. The whole building was very filthy and the lice were intolerable. It is to be hoped the cleaning will partially end them for a while...

Am trying to sell watch for something to eat. I did think I could not part with it, but hunger will make me yield I guess. One has to be very cautious, too, as the only means of effecting such a sale is contraband, and it won't do to expose myself or parties buying. I would sell almost anything I have for bread but that which was given me for keepsake as especially Eva's presents. Those I will not sell but to save life.

Well I declare it is 4:30 o'clock and nothing since 2 p.m. yesterday to eat and only half rations then. It is rather amusing to witness the effect it has on different persons to become so hungry. Some are cross. Some despondent. Some make light of it. While the greater share seem to be content pacing the floor and minding their own business, mostly thoughts.

Well, how do I feel and act? I feel hungry. That's certain... Just at dark our rations came. Bread, the same and meat rather more than restored so that we made quite a comfortable supper, while the prudent ones here had a handsome piece of bread for the morning.

Like the swine in the sty, we eat and lie down. There is one benefit arising from this course. It prevents a rapid digestion.

The following day, Oct. 30, brought new rumors of prisoner exchange. A newspaper circulating in the prison stated all prisoners taken before Nov. 1 were to be sent to the Union camps of parole, but not exchanged. According to Civil War rules, a paroled prisoner gave his word not to fight with the army until officially exchanged.

If it is so, we may look for our return to Loyal regions within the next ten days, though no return to duty perhaps until the war is over.

FOR J.O. COBURN, TIME IS MONEY

'I shall yet come out all right'

Despite his high hopes, Sgt. J. Osborn Coburn had a deep-down suspicion he wouldn't be leaving Richmond, Va., anytime soon. J.O. awoke on the prison's hard, dirty, wooden floor on Halloween morning, 1863, facing yet another depressing day as a confederate captive. Stories about the prisoners' impending release were, it seemed, nothing but the usual gossip and rumors. Still, he continued to record his experiences.

The night before passed was much warmer than at any time since our arrival and I slept quite well, if we only had enough to eat. I had given up the idea of selling my watch on account of the reports alluded to, but now again the prospect looks more dark and I have half a mind to sell it. I believe I will not take less than $50 for it though, until I have starved a while longer.

Near noon the clouds broke away and a warm sun was let in upon us, that is so far as raised windows and open doors would permit. Cheerful faces greet me on every hand. At least after rations are issued.Today I ate my entire day's rations at a single meal and was hungry when I had finished. Now I have nothing to eat, till we draw again tomorrow. I think I shall not do so any more...

Nov 1 -- "Tis a very pretty morning. Oh how I wish I had my liberty to go out and enjoy it. But when that time will come I don't know. Well last night I was out on the steps and asked the guard if he wanted to buy a watch. He courteously invited me down to let him see it by the light of the moon. I did so and walked out of the building for the first time. We did not trade but this morning I sold it to one of the prisoners for $50. I did hate to part with it but bread is worth more than "time" although it is said that "time is money".

Well some of our boys have had money all the time and plenty to eat, persistently refusing to lend for fear they might sometime get out. Before I used a cent of mine, I loaned two of the boys $5 each. I don't see how some people can be so selfish. I have often wished I had enough to make them all comfortable. I's sure I'd do it.

Well now that I have money all hands are trying to borrow, among them, some who would

not accommodate when the might have done so. After all I see that I'm a little revengeful and generally sad. "I'll see 'em d...d first."

I declare it is Sunday and no bread can be bought. So I'll save so much today. And I've sold my jet ring, too, for $1.00 and let Orner have the money. This makes $51 in all received and $11 loaned.

Like a fool I gave one of the guards $10 to buy some sweet potatoes saying "Couldn't make change." So I am out a $5 Confederate note. Never mind, it is only lent, for I am bound to steal and rob from secessionists whenever I can find them till I have made myself good for all I lose by being in the army, if it is possible...

J.O. began launching into a tirade against the Confederates, but found himself interrupted by a commotion in the building.

Those on the lower floor are ordered above. I think more prisoners have arrived. This concentration of prisoners from all parts is indicative of something. I hardly know what but hope it is to prepare for our being removed from close confinement. Do for God's sake take us out of this. It is horrible! Horrible!

Having bought some bread, I shall lie down with a full stomach feeling satisfied with the allowance. The first time for two weeks and a day. Bought a plug of tobacco for $1.00. A good many are playing cards and checkers. This with all my irreverance for the Sabbath I will not allow myself to do...

It is now sundown and a beautiful evening. So let me lie down with thought of the sublimeness and lovliness of nature, sweet dreams of Eva and a happy future hoping for some good news on the morrow. I sent by Cutler and bought $5 worth of bread, divided it among the men and is usually the case got the smallest portion myself. I could have bought the whole of it in the north for 75 cents.

A beautiful Indian summer morning greeted J.O. on Nov. 2. But the day began to drag on, with only an attempted game or two of chess to help pass the time.

...have eaten a piece of bread (25 cents worth) and called it a dinner. I have loaned out so that 24 hours finds $50 reduced to $25. What will we do when that is gone, I think I could get along myself but some of the men are much heartier eaters than I am, and they will not be able to bear up under it.

The prospects seems good now for our remaining here during the war. O, God, I hope not. But if such is for the best I'll try and bear it patiently. Confound the Rebels, why will they persist in their damable course?...I think I never wished to be out of the army so much as now. There is not in all this house one with whom I can sit and converse in an appreciative conversation, and I have no range of companionship. Grossness, vulgarity, course games and ribald jests and conversation are so common that they fail to shock the ear, but are to me very unpleasant...

Just as the future seemed so dark, word came for the prisoners to be ready to move. Rumors and speculation flew among the men: Were they finally on their way home? By 8 p.m., J.O. and his comrades marched outside the prison, into the streets of Richmond. But the walk proved to be short and disappointing.

When we were halted it was upon the celebrated Belle Island. A small part, about two and one-half acres, devoted to our camp. I'll leave a description of this horrible filthy place to some other time. Suffice it now that we were turned into its dirty streets to "Get along the best we could till morning", without overcoats, blankets or shelter of any kind and only one

small stick of wood to ten men.

Belle Isle was the official name given this prison, located on an island in the James River. The island, about one and one-half miles long by one-fifth mile wide, was little more than a mile east of Libby Prison. About 10,000 prisoners crowded the Belle Isle compound, confined to the southern end of the island. Given the terrible conditions that prevailed, there is little wonder J.O. declined a detailed description.

The camp was surrounded by an embankment about three feet high, ditched on either side. A smaller mound inside the embankment marked the deadline, so named because any prisoner passing that point would be shot. Although the James River circled three sides of the camp, prisoners were not allowed to draw water from the river. Instead, their water came from a canal dug into the island, polluted by drainage from the nearby prisoners privies.

We shivered out the night with but little and some no sleep. I succeeded myself in crawling in a tent door and lay close to a man so that our latent heat permitted me to sleep three hours. After that I walked around till day. Drew for ration three small hard crackers and one ounce of boiled beef each. Confederate money won't help here at any price so that I am without funds again.

I was appointed sergeant of a squad this evening, and the charge and care of 100 men so long as we are here, devolves upon me. Went to draw rations for the men and while we were bringing it in the "raiders" stole four loaves. Being allowed but one quarter of a loaf to a ration it cut 16 men out of their bread. I divided my own ration and a small loaf I had brought with me so than five or six got a little.

The thieving raiders were Union men, organized gangs that terrorized and stole from fellow prisoners -- another unpleasant aspect of life at Belle Isle. J.O. noted that Nov. 3, the following day, dawned pleasant and warm.

But O how crowded, and the stench around this miserable camp is horrible... We had one and one-fourth loaf of bread and one ounce of meat in the morning, and one and one-fourth loaf of bread and one pint of soup at evening. I shall not "go to bed" hungry as I was fortunate in getting plenty of meat in our soup for all the men.

PRISON'S HARDSHIP TAKE THEIR TOLL

'I Shall Yet Come Out All Right"

Short rations, filthy conditions and cold weather finally were taking a toll on Sgt. J. Osborn Coburn. During the night, he started sniffling. By morning of Nov. 3, 1863, he had developed a nasty cold. J.O. was among those in the open Belle Isle prison compound who had no tents or blankets for protection from the elements. With the weather indicating rain, J.O. expected a rough time enduring his illness - and he could see frightening examples of what he might be facing.

There are many sick, once I observed while walking through the camp. They are really in a distressing condition. Far away from home and friends, cut off from the assistance our benevolent government would be glad to give them. Pale, haggard, ragged, dirty and miserable in the extreme. The enemy lends them no more pity or assistance then they would to a beast.

Poor, poor, men, how I do pity them, many of them must die, aye, nearly all, and be buried with no pitying, sympathetic heart or tearful eye. They die and are buried unknown to their friends. A distant parent and home wonders "how my son is".

Wives and lovers, too, may wonder what happened to the soldier who fails to return, J.O. worried.

O, Eva, Eva, will it be true with you? Must it be my lot to thus pass my remaining days, when I had pictured in my mind such a happy future with you? No O, no, God forbid that it should be thus, I will let hope predominate and feel determined that I shall live to escape and see the end of all this trouble. I will always be cheerful in spirits and careful in habits, and trust in a kind Providence. Eva, dear, send your prayers to Almighty God in my behalf, and also, for all our friends in Union army...

While J.O. agonized over his situation, many of the prisoners were cheered by the appearance of Union General Neal Dow, a fellow captive. The general went among the prisoners, asking about their wants and promising that the government was going to assist them.

O, how the hearts of these patriot patient prisoners did well up and leap with that pride and joy only known to American hearts at the sight and voice of an American officer. I could not suppress the tears as I witnessed the good it seemed to do them.

Gen. Dow may have given the men moral support, but he could do nothing to ease their immediate physical suffering.

Without covering tonight, though the weather is much more pleasant than last night. I am using up my book too fast as I may be kept here a long time.

Nov. 4th., Wednesday - The day opens bright and clear. I feel better from my cold and the camp disease which has been afflecting me some has nearly disappeared...

That morning, bread ran out before each mess group received its ration, and J.O. thought he might go without. But within an hour more bread was brought in and given to the hungry men. After breakfast - and after pondering the latest rumors of release - J.O. received visitors.

I was much pleased with my old acquaintances from Ohio, Sergt. Wynn and Dan Will from Williams County and Sol Miller. Had a good visit with them.

A new day Nov. 5 again brought rumors of the prisoners' release, and false stories of Union battlefield victories in Tennessee and North Carolina. Too, food and supplies played a major role in the day's events at Belle Isle.

In drawing rations meat gave out so that my squad was the only one without. I went to lunch of bread quite wrathy, but was soon sent for and got meat. One issue had been stolen, but was made up to me.

General Dow is back today and a great many boxes, apparently clothing, is awaiting shipment...Yes, the clothing was for us and was being issued to the men today. But much irregularity prevailed and all kinds of rascality among our own men in getting more than was their due.

Just at night it commenced raining very lightly and we feared we had a hard night before us, but were happily disappointed as little fell.

The following day, Nov. 6, saw continued distribution of new clothing, furnished through a Christian mission. J.O. was thankful, but still more than ready for his release.

O how tired I am getting of this lying around in the dirt with nothing to read...Well I can live yet I don't get enough to eat...

Even the picture of his fiance failed to ease J.O.'s depression.

Eva smiled at me today and I cannot discern the least trace of pity in her countenance. I shall certainly reproach her for her hardness of heart the first opportunity... The night was clear and cold. We had five sticks of firewood which was all we had to protect us from the outdoor cold. No sleep all night. I was quite unwell from diarrhea.

Nov. 7, Saturday - All hands feel poorly after so cold a night out of doors without blankets and no sleep. The loss has to be made up in part today.

The camp ground is being enlarged and tents put up. This looks like shelter tonight, but no shelter comes. All the tents are being put up before occupying any of them, which will keep us out of doors until Monday probably.

One more man dropped from my squad today, which makes two taken out sick to hospital and one arrested as a deserter from the Reb army. Our own company keeps up remarkably well. This is fortunate. I lay it to their cleanliness and habit of diet... There has been no quarreling and they look to me kindly and seem to think I do all I can for them...

I have not been well today, but think a good drink of red pepper tea this morning and a piece of camphor helped me. Got another extra large ration for myself tonight. I have missed but two or three times, but dividing it up with the others does me but little good.

The cold continued on Nov. 8 and the men learned that 10 prisoners escaped with two of the guards, with one man killed and two wounded. Rumors of Union victory were bantered about as well. The men could see troops riding the railroad cars along the bank of the James River, but could not tell whether they were Confederate soldiers or Union prisoners. J.O. speculated that this time, release of the prisoners might actually be imminent.

They have ceased to enlarge the camp, refused letters to be sent away and many more substantial though not easily described reasons for thinking as I do. O, won't we be a happy crowd when once on board a transport for our lines. God grant the day will come soon.

Nov. 9, Monday - Last night was very cold and yet the authorities would not let the men occupy the tents that were already pitched. So some 1,800 men lay in the street with but a small fire. It was really shivering their life rapidly away. If God is just in punishing nations and men for their sins, surely this so called Southern Confederacy will have much yet to bear...

To make it worse, all we had to eat the whole day was four ounces of corn bread...

Nov. 10 continued cold, with gusty winds punishing the chilled prisoners.

We are literally freezing and starving... We must have something done or shall perish in a little while. All but about 500 are now in tents, but without blankets or wood, the cold is intense. But why speak so discouragingly, when I feel so confident we shall not be detained but a few days. I still feel sure of this. So drive away sorrow, despair, and despondency. Come in faith, hope and cheerfulness. Our sufferings are but for a few days...

SERGEANT SHIVERS AWAITING DAWN

I Shall Yet Come Out All Right

Men shivered as they huddled together in the open prison yard, with no protection from the biting pre-dawn November cold. Sgt. J. Osborn Coburn was luckier than many - he at least had a tent. Still, without a blanket, lying on the damp ground, J.O. found the thin canvas did little to keep out the cold.

Finally, the morning sun shone brightly Nov. 11, 1863, helping to warm the chilled captives. For once, plenty of rations were handed out to the men. With a full stomach - a rarity since arriving at Belle Isle prison in Richmond, Va. - J.O. continued his diary entries.

Two men taken from camp dead. They were denied admittance to the hospital and so have perished. O Jeff Davis (the Confederate President), call on Almighty God for his assistance to sustain your rotton invention of a government...

I dreamed of Eva last night, it was a sweet and pleasant dream. I thought I made her a visit "in my suit of blue" and that we were finally married before we came back. I thought we were really happy. I awake and it was all a dream and I in this miserable camp.

O how sad I did feel, but will live in hopes for the best. It often seems as if it would be such a relief if I could but write her and receive her sweet, interesting, neat little love letters. But that is denied me...

Nov. 13, Friday - A very pleasant morning with a fair night's rest and a strong hope that we will not be kept here a great while. Quite a commotion in camp. All the sick were taken out. A similar move being made about a year ago when all others were marched out and afterward paroled...sold on rations tonight. Only raw potatoes and bread...

Nov. 14... Not a cloud to be seen but upon the countenances of the more discouraged here, and who can really blame them. Some have been here several months, and are getting very destitute of everything with no evidences of relief from their imprisonment soon.

They are becoming very emaciated, many having died. Yesterday three were taken out of the camp dead. How many from among "are sick and in the hospital?" I have no means of knowing...

As usual, rations were scant that day. Too, new rumors of Union successes in battle and impending exchange of prisoners circulated about the prison.

Nov. 15, Sunday - Commenced raining just at dark and rained all night. Many men could not get into tents and suffered much... The Q.M. (quartermaster) gave a little wood to make fires for those who were in the rain to dry themselves by, but those in tents got none. This so called Confederate government must be in very straited circumstances or devoid of all civilized intentions to treat prisoners of war in the manner we are treated. I am inclined to think the former the principal cause while the latter doubtless has its influence.

As J. O. suspected, much of the prisoner's hardship was due to the Confederacy's circumstances. The southern troops in the field often did without sufficient food, uniforms and protection from the cold. At one point, riots erupted in Richmond because many of the city's poorer residents were starving.

But evidence suggest - also as J.O. guessed - that not all POW's suffering was accidental. A Confederate House of Representatives committee reported on the appalling prison condi-

tions, but kept the report from the public, stating that "for the honor of the nation such things must be kept secret."

Confederate Rep. Henry Foote charged that the commissary general was attempting to starve the prisoners. A report by the commissary general indicates his opinion of the prisoners, stating that "For the subsistence of a human Yankee carcass, a vegetable diet is the most proper."

The U.S. Sanitary Commission, a northern organization, upheld Rep. Foote's charges, saying the starvation of prisoners was deliberate. According to the commission's report, "Tens of thousands of helpless men have been, and are now being, disabled and destroyed by a process as certain as poison, and as cruel as the torture of burning at the stake, being nearly as agonizing and more prolonged."

Depressing conditions continued for J.O. and his fellow "Yankee carcasses" over the next several days. The only good news J.O. recorded was the receipt of 50 blankets - one for each two men - for his squad.

Nov. 18... O dear how sick I was last night with this terrible camp disease. I have not suffered more in one night since I came into the army. Vomiting and purging all night and nearly all day... Intend to starve out the disease but what shall I do to rebuild upon. No bread but this miserable trash Indian meal soup and sweet potatoes, all but the latter well calculated to make one worse instead of better. My God it is perfectly horrible, yet I shall live through it...

In following days, J.O. felt somewhat better, but craved something "fit to eat". He hoped that, like others in his family, he would live to a good old age.

Nov. 22... sickness and hunger is taking all the poetry out of me, though there was but little nothing to eat but corn bread with cold water to drink...

Nov. 23 ... Government has actually sent us some rations. But the rascally rebel officers permitted their own soldiers on guard around us to be well filled before the hungry prisoners got a taste. Well, they were hungry too, for there is but little more issued to them than to us...

Nov. 24... My health is very much improved. So I think while lying still, but when I get up and try to exercise I find there is little strength left in me...Wish I could go to a comfortable fire in a comfortable position once more. I am very cold. My feet are suffering.

Nov. 25, Wednesday...Cold, raw and cloudy... was quite sick all day but drew the ration for the squad.

Nov. 26, Thursday - Thanksgiving Day in all loyal parts of the country. My mind is forcibly carried back over the past, to contrast it with my Thanksgiving dinner on Peble Island. Even but a year ago, while a soldier, I was hospitably entertained by Mrs. Poynton near Grand Rapids and a better filled table I never saw. I remember the lambs, turkeys, pigs, pastry, jellies, and fruit of all kinds, devoured in years past.

We had dinner here to subsist upon, the usual allowance of poor cornbread and meat, unless one is lucky enough to trade is rations for a cake or pie which may be found for sale upon the camp streets...O people of America let now your prayers ascend to Almighty God for the end of this cruel war and our deliverence from this miserable captivity...

Nov. 27, Friday. Rain and rain, cold day, everyone consequently cross and ugly. Squad becomes dissatisfied about my management and I told them to get someone else to act as squad sergeant. I feel sorry for the half famished men, yet it does seem as if they might use a

little more reason than many of them do.

Well, the time will come though it may be distant when we shall be away from here and then these things will be mostly forgotten. But those who have borrowed money of me and until I loaned myself out and then have abused me I never will forget. Our rations were short tonight.

Nov. 28...Short rations of bread and beef in a.m. Relieving myself from duty. Ate what little I got after that miserable cuss of a Payne cheated me out of a portion and then laid around in the tent and tending to my camp disease.

With cold rain and snow, J.O. noted, Nov. 29 was the most unpleasant day he spent on the island. After resigning as squad sergeant, J.O. was reassigned to a new group. In that squad he quickly found a new friend, Sgt. Howard of New York state. Gaining release was the main thing on both their minds, J.O. noted.

We are both sick, completely used up and should go out while we can...I think him in earnest in seeking a new home in the west, and he has agreed to visit Big Rapids positively. It is natural to build castles in the air, and we have anticipated some fine times when this cruel war is over and we are located as citizens of Mecosta county, Mich...

SOLDIER CLINGS TO HOPES OF HOME

I Shall Yet Come Out All Right

Distant sounds of battle, away to the northwest, fell on the ears of the Belle Isle captives. Hope grew among the chilled and hungry prisoners: Could this be the Union army on its way to capture Richmond, Va.? But like so many times before, those hopes were dashed. There was no large scale battle, only skirmishing by armies ready to settle into their winter quarters. With December's cold winds approaching, Sgt. J. Osborn Coburn was becoming painfully aware that his wish for better winter accommodations wasn't likely to be granted.

Nov. 30, Monday - A little rain and very raw cold day. No wood and nothing for supper but the usual two ounces of meat. It does almost seem as if this infernal Confederate government desires the reduction of our numbers and was accomplishing it in this slow and barbarous manner of murdering us...

Dec. 1... Six weeks and two days a prisoner and four weeks on this island. I was in medium health when captured. Just recovered from my hurt in the June fight and the camp disease which annoyed me all summer. The march fatigue, starvation, and miserable food brought the diarrhoea back upon me. It has been bad ever since.

I am now just able to walk around the camp a little. Can scarcely lift my feet over an ordinary stick of wood. The weather is cold though clear today and I cannot exercise enough to warm my blood so I'll go to my tent, roll in my blanket to keep warm and think of the good things I used to eat, the happy home I left behind, the bright prospects I have so often conjured up I was to enjoy in another happy home with Eva, who looks at me smiling on me as ever with no pity in her countenance, while hunger is gnawing at my vitals, and cold is punching me. Nothing to eat but corn bread for supper.

As December progressed, J.O. felt better one day, more ill the next. With the exception of luxuries such as hardtack, bologna, coffee and molasses received sporadically from the U.S. government, J.O. got by on the scanty prison food.

According to one account, food was so poor and insufficient that prisoners struggled for

potato peelings and bones thrown away by the guards. Bread was carried to the prisoners in vermin infested blankets. Beans often were cooked in the water used to boil the guards bacon. A prisoner analyzed this dish as 20 percent maggots, 30 percent beans and 50 percent water. To cope with the squalor, friends offered what help they could, J.O. explained:

Am becoming very much attached to Sergt. Howard who sleeps with me, and we are fast becoming boon companions even in our trials and tribulations. He is sure earnest about going to Big Rapids to live. I sincerely hope he will...O heaven grant that these bright anticipations may be realized...

I must not fail here to mention the kindness I have received at the hands of Danny Will from Bryan, Ohio, he has done me several favors. Today he brought me a sweet ruck roll well buttered. O my but it did taste good...

The weather grew colder, and the POW's more despondent as the holidays approached. But on Dec. 21, prisoners grasped at the hope their Christmas might become a happy one. They became wildly excited over a rumor that Lincoln had offered the Confederates amnesty, a story fueled by the tolling of Richmond's church bells.

But again, the prisoners soon learned their hope was a false one. *Christmas - And nothing but the usual rations, and as hungry as a poor dog. Well it is the poorest and most cheerless Christmas that I ever experienced and that I ever expected to.*

On Dec. 27, J.O.'s hopes were renewed when 600 men were called up, and left with the announcement they were to be released.

O glory, glory! I do now hope in good earnest to see the end of my captivity soon.

Dec. 28...The day passes away and we are still here. It begins to look rather discouraging again, especially to me as my health is again growing poorer instead of better but yet I'll continue to hope on...

Christmas had been a cheerless holiday for J.O., and New Year's Day 1864 proved no better. He agonized over his unrealized hopes of being home.

Our allowance of food is about a fourth what our government allows us. It is enough so that a hearty man will not actually starve, but not enough to prevent the rapid contracting of disease...

January proved a cruel, cold month for the prisoners. If the poor rations didn't destroy a prisoner, it seemed frostbite would. Men huddled together sometimes in holes dug in the ground, to stave off the freezing cold.

Hands and feet of some were amputated from frostbite. By some accounts, the frozen feet of other prisoners were neglected until they rotted and dropped from the limbs, the death of the victim usually following. J.O. was among those feeling effects of the frigid cold.

Monday, Jan. 4...I froze my feet already lying in bed and if the weather gets much colder I fear we shall nearly freeze to death or suffer worse than death.

Tuesday, Jan. 5 - The weather growing colder. My feet so sore that I laid in the bed all day. O, My God, is there no help.

On Jan. 8, J.O. was forced to stand, weak from illness and with painful feet, for three hours in the cold to receive new clothing. Although not getting a hoped-for overcoat, he did receive a new shirt, which he wore to bed that night.

I suffered with my feet until 11 o'clock when I raised up and chafed my feet until they became warm and comfortable...

J.O. was lucky. His feet improved, and he tried his best to keep up his health and spirits. He resorted to selling what he could - even forging Confederate money - to survive.

Jan. 18... *Now we are down, clear down, starved out. Our flesh as well as our spirits are all broken or nearly so. We get peevish and irritable, cross, dirty and careless. Eat like beasts, our faces and hands begrimed with dirt and pine smoke and but little inclination to wash them or strength if we had...*

O my God what shall I do. And yet, I don't think, or can I make myself believe, but what I shall yet come out all right...

On Jan. 26, J.O. received some much-needed encouragement - a letter from Eva, the first since his capture.

O bless you Eva, ever faithful and true. I'll try to be to you a good kind husband with God's permission...

Despite the boost of Eva's letter, J.O.'s health became even worse. Medicine offered by the doctors at sick call gave little help. Finally on Feb. 12, finding himself so weak he hardly could stand, J.O. was admitted to the prison hospital.

Prisoners viewed the hospitals as a last resort. One historian wrote that Belle Isle's hospital was unfit for a stable, "and patients seldom admitted till they were ready to die." J.O., however, found the hospital better than he expected.

Our own boys are far more attentive and kind than I had been led to anticipate (in) reports, while it is the infernal Reb authorities that do nearly all the stealing and swindling...

Some days at the hospital, J.O. received extra rations, other days he didn't. One day he felt well enough to write two letters, including one to Eva. After about three weeks of hospital care, his health had improved.

Wednesday, March 2, 1864 - The morning open bright and clear but cold after a two day rain storm, I feel bright as a dollar. Got up, made up report, toasted my bread, ate my breakfast, ate heartier than for several days, felt far less inconvenienced from it. Am not very tired as I have generally felt.

That improvement, however, was short lived. March 2 was the last day he wrote in the diary. Despite his high hopes, J.O. didn't come out all right. In 1864 - the exact date appears lost to history - J.O. died in the prison hospital. He was among the 40,000 Union men who lost their lives as Confederate prisoners.

Even in death, J.O. was denied a return home, his body being buried somewhere in Richmond, Virginia. But his story, the reflections that helped him cope with his ordeal, still lives on.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 11-18, 1989

Civil War Prisoners of War, Williams County, Ohio

This list was compiled from the "Military History of Ohio." I have made some name spelling adjustments to match what is published in the "Official Rosters" produced by the State of Ohio. Likewise, not everything that is recorded in the 1883 Military History of Ohio matched with the Official Rosters. Family historians will have to dig a little deeper to confirm the data. The soldiers military service record should be consulted and can be obtained from the National Archives. For my purposes, the Official Rosters were my guide for the service records of the various soldiers recorded. This compilation of names represents the soldiers who were residents and enlisted from Williams County or resided within the county as of 1883, when the history was published.

NAME	UNIT	PRISON	CAPTURED
Arway, John T.	65	Escaped	Guerrillas
Bailey, Webster H.	100 C	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Baker, Alexander W.	100 H	Paroled	Richmond, KY
Baker, W. A. McLaughlin's	Cavalry A	Libby	North Carolina
Baldwin, Ambrose D.	100 C	Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Barber, Radford	100 C	Andersonville	
Barden(Borden) Allen	100 H	Andersonville	Franklin, TN
Baxter, James W.	100 H	Libby, Belle Isle Pemberton	Limestone Station, TN
Bayes, Campbell	100 H	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Belcher, W.H.	18 MiVI	Andersonville	Athens, AL
Betts, Charles R.	100 C	Belle Isle	
Bever(Beaver) Henry	100 H	Millen, Savannah, Florence	Franklin, TN
Bohner, Jacob J.	100 C	Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Boone, Wm. S.	102 H	Cahaba	Athens, AL
Bostater, Andrew J.	38 D	Paroled	Decatur, AL
Bostater, George	100 C	Libby, Belle Isle, Pemberton, Andersonville Millen, Savannah	Limestone Station, TN
Bostater, John	100 C	Libby, Belle Isle Richmond Hospital	Limestone Station, TN
Boyer, J.	123 I	Paroled	Winchester
Bradford, D.C.	89 INVI K	Paroled	Munfordsville, KY
Bunting, Francis	100 C	Paroled	Franklin, TN
Buskirk, George	123 B		Winchester

Byers, Wm. C.	111 C	Robbed/Released	Bushwhackers
Cassal, John L.	32 E	Paroled	Harpers Ferry, WV
		Andersonville	Atlanta Campaign
Coats(Couts) Joseph	102 D	Cahaba/Paroled	Guntown
Coburn, Jacob O.	6MVC I	Belle Isle	Charlestown, WV
Crummel, Christian	111 C	Andersonville	Cass Station, GA
(aka Christopher Crommel)		Florence	
Culbertson, Levi	38 H	March 23, 1865	February 8, 1865
		Paroled	
Deuchar, E.M.	38 C	Paroled	Chattanooga, TN
Dewees, Jesse	55 E	Libby, Belle Isle	Gettysburg, PA
		Andersonville, Millen	
Doughten, Orrin G.	100 C	Richmond & Georgia	Limestone Station, TN
Downs, Charles	100 C	Libby/Exchanged	Limestone Station, TN
		died Annapolis Hospital ill treatment/starvation	
Dumaresque, J.B.	100 H	Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Elder, Franklin	3 OVC H	Guerrilla's captured	Gravelly Springs, AL
		and released	
Elder, John	9 OVC H	Salisbury, NC	Raleigh, NC
Elliot, Simeon	100 H	Belle Isle	Missionary Ridge, TN
Ewers, Franklin	100 H	Libby	Limestone Station, TN
Ewers, Gladney	100 H	Libby	Limestone Station, TN
Fankhouser, Christian	3 OVC H	Escaped	
Roster aka Christopher Fankhauser			
Fenimore, J.H.	1 WVLA D	Libby, Belle Isle	Winchester
Fifer, Jacob	1 OVLA A	Paroled	Lawrenceburg, KY
Flagg, Wm	96 G		Alexandria, LA
Fleegle, Henry	54 PAVI	Libby, Andersonville	B & O Railroad
Foster, R.M.	100 H	Andersonville	Limestone Station, TN
Fousey, Wm	100 H	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
		Danville/Paroled	
Fox, Cyrus M.	12 OVC F	Castle Thunder	Abindon, VA
		30 days/Paroled	
Gillis, James F.	68 K	29 days/Paroled	Champion Hills, MS
Gist(Gish), Abner L.	100 C	Beaufort, SC	Limestone Station, TN
Graves, David	51 G	Paroled	Stone River, TN
Greening, Matthew M.	11 CNVI A	Andersonville	Bermuda Hundred,
Griffith, J.W.	9 OVC D	Paroled	July 22, 1864
Grindle, Wm	16 I	Jackson, Vicksburg	Chickasaw Bayou,
Griner, Jacob	3 INVI	Paroled	2nd Battle of Bull Run
Grubs, John	PA	Andersonville	

Guilinger, J.R.	38 B	Paroled	Harpeth Shoals,
Hagerty, Jr., Blair	42 ILVI F	Escaped	Bushwhackers
Hart, G.W.	100 C	Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Hart, Jehu	124 D	Libby	
Herrick, George H.	100 H	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Hess, Wm. J.	38 C	Libby,Andersonville	Chattahochee River
Hill, A.R.	100 F	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
		Pemberton, Andersonville,	
		Savannah, exchanged 11/19/64	
Himes, George	9 OVC H	Salisbury, NC	Raleigh, NC
Hodges, James	100 H	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Holland, John	100 H	6 mth Paroled	Limestone Station, TN
Hollopeter, Gideon W.	100 B	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Hoskinson, John	1 OVC F	Paroled	Bardstown, KY
Isenhart, Eli	38 E	3 days Paroled	Decatur, AL
Johnson, I.N.	3 OVC H	Field Prisoner	Tennessee
(Roster shows a John N. Johnson)			
Kent, Nathaniel G.	68 K	Field Prisoner	Bentonville, NC
Kime, Levi O.	68 K		Raymond City, MS
Kinnaman, John.W.	100 C	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
King, Peter J.	29 INVI A	Libby, Belle Isle	Chickamauga, GA
Kirkwood, Peter	65	Andersonville	Battle of the Wilderness
Knight, James	21 E	Andersonville	Chickamauga, GA
Knight, William J.	21 E	Chattanooga,	Bridgeport, AL
Member of "Mitchell Raiders"		Atlanta, Knoxville, Escaped.	
Lamson, J.B.	3 OVC H		
Lawrence, John	3 OVC H	Andersonville	Marietta, GA
Lenardson, Levi	100 E	Libby, Belle Isle,	Limestone Station, TN
		Savannah	
Lightfoot, John	100 C	Libby	Limestone Station, TN
Loomis, H.E.	24 NYInd Batt.	Andersonville,	
		Florence, S.C., Charleston, S.C.	
Mead, Sherman H.	6 OVC E	Belle Isle, VA,	Gettysburg, PA
		Andersonville,Millen,	
		Blackshear, Savannah	
Merry, Benjamin P.	38 E	Andersonville	
Myers, Amos	38 C	Paroled	Frankfort, KY
Ogle, Elisha M.	68 K	Andersonville	Atlanta, GA
Umstead, Anson	38 D	2 days Paroled	Decatur, AL
Patton, Nathaniel H.	31 E		
Perkins, Charles R.	42 ILVI F	Paroled	Stone River, TN

Phillips, George	123 E	4 days Paroled	High Bridge
Ragan, H.W.	3 OVC H	held 2 weeks	Morgan Raiders
Raker, John F.	100 C	8 mths Paroled	Limestone Station, TN
Randall, H. E.	100 H	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Raney, Amos K.	111 B	Andersonville	Lenoir, TN
Richardson, George L.	1 IAVC L	Texas Prison	
Rings, George	100 C	Libby, Macon, Columbia, Charleston	Limestone Station, TN
Ritchey, Joseph	25 E	Libby	Arlington Heights,
Rogers, William	3 OVC H	Andersonville	Marietta, GA
Saddoris, Orlando F.	38 E	Andersonville	Atlanta Campaign
Smith, Benjamin	100 C	Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Snyder, Ashton C.	32 A	Paroled	Harpers Ferry, WV
Snyder, Jacob	68 G	Millen, Paroled	"March to the Sea"
Spicer, Charles B.	49 C	Castle Thunder, Libby, Paroled	Stone River, TN
Stafford, Joseph	42 A	1 day Paroled	Louden, KY
Starner, Solomon	29 INVI	Libby, Paroled	
Statler, Michael	72 E	Andersonville	
Stevens, John H.	38 A	Paroled	Alabama
Stevenson, James	2 OVC F	Belle Isle, Andersonville, Millen, Savannah	Rutledge, TN
Stocking, Eugene	38 H	Paroled	Decatur, AL
Stough, William E.	100 C	Libby, Belle Isle	Limestone Station, TN
Swisher, S.K.	123 H	Libby, Belle Isle	Winchester
		2 mths Paroled	Recaptured
		4 days Paroled	High Bridge, VA
Thompson, James	87 H	Paroled	Harpers Ferry, WV
Vogelsong, Nelson D.	18 MIVI F	Cahaba	
Wallace, William	79 ILVI D	Libby	Nashville, TN
Wells, George	34 D	32 days Libby	Beverly, WV
Wells, Jacob	34 D	Paroled	Beverly, WV
West, I.W.	57 G	Escaped	1st., Shiloh 2nd., Resaca
White, C.M.	5 INVC M	Andersonville	Macon, GA
Wineland, Samuel	100 C	Libby, Belle Isle Pemberton	Limestone Station, TN
Winkler, George M.	48 E		
Wirick, Washington	100 C	Libby, Belle Isle Andersonville, Florence	Limestone Station, TN

Wolcott, Nathaniel P.	29 INVI A	Libby	Chickamauga, GA
Wood, L.A.	10 OVC F	Captured & Escaped	Kilpatick's Raid

The following listing is taken from the Official Roster of the War of the Rebellion for the State of Ohio. I have made a general survey for the primary units in which our men served. I based this review on the 1883 Military History of Ohio, Williams County Edition, and the "Roll of Honor" compiled by John Allman, Patriotic Instructor, Hiram Louden Lodge, G.A.R., Montpelier, Ohio. The majority of these names are Williams County in origin. I have included all POW listing for the unit and company to keep intact the integrity of the men who served together. For the most part, if they were not Williams County, they were from our immediate neighboring counties of Ohio.

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21st Ohio Volunteer Infantry

James Knight	Pvt	Co. E	Captured 9/20/1863	Chickamauga, GA.
	Died	Disease	8/4/1864	Andersonville Prison Grave # 4715
William J. Knight	Pvt	Co. E		

See article in Medal of Honor chapter

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38th Ohio Volunteer Infantry

Samuel Bost	Pvt Co. B	Captured in Action/Exchanged	
Andrew Barnhart	Pvt Co. B	Captured 7/9/64	Vining, GA.
	Exchanged		
Andrew J. Bostater	Sgt Co. D	Captured 8/8/1862	Decatur, AL.
	Exchanged		
Daniel Burdick	Pvt Co. D	Captured 8/9/1862	Decatur, AL
	Exchanged	3/14/1863	
John B. Brace	Pvt Co. D	Captured 9/5/1962	Munfordsville, KY.
	Exchanged	2/11/1863	KIA 9/1/1864
	Jonesboro, GA.	Buried Marietta, GA.	

Andrew Behrie	Pvt Co. D Exchanged Jonesboro, GA.	Captured 8/7/1862 3/28/1863	Decatur, AL. Wounded 9/1/1864
William A. Clark	Pvt Co. D Exchanged	Captured 8/8/1862 3/14/1863	Decatur, AL.
Adam C. Collins	Pvt Co. D Exchanged Jonesboro, GA.	Captured 8/7/1862 3/21/1863 Buried Marietta, GA	Decatur, AL. KIA 9/1/1864 Sec. E, Grave 159.
Anson Umstead	Pvt Co. D Exchanged	Captured 8/7/1862 2/11/1863	Decatur, AL.
Benjamin P. Merry	Pvt Co. E,	Captured 11/28/1864	Georgia
Levi Culbertson	Pvt Co. H 3/23/1865	Captured 2/8/1865	Exchanged
David M. Webb	Pvt Co. H 3/10/1865	Captured 8/6/1864	Exchanged

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68th Ohio Volunteer Infantry

Jacob Snider	Pvt Co. G Mustered out Surgeon's Certificate of Disability	Captured 11/13/1864 6/26/1865	Kingston, GA. Columbus, Ohio
Adelbert Coleman	Pvt Co. K Andersonville Prison Cemetery Grave # 5396	Wounded in Action 8/12/1864	Captured/Died Buried Prison
Jacob L. Hoover	Pvt Co. K Died in Andersonville Prison Cemetery Grave Unknown	Captured 7/22/1864, 9/23/1864	Atlanta Campaign, Buried Prison
William C. Moss	Pvt Co. K Andersonville Prison	Captured 7/22/1864	Atlanta Campaign
Elisha M. Ogle	Cpl Co. K battle of Atlanta, GA.	Captured 7/22/1864 Sent to Andersonville Prison	Wounded

Adam Treaster	Pvt	Co. K	Captured 7/22/1864	battle of Atlanta, GA. No further data found

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100th Ohio Volunteer Infantry

Benjamin F. Ewers	Capt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Died in Rebel Prison Charleston, SC 11/27/1864
Charles R. Betts	1Sgt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Exchanged 6/14/1864
Turner M. Wynn	1Sgt	Co. K	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Died in Rebel Prison 11/27/1864 Savannah, GA.
George E. Barkdoll	Sgt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Paroled 6/14/1864
Solomon L.D. Stoner(Staner)			Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Exchanged Died 3/17/1864 Annapolis, MD
Watson Webb	Sgt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Exchanged/Returned to Company Wounded 8/6/1864 Utoy Creek, GA. Mustered out 3/27/1865 Surgeon's Certificate of disability (leg amputated)
John W. Kinnaman	Sgt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863,	Limestone Station, TN. Exchanged 6/14/1864
Stewert L. Shorthill	Sgt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Exchanged 6/14/1864
Cyrus Smith	Sgt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Exchanged 6/14/1864
George W. Mondy	Cpl	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Exchanged 6/14/1864
Joseph Ely	Cpl	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Exchanged 6/14/1864
Samuel B. Miller	Cpl	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Exchanged 6/14/1864

Horatio Towney	Cpl	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Levi M. Spangler	Cpl	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1864 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
John T. Huyck	Cpl	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 2/22/1865	Limestone Station, TN.
William E. Staugh	Muscian	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Adam Amsbaugh	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Charles Badger	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Webster H. Bailey	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
William L. Bailey	Pvt Died Rebel Prison	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 11/7/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Richmond, VA.
Ambrose D. Baldwin	Pvt Died Rebel Prison	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 2/29/1864	Limestone Station, TN. Richmond, VA.
Jacob Bohner	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
George Bostater	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Returned to Company 2/2/1865	Limestone Station, TN.
John Bostater	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/11863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
William J. Connnell	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Samuel Crawford	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.

John J. Dilworth	Pvt Co. C Died Rebel Prison	Captured 9/8/1863 3/6/1864	Limestone Station, TN. Richmond, VA.
Charles Downs	Pvt Co. C Died Rebel Prison	Captured 10/21/1863	 Richmond, VA.
Jacob Fewlass	Pvt Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Aaron Folk	Pvt Co. C Died Rebel Prison	Captured 9/8/1863 3/1/1864	Limestone Station, TN. Richmond, VA.
Abner L. Gish	Pvt Co. C Died 4/16/1865	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN. Beaufort, SC.
Samuel Greek	Pvt Co. C Died 4/23/1864	Captured 9/8/1863 Andersonville	Limestone Station, TN. Grave 693
George W. Hart	Pvt Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Henry Hershner	Pvt Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Eli Johnson	Pvt Co. C Exchanged Wounded	Captured 9/8/1863 Recaptured Died Rebel Prison	Limestone Station TN. Utoy Creek, GA 8/6/1864 Macon, GA on 9/6/1864
John Lightfoot	Pvt Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
John C. McCarty	Pvt Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 2/20/1865	Limestone Station, TN.
Ross S. Moss	Pvt Co. C Exchanged Died of Wounds	Captured 9/8/1863 Wounded 8/6/1864 11/22/1864	Limestone Station, TN. battle of Utoy Creek, GA. Nashville, TN.
Hiram Miller	Pvt Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863 Exchanged 6/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.

Solomon Raub	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
	Died in Rebel Prison		12/29/1863	Richmond, VA.
Franklin S. Richards	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
	Died in Rebel Prison		3/15/1864	Richmond, VA.
Heslip W. Shaffer	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
			Exchanged 6/14/1864	
Benjamin S. Smith	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
			Exchanged 614/1864	
John P. Webb	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone,Station, TN.
	Died in Rebel Prison		2/10/1864	Richmond, VA.
Daniel W. Will	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
			Exchanged 6/14/1864	
Samuel Wineland	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
			Exchanged 6/14/1864	
Washington Wirrick	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
			Paroled	
Henry M. Woodworth	Pvt	Co. C	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
			Exchanged 6/14/1864	
John J. Hine	1st Lt.	Co. H	Captured 9/8/18163	Limestone Station, TN.
William Weir	Sgt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1963	Limestone Station TN.
Alvin F. Mallory	Sgt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Exchanged	Died 8/6/1864	battle of Utoy Creek, GA.
		Buried Marietta, GA.		Sec. F, Grave 836
David D. Donahoe	Sgt	Co. H	Captured 11/20/1864	battle of Franklin, TN
James Stutesman	Cpl	Co. H.	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Exchanged	KIA 8/6/1864	battle of Utoy Creek, GA.
George N. Vrooman	Cpl	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station TN.

George S. Miller	Cpl	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
Mannasseh V.B. Phillips	Cpl	Co. H	Captured 11/30/1864	battle of Franklin, TN.
Henry Beaver	Cpl	Co. H	Captured 11/30/1864	battle of Franklin, TN.
Alexander W. Baker	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 2/22/1863 Paroled/Exchanged	Richmond, KY.
James W. Baxter	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
Campbell Bayes	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863 Paroled/Exchanged Wounded 11/30/1864	Limestine Station, TN. battle of Franklin, TN.
Benjamin M. Black	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 1130/1864	battle of Franklin, TN.
David Booream	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863 Paroled/Exchanged Died Marietta, GA 9/14/1864	Limestone Station, TN.
Allen Borden	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 11/30/1864	battle of Franklin, TN.
Micajah Crew	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 11/30/1864	battle of Franklin, TN.
David Dodge	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863 Died 4/17/1864 on Flag of Truce Boat	Limestone Station, TN.
John B. Dumaresq	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863 Died Rebel Prison 11/18/1863	Limestone Station, GA. Richmond, VA.
Simeon Elliot	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863 Died Rebel Prison 3/2/1864	Limestone Station, TN. Richmond, VA.
William Fausey	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863 Died Disease 4/22/1864	Limestone Station, TN. Andersonville Prison, Buried Grave 311
Champlain Gardner	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863 Died Disease	Limestone Station, TN. Andersonville Prison Buried Grave 245
Mordecai Gorsuch	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863 Died Rebel Prison 2/28/1864 at Augusta, GA.	Limestone Station, GA.

John Grove	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 11/30/1864	battle of Franklin, TN.
James Hodges	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
George H. Herrick	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Exchanged	Died 4/1/1864	Annapolis, MD.
Thomas Hess	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 11/30/1864	battle of Franklin, TN.
			Andersonville Prison	Exchanged 4/15/1865
Charles J. McFarlinge	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 2/22/1863	Richmond, KY.
			Paroled/Exchanged	
David T. McLaughlin	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Paroled/Exchanged	KIA 8/6/1864	battle of Utoy Creek, GA
Martin Mackley	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Paroled/Exchanged	KIA 6/26/1864	battle of Atlanta, GA.
Mathias Miller	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
Ezra M. Ostrander	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/191863	Limestone Station, TN.
	Died Disease 6/20/1864		Andersonville Prison, Buried in Grave 2245	
John F. Raker	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
John H. Reece	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Paroled/Exchanged	Died Wounds 1/1/1865	Nashville, TN.
Robert P. Smith	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Died 2/25/1864	Hospital #21	Richmond, VA.
John Stair	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Exchanged, Recaptured 11/30/1864		battle of Franklin, TN.
Daniel Stanbarger	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
Samuel S.O. Warren	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 2/22/1863	Richmond, KY.
			Paroled/Exchanged	
Horace G. Wilcox	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 9/8/1863	Limestone Station, TN.
		Died 3/4/1864 in Rebel Prison		Richmond, VA.

102nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry

Joseph B.F. Corts Sgt Co. D Captured 9/24/1864 Athens, AL.
Exchanged 4/22/1865 Died 4/27/1865
Perished by explosion of Steamer 'Sultana' near Memphis, TN

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111th Ohio Volunteer Infantry

Amos K. Raney Pvt Co. B Captured 11/16/1863 Lenoir, TN.
Died Disease 6/18/1864 Andersonville Prison, GA. Buried Grave 2156

Joseph Cooper Pvt Co. C POW six (6) months Died 12/7/1864
Hospital Boat "Northern Light" Buried in Hilton Head, SC.

Christian C. Crummell Pvt Co. C Mustered as Christopher Crommel
Sgt. POW 6-1/2 months

Almond B. Daniels Pvt Co. C Captured 11/30/1864 battle of Franklin, TN

August Burde Pvt Co. E Captured 9/30/1864 Stone Mountain, GA.
Paroled

Michael Joseph Pvt Co. E Captured 11/29/1864 Exchanged
Died 4/27/1865. Explosion of Steamer 'Sultana' near Memphis, TN.

George Stahl Pvt Co. E Captured 9/30/1864 Stone Mountain, GA.
Paroled

Eugene Mitchell Pvt Co. G POW 71 days Died 11/12/1864
Buried Chattanooga, TN. Sec. F, Grave 306

David Warner Pvt Co. G POW 71 days Wounded 12/15/1864
battle of Nashville, TN.

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3rd Ohio Volunteer Cavalry

Thomas Stutesman Sgt Co. H Captured Died 9/16/1864
Andersonville, GA Prison

Daniel J. Pickett	Sgt	Co. H	Captured 10/4/1862 battle of Bardstown, KY. Paroled
John T. Barnes	Cpl	Co. H	Captured Died 3/13/1865 Camp Chase, Ohio Disease contracted at Libby Prison, VA
James H. Prickett	Cpl	Co. H	Captured 101/4/1862 battle of Bardstown, KY. Paroled
Hosea P. Campbell	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 10/4/1862 battle of Bardstown, KY. Paroled
David Fidler	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 10/4/1862 battle of Bardstown, KY. Paroled
William H. Hartman	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 10/4/1862 battle of Bardstown, KY. Paroled
George W. Jenks	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 10/4/1862 battle of Bardstown, KY
George W. Jones	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 10/4/1862 battle of Bardstown, KY. Paroled
William Munson	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 4/16/1865 battle of Columbus, GA.
William P. Rogers	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 7/10/1864 Action at Marietta, GA.
William H. Scannell	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 10/4/1862 battle of Bardstown, KY. Paroled
Alfred Stout	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 7/10/1864 Action at Marietta, GA.

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9th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry

Daniel Bell	Pvt	Co. E	Captured 3/10/1865 Monroe's Cross Roads, NC.
Amon Hartman	Pvt	Co. E	Captured 7/16/1864
Samuel McRoss	Pvt	Co. E	Captured 3/1/1865 Lancaster, NC. Killed 4/7/1865 on railroad train in VA.

Andrew S. Shaffer	Pvt	Co. E	Captured 7/15/1864 Rousseau's Raid in AL. and GA.
Corrender Stegall	Pvt	Co. E	POW (no further record)
Edward Butts	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 12/24/1864 near Savannah, GA.
Silas Mankin(Makin)	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 7/28/1864 Rogersville, AL. Paroled Died 4/27/1865 in explosion of Steamship 'Sultana' near Memphis, TN.
Thomas Patridge	Pvt	Co. H	Captured 12/24/1864 near Savannah, GA.
Charles A. Spaulding	Pvt	Co. H	POW (no further data)

ROLL OF HONOR

Soldier	Rank	Died	Buried	Remarks
5th Ind. Co., OVSS				
Hiram London(Louden)	Cpl	6/18/1863	Murfreesboro, TN	Died in General Field Hospital of disease. Interred in Stone River National Cemetery, Sec N, Grave 434. His initial term of served was with 14th OVI., Co. C for three months service. Roster list him as Hiram Lowden.
14th OVI., Co. C (Three Months Service)				
Henry Reichelderfer	Sgt	7/13/1861	Carrick's Ford, WV	KIA battle of Carrick's Ford, WV
14th OVI., Co. E (Three Months Service)				
Frank Gero(Gillo)	Pvt	7/11/1861	Laurel Hill, WV	Died of wounds received July 8, 1861 in battle of Laurel Hill, WV
14th OVI., Co. E (Three Years Service)				
John Cain	Cpl	9/20/1863	Chattanooga, TN	KIA battle of Chickamauga, GA
Alva Porter	Cpl	9/24/1863	Nashville, TN	Died of wounds received at the battle of Chickamauga, GA 9/19/1863
John B. Porter	Cpl	9/25/1863	Chattanooga, TN	Died of wounds battle of Chickamauga, GA 9/19/1863
Henry Bates	Pvt	8/28/1864	Nashville, TN	Died--disease
Andrew J. Meek	Pvt	4/20/1862	Cincinnati, OH	Died--disease Interred in Spring Grove Cemetery

George W. Meek	Pvt	2/15/1862	Toledo, OH	Died--disease at his home in Williams County
Jacob Speaker	Pvt	9/25/1863	Chattanooga, TN	Died of wounds battle of Chickamauga, GA 9/19/1863

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21st OVI., Co. A

Henry W. Beard	Pvt	8/25/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died at Kingston, GA Disease
Levi Boucher	Pvt	1/25/1863	Nashville, TN	Died of wounds

21st OVI., Co. E

James Knight	Pvt	8/4/1864	Andersonville Prison	Died--disease
Nathaniel Smith	Cpl	1/20/1863	Murfreesboro, TN	Died of Wounds

21st OVI., Co. F

John Shelly	Pvt	1/28/1863	Murfreesboro, TN	Died of Wounds

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38th OVI., Co. A

John Lewis	2Lt	11/25/1863	Chattanooga, TN	KIA battle of Mission Ridge, TN
David Wertz	Cpl	3/5/1862	Lebanon, KY	Died Bardstown, KY of disease
Harvey Ackley	Pvt	4/19/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died Ringgold, GA of disease
Joseph Beavers	Pvt	3/20/1862	Bryan, OH	Died of disease
Reuben Brown	Pvt	8/3/2864	Marietta, GA	KIA near Atlanta, GA
George W. Bible	Pvt	8/5/1864	Marietta, GA	Died of Wounds near Atlanta, GA

Zachariah T. Bricker	Pvt	3/22/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died disease at Ringgold, GA
Jacob Cronk	Pvt	7/21/1862	Wms. Center, OH	Died disease at home
Washington Fetters	Pvt	1/1/1862	Lebanon, KY	Died disease
Samuel Flegal	Pvt	1/15/1864	Jefferson, OH	Died disease at home
Ephraim Gregg	Pvt	2/14/1862	Lebanon, KY Sec. A, Grave 105	Died disease
Samuel Gardner	Pvt	2/14/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease at Somerset, KY
Robert N. Hannum	Pvt	3/14/1863	Murfreesboro, TN Sec. N, Grave 143	Died disease. Stone River Cemetery
Rudolph Hepker	Pvt	10/11/1862	Nashville, TN Sec. A, Grave 618	Died disease.
David D. Inmans	Pvt	6/14/1862	Corinth, MS	Died disease
James R. Johnson	Pvt	3/23/1863		Died in Hospital
Frederick N. Mott	Pvt	12/7/1862	Nashville, TN	Died disease at Gallatin, TN
George Mott	Pvt	8/5/1864	Marietta, GA Sec E, Grave 613	KIA Utoy Creek, GA
Ezekiel A. Mercer	Pvt	7/11/1864	Nashville, TN Sec. J, Grave 194	Died disease
Adam D. Neer	Pvt	8/6/1864	Marietta, GA	Died Wounds received 8/5/1864 Utoy Creek, GA
Addis E. Smith	Pvt	4/9/1862	Lebanon, KY Sec. A, Grave 26	Died disease Bardstown, KY

John W. Smith	Pvt	8/ /1862	Nashville, TN Sec. B, Grave 788	Died disease
Jonathan Spangler	Pvt	9/10/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 958	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 Jonesboro, GA
Daniel Stahl	Pvt	1/16/1864	Wms. Center, OH	Died disease at home
Eli H. Stoy	Pvt	2/10/1862	Nashville, TN Sec. A, Grave 315	Died disease
Walter A. Slaughter	Pvt	8/5/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 612	KIA Utoy Creek, GA
Michael W. Strayer	Pvt	10/13/1864	Wms Center, OH	Died disease
William D. Thompson	Pvt	11/26/1862	Nashville, TN Sec. E, Grave 2308	Died Pilot Knob, TN
William Wines	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 146	KIA Jonesboro, GA

38th OVI., Co. C

James C. Betts	1 Lt.	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Jonesboro, GA
George W. Towl	1Sgt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Jonesboro, GA
James L. Ashcraft	Sgt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 148	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Jesse Emig	Sgt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 149	KIA Jonesboro, GA
William Kinney	Cpl	6/24/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. A, Grave 822	Died wounds Kenesaw Mt., GA
Calvin Brown	Wagoner	12/5/1861	Lebanon, KY	Died disease Crab Orchard, KY
John Algire	Pvt	4/13/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died disease Ringgold, GA

Daniel Bordine	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Charles Bammer	Pvt	9/4/1864	Marietta, GA	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 Jonesboro, GA
John Bates	Pvt	9/12/1864	Marietta, GA	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 Jonesboro, GA
Daniel W. Calkins	Pvt	9/16/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died of wounds in Tullqahoma, TN received 7/22/1864 in Atlanta, GA
George Cassell	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Jonesboro, GA
William Clark	Pvt	2/1/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
James P. Cline	Pvt	11/28/1861	Danville, KY Sec. E, Grave 152	Died disease
George W. Combs	Pvt	9/15/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 825	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 Jonesboro, GA
Harrison H. Conklin	Pvt	2/21/1863	Bridgewater Twp., Williams Co., OH Cogswell Cemetery	Died at home
John T. Davis	Pvt	3/5/1862	Cincinnati, OH	Died disease
Thomas Duke	Pvt	4/20/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. C, Grave 258	Died disease
Jacob Estrich	Pvt	8/5/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. J, Grave 23	KIA Utoy Creek, GA
David Ferrier	Pvt	7/21/1862	Corinth, MS	Died disease Tuscumbia, AL

Smith B. Garwood	Pvt	3/30/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. K, Grave 592	Died disease Ringgold, GA
Jonathan Hatbean	Pvt	1/8/1865	Savannah, GA	Died disease
Peter Luke	Pvt	1/28/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
Henry Nickol	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 151	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Conrad Newman	Pvt	6/4/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. E, Grave 7	Died disease
August Prince	Pvt	8/5/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died of wounds Utoy Creek, GA
John Royer	Pvt	8/7/1862	Corinth, MS	KIA Decatur, AL
Marshall Allerday	Pvt	2/23/1862	Danville, KY Sec. 1, Grave 20	Died disease
Jacob Yoha	Pvt	1/16/1862	Mill Springs, KY Sec. B, Grave 17	Died Somerset, KY

38th OVI., Co. D

Lewis Fehliman	Cpl	11/25/1863	Chattanooga, TN Sec. D, Grave 887	KIA Mission Ridge,TN
Luther Stubbs	Cpl	12/27/1863	Nashville, TN Sec. B, Grave 613	Died of wounds received 8/8/1862 at Decatur, AL
Robert B. Hannum	Cpl	8/7/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Atlanta, GA
John E. Kintigh	Cpl	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 160	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Silas Allen	Pvt	2/22/1862	Danville, KY Sec. 1, Grave 18	Died disease

Franklin Ames	Pvt	6/12/1864	Nashville, TN Sec. H, Grave 743	Died disease
Isaac Baker	Pvt	1/4/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
Smith Burnett	Pvt	3/24/1863	Nashville, TN Sec. L, Grave 544	Died disease Triune, TN
John B. Brace	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Adam C. Collins	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 159	KIA Jonesboro, GA
William Cameron	Pvt	3/9/1862	Lebanon, KY	Died disease
Vanransaler Chichester	Pvt	7/3/1864	Nashville, TN Sec. I, Grave 4	Died disease
Nathaniel Gregg	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 151	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Enos W. Harris	Pvt	12/7/1861	Lebanon, KY	Died disease Crab Orchard, KY
Hiram Huyck	Pvt	641864	Marietta, GA Sec. C, Grave 882	KIA Dallas, GA
Andrew Hoplinger	Pvt	8/7/1864	Nashville, TN Sec. J, Grave 708	Died disease
William Kimble	Pvt	5/23/1862	Evansville, IN Soldiers Burial Lot Cemetery	Died disease
George W. Moon	Pvt	7/13/1862	Nashville, TN	Died disease
Eli Mills	Pvt	5/6/1862	Cincinnati, OH	Died disease
Emanuel Saulsbury	Pvt	2/17/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY

Solomon Snyder	Pvt	8/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. C, Grave 892	KIA Atlanta, GA
William A. Stubbs	Pvt	8/19/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. B, Grave 598	KIA Atlanta, GA
Thomas Slusser	Pvt	9/27/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 971	Died of wounds received 9/1/1864 Jonesboro, GA
Ludwig Stever	Pvt	9/2/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 116	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 Jonesboro, GA

38th OVI., Co. E

Edgar M. Denchar	Capt	9/4/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave T	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 Jonesboro, GA
Jacob Isenhart	Sgt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 155	KIA Jonesboro, GA
William Ward	Cpl	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 154	KIA Jonesboro, GA
John W. Bowlin	Cpl	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Jonesboro, GA
William Mikesell	Wagoner	5/10/1865	Nashville, TN	Drowned Tennessee River, near Ft. Donelson, TN
Robert Baker	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Peter Bull	Pvt	2/24/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
Samuel R. Cutler	Pvt	12/8/1861	Lexington, KY	Died disease

John Crummel	Pvt	6/12/1863	Murfreesboro, TN Sec. N, Grave 235	Died disease Stone River Cemetery
John J. Carnahan	Pvt	12/1/1862	Danville, KY Sec. 3, Grave 43	Died disease
John B. Denny	Pvt	11/4/1863	Chattanooga, TN	Died disease
Andrew Erskin	Pvt	11/4/1862	Nashville, TN	Died disease Gallatin, TN
William Gutherie	Pvt	3/18/1862	Louisville, KY Cave Hill Cemetery	Died disease
Samuel Jobes	Pvt	10/9/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 975	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 Jonesboro, GA
Jacob Kaser	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 153	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Jacob Lint	Pvt	8/9/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 585	KIA Atlanta, GA
Isaac McFadden	Pvt	2/18/1865	Louisville, KY Cave Hill Cemetery	Died disease
Elijah Mott	Pvt	2/28/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
John Moore	Pvt	7/29/1865	Alexandria, VA Grave 3328	Died disease
Jacob Roth	Pvt	8/7/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 586	KIA Atlanta, GA
Franklin Stoy	Pvt	9/15/1864	Nashville, TN Sec. F, Grave 216	Died wounds received 7/28/1864 Ezra Chapel, GA
Thomas Streets	Pvt	9/11/1864	Marietta, GA	Died disease

Christopher Spangler	Pvt	4/14/1865	Newbern, NC Sec. 17, Grave 140	Died disease
John Weigle	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 157	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Samuel W. White	Pvt	9/11/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. A, Grave 470	Died disease Kingston, GA

38th OVI., Co. F

John W. Clemmons	Pvt	11/10/1864	Dayton, OH	Died of Disease

38th OVI., Co. G

R.E. Fuller	Pvt	3/7/1862	Died in Stryker, OH	Died of Disease

38th OVI., Co. H

Joseph Newman	2Lt	12/12/1863	Chattanooga, TN	Died wounds received 11/25/1863 Mission Ridge, TN
John H. Caldwell	Sgt	9/3/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. I, Grave 438	Died wounds received at Vining Station, GA on 8/7/1864 in action near Atlanta, GA
Noah W. Markle	Sgt	11/25/1863	Chattanooga, TN	KIA Mission Ridge, TN
William Culbertson	Sgt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 145	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Darius W. Baird	Cpl	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Jonesboro,GA
George Strahle(Stahl)	Cpl	8/11/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. F, Grave 435	Died disease
John A. Kennedy	Cpl	12/23/1864	Evansville, IN Soldiers Burial Lot Cemetery	Died wounds at Jeffersonville, IN

Haman C. Allman	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 966	KIA Jonesboro, GA
Andrew Bevington	Pvt	2/17/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
Joel F. Beck	Pvt	1/19/1863	Nashville, TN Sec. B, Grave 744	Died disease
Christian Couts	Pvt	12/4/1861	Lebanon, KY	Died disease Crab Orchard, KY
Victor B. Cooper	Pvt	9/16/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. 5, Grave 680	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 battle of Jonesboro, GA
James Dellingbaugh	Pvt	1/116/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
Peter Dellingbaugh	Pvt	12/9/1863	Chattanooga, TN	Died disease
Henry P. Dellinger	Pvt	11/26/1863	Chattanooga, TN Sec. D, Grave 51	Died wounds received 11/25/1863 Mission Ridge, TN
Emnor H. Dole	Pvt	6/21/1864	Marietta, GA	Died disease Kingston, GA
Ezekial Degroff	Pvt	1/16/1865	Nashville, TN	Died in hospital of wounds
Peter Ferguson	Pvt	2/15/1862	Nashville, TN	Died disease Columbia, TN
James K.P. Frisbie	Pvt	9/24/1864	Louisvile, KY Cave Hill Cemetery	Died disease
Enoch W. Frisbie	Pvt	9/11/1864	Marietta, GA	Died at Atlanta, GA of wounds received 9/1/1864 at battle of Jonesboro, GA

William A. Frisbie	Pvt	2/15/1862	Mill Springs, KY Sec. B, Grave 4	Died disease Somerset, KY
Joseph A. Grannis	Pvt	4/29/1864	Wms. County, OH	Died at home
James P. Hale	Pvt	1/19/1863	Nashville, TN	Died disease Gallatin, TN
Samuel Hively	Pvt	1/7/1863	Nashville, TN	Died disease Gallatin, TN
Alfred Harris	Pvt	6/10/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died disease
Luther Irwin	Pvt	2/ /1862	Danville, KY	Died disease
William H. Jones	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 144	KIA Jonesboro, GA
John M. Lewis	Pvt	3/5/1862	Lebanon, KY Sec. A, Grave 119	Died disease
Orrin L. Landaman	Pvt	2/27/1862	Danville, KY	Died disease
Jacob S. Miller	Pvt	3/25/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. C, Grave 537	Died disease
Andrew J. North	Pvt	6/3/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. D, Grave 452	Died disease
Nicholas Pyle	Pvt	7/26/1863	Nashville, TN	Died disease Winchester, TN
Arthur Phelps	Pvt	7/26/1862	Corinth, MS	Died disease Tuscumbia, AL
Nelson Reid	Pvt	1/3/1862	Danville, KY Sec. 1, Grave 14	Died disease
Jeremiah O. Rockwell	Pvt	6/4/1864	Bryan, OH	Died disease at home

Austin B. Rudisill	Pvt	7/11/1864	Nashville, TN Sec. H, Grave 484	Died disease
Elias Shaffer	Pvt	3/26/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. C, Grave 539	Died disease
Roderick Shapley	Pvt	5/2/1862	Nashville, TN Sec. A, Grave 831	Died disease
John Shultz	Pvt	9/1/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 143	KIA Jonesboro, GA
William H. Smith	Pvt	3/25/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. C, Grave 536	Died disease
Curtis Stoner	Pvt	9/7/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 965	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 battle of Jonesboro, GA
Daniel Stout	Pvt	9/10/1861	Nashville, TN Sec. F, Grave 553	Died disease
George H. Teats	Pvt	6/3/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died disease
Joseph H. Webb	Pvt	2/2/1862	Mill Springs, KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
Abner Williams	Pvt	8/7/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 596	KIA Atlanta, GA
Andrew S. Williams	Pvt	9/5/1864	Marietta, GA	Died wounds received 9/1/1864 battle of Jonesboro, GA
Charles H. Williams	Pvt	2/26/1862	Mill Springs , KY	Died disease Somerset, KY
James M. Williams	Pvt	9/11/1862	Nashville, TN Sec. A, Grave 738	Died disease
Jesse Williams	Pvt	1/30/1863	Murfreesboro, TN Sec. B, Grave 324	Died disease Stone River Cemetery

Thomas G. Wiseman	Pvt	3/3/1862	Nashville, TN	Died disease
Ephraim Zauver	Pvt	2/28/1862	Mill Springs, KY Sec. B, Grave 62	Died disease Somerset, KY

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68th OVI., Co. E

Nelson A. Skeels	Capt	7/22/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 294	KIA battle of Atlanta
James Haverfield	Pvt	7/22/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. J, Grave 47	KIA battle of Atlanta
Austin Higler	Pvt	7/25/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. F, Grave 282	Died disease

68th OVI., Co. G

Chandler Richmond	1 Sgt	7/1/1863	Evansville, IN	Died Disease
James M. Haguerman	Sgt	6/10/1862	Shiloh, TN	Died Disease
Joseph Arch	Pvt	3/24/1862	Shiloh, TN Sec. F, Grave 10	Died Disease
George Allman	Pvt	6/20/1862	Shiloh, TN	Died Disease
Oscar Ayers	Pvt	4/5/1862	Shiloh, TN	Died Disease
Jacob Bundy	Pvt	11/22/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. G, Grave 105	Died Disease
Eli M. Bundy	Pvt	7/16/1862	Corinth, MS	Died Disease
Ransom G. Blackman	Pvt	5/11/1862	Cincinnati, OH Sec. A, Grave 110	Died Disease Spring Grove Cem
William C. Beatty	Pvt	4/16/1862	St. Louis, MO Sec. 64, Grave 52	Died Disease Jefferson Barracks Cem

John H. Crall	Pvt	8/27/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 642	Died Disease
John Comens	Pvt	5/29/1864	Pioneer, OH	Died Disease
Peter Couts	Pvt	7/22/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 291	KIA battle of Atlanta
William Connelly	Pvt	11/18/1863	Vicksburg, MS Sec. G, Grave 1427	Died Hospital
William L. Coe	Pvt	3/23/1862	Shiloh, TN	Died Disease
Carlisle Dillon	Pvt	9/15/1863	Vicksburg, MS	Died Disease
George D. Fried	Pvt	8/9/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 843	Died Disease
William Ferguson	Pvt	3/15/1862	Cairo, IL	Died Disease
Nelson Gleason	Pvt	3/1/1862	St. Louis, MO Sec. 65, Grave 60	Died Disease Jefferson Barracks Cem
James Hutchinson	Pvt	4/27/1864	Vicksburg, MS	Died Disease
William C. Jackson	Pvt	3/3/1862	St. Louis, MO Sec. 65, Grave 68	Died Disease Jefferson Barracks Cem
Benjamin E. Kunkle	Pvt	7/22/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 292	KIA battle of Atlanta
William Moore	Pvt	7/3/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. C, Grave 346	Died Disease
Samuel Norrick	Pvt	12/8/1862	St. Louis, MO Sec. 64, Grave 3	Died Disease Jefferson Barracks Cem
James Palmer	Pvt	3/18/1862	St. Louis, MO Sec. 64, Grave 84	Died Disease Jefferson Barracks Cem

Christian Shelhart	Pvt	7/29/1864	Marietta, GA	Died of Wounds in action near Atlanta
Joseph Utter	Pvt	5/21/1864	Cairo, IL	Died Disease

68th OVI., Co. K

Francis Lesnet	1Sgt	7/22/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 293	KIA battle of Atlanta
Llewellyn Anderson	Pvt	6/20/1862	Vicksburg, MS	Died Disease
W.H. Beard	Pvt	6/ /1864	Champion Hills, MS	Died of Wounds
James H. Beatty	Pvt	7/6/1862	Cincinnati, OH Spring Grove Cem	Died Disease
John Bower	Pvt	6/24/1862	Corinth, MS	Died Hospital
Michael Boor	Pvt	5/20/1862	Shiloh, TN Sec. C, Grave 92	Died Disease
Amon M. Bradley	Pvt	6/14/1862	Pittsburg Landing, TN	Died Disease
John H. Clippinger	Pvt	6/15/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA Big Shanty, GA
Edwin Chase	Pvt	10/8/1864	Nashville, TN Sec. G, Grave 50	Died of Wounds
Adelbert Coleman	Pvt	8/12/1864	Andersonville, GA Grave 5396	Died in Prison
James Foster	Pvt	7/15/1862	Corinth, MS Sec. A, Grave 160	Died Disease
William H. Fickle	Pvt	11/25/1862	Memphis, TN Mississippi River Cem	Died Disease
Hezekiah Griffith	Pvt	2/13/1863	Memphis, TN Mississippi River Cem	Died Disease

Israel Griffith	Pvt	6/15/1863	Vicksburg, MS	Died of Wound
Columbus C. Hall	Pvt	9/22/1863	Vicksburg, MS	Died Disease
John D. Joy	Pvt	3/7/1862	St. Louis, MO Sec. 64, Grave 73	Died Disease Jefferson Barracks Cem
David Kent	Pvt	4/15/1862	Shiloh, TN	Died Disease
Levi D. Kime	Pvt	11/26/1865	Vicksburg, MS	Died Disease
Henry C. Kime	Pvt	6/22/1863	Vicksburg, MS	Died of Wounds
David Lindersmith	Pvt	4/ /1862	Shiloh, TN	Died Disease
Levi Lightfoot	Pvt	3/5/1862	Cairo, IL	Died Disease
Henry Maier	Pvt	9/16/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. C, Grave 354	Died of Wounds
David L. Miller	Pvt	10/10/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 866	Died Disease
John Moore	Pvt	9/16/1862	Bryan, OH	Died Disease
Stephen Mott	Pvt	6/23/1863	Vicksburg, MS	Died of Wounds
Archibald McConeghy	Pvt	7/15/1863	Vicksburg, MS	Died Disease
Matthew F. McMahn	Pvt	9/18/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 650	Died Disease
Garin McHenry	Pvt	3/9/1863	Memphis, TN Sec. 2, Grave 122	Died Disease Mississippi River Cem
Lewis K. Near	Pvt	3/18/1862	Shiloh, TN	Died Disease
John F. Porter	Pvt	9/4/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. 2, Grave 543	Died of Wounds
Richard Pike	Pvt	5/10/1863	St. Louis, MO Sec. 2, Grave 109	Died Disease Jefferson Barracks Cem

Charles H. Roland	Pvt	6/5/1862	Shiloh, TN	Died Disease
John Sipple	Pvt	11/19/1862	Memphis, TN	Died Disease
Peter Smell	Pvt	7/22/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 294	KIA battle of Atlanta
John Shoup	Pvt	7/23/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA battle of Atlanta
George William Skinner	Pvt	6/25/1862	Corinth, MS	Died Disease
John B. Skinner	Pvt	3/19/1862	New Albany, IN	Died Disease
Harvey Temple	Pvt	2/23/1864	Vicksburg, MS Sec. I, Grave 574	Died Disease
Joseph Temple	Pvt	3/7/1862	St. Louis, MO Sec. 64, Grave 75	Died Disease Jefferson Barracks Cem
Jacob Wisman	Pvt	6/1/1863	Vicksburg, MS	Died of Wounds
George Wisman, Jr.	Pvt	4/2/1862	Shiloh, TN Sec. M, Grave 317	Died Disease

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100th OVI., Co. C

Benjamin F. Ewers	Capt	11/27/1864	Charleston, SC	Died in Prison Camp
Solomon L.D. Staner	Sgt	3/17/1864	Annapolis, MD	
Richard G. Ewers	Sgt	8/6/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA battle of Utoy Creek, GA
Henry Williams	Cpl	8/6/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA battle of Utoy Creek, GA
George W. Ely	Cpl	8/6/1864	Marietta, GA	KIA battle of Utoy Creek, GA
William L. Bailey	Pvt	11/7/1863	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison
Ambrose D. Baldwin	Pvt	2/29/1864	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison

Thomas W. Burnett	Pvt	11/16/1862	Lexington,KY	Sec. 4, Grave 124
Cyrus Chichester	Pvt	11/17/1862	Lexington, KY	Sec. 4, Grave 130
Chauncey Clark	Pvt	3/6/1863	Frankfort, KY	
John J. Dilworth	Pvt	3/6/1864	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison
Charles Downs	Pvt	10/21/1863	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison
Andrew J. Dunscomb	Pvt	11/30/1864	Murfreesboro, TN	KIA battle of Franklin Franklin Section, Stone River Cem., TN
Aaron Folk	Pvt	3/1/1864	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison
John Garris	Pvt	10/2/1862	Cincinnati, OH	Spring Grove Cem
Abner L. Gish	Pvt	4/16/1865	Beaufort, SC	POW
Samuel Greek	Pvt	4/23/1864	Andersonville, GA Grave 693	Died in Rebel Prison
Eli Hess	Pvt	10/17/1862	Cincinnati, OH Sec. B, Grave 96	Spring Grove Cem
Eli Johnson	Pvt	9/6/1864	Andersonville, GA	Died in Rebel Prison in Macon, GA
Joseph H. Koons	Pvt	2/22/1863	Frankfort, KY	Sec. 1, Grave 4
Ross S. Moss	Pvt	11/22/1864	Nashville, TN Sec. F, Grave 281	Died of Wounds
Alpheus L. Phillips	Pvt	11/12/1862	Lexington, KY	Sec. 3, Grave 92
Solomon Raub	Pvt	12/29/1863	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison
Franklin S. Richards	Pvt	3/15/11864	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison
Jonas W. Smith	Pvt	11/15/1863	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison

Hugh Traxler	Pvt	7/8/1864	Knoxville, TN Sec. 8, Grave 8	Died of Wounds
John P. Webb	Pvt	2/10/1864	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison

100th OVI., Co. H

Anderson E. Bradley	Pvt	11/30/1864	Murfreesboro, TN	KIA battle of Franklin Franklin Section, Stone River Cem., TN
John B. Dumaresq	Pvt	11/181/1863	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison
Simeon Elliot	Pvt	3/2/1864	Richmond, VA	Died in Rebel Prison
William Fausey	Pvt	3/24/1864	Annapolis, MD	POW
Robert M. Foster	Pvt	4/2/1864	Andersonville, GA Grave 311	Died in Rebel Prison
George H. Herrick	Pvt	4/2/1864	Annapolis, MD	POW

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102nd OVI., Co. D

Job J. Anders	Sgt	8/27/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. P, Grave 622	Died Bellefonte, AL
Joseph B.F. Corts	Sgt	4/27/1865	Perished by explosion of Steamship "Sultana" near Memphis, TN	POW

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111th OVI., Co. B

Amos K. Raney	Pvt	6/18/1864	Andersonville Prison	Grave 2156

111th OVI., Co. C

Justus W. Wallace	Sgt	11/17/1862	Nashville, TN	Died Bowling Green, KY
Henry C. Landon	Cpl	6/18/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Died of Wounds

John P. Beck	Pvt	11/18/1862	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 198
Henry Blair	Pvt	11/7/1862	Nashville, TN	
Philip Bush	Pvt	12/17/1864	Murfreesboro, TN	Died of Wounds Franklin Section Stone River Cem., TN
Hiram Burr	Pvt	12/3/1862	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 633
Oscar B. Daniels	Pvt	11/30/1864	Murfreesboro, TN	Franklin Section, Stone River Cem., TN
Jesse Fisher	Pvt	1/4/1863	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 593
John Fulmer	Pvt	12/16/1862	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 354
Spencer C. Gillett	Pvt	6/2/1864	Knoxville, TN	
Edmond Grayham	Pvt	3/25/1863	Nashville, TN	Sec. O, Grave 126
Andrew J. Kannauer	Pvt	12/29/1864	Nashville, TN	Died of Wounds
George W. Mouser	Pvt	11/18/1862	New Albany, IN	
William H. Rowel	Pvt	4/17/1863	Nashville, TN	Sec. O, Grave 16
Orson Whaley	Pvt	12/1/1862	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 645
<u>111th OVI., Co. E</u>				
Leander R. Hutchison	1Lt	5/14/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec. K, Grave V	KIA Resaca, GA
Josiah M. Kepler	1Sgt	9/5/1864	Marietta, GA Sec. E, Grave 677	KIA Lovejoy Station, GA
Chauncy S. Felton	Cpl	2/8/1864	Knoxville, TN	Sec. 5, Grave 45
Martin M. Berrier	Pvt	2/28/1863	Nashville, TN	Sec. O, Grave 154
Jonathan Craig	Pvt	12/30/1863	Knoxville, TN	Sec. 3, Grave 112

Albert Dickman	Pvt	3/20/1863	Murfreesboro, TN	Sec K. Grave 142 Stone River Cem., TN
Clarence H. Fillmore	Pvt	1/6/1863	Nashville, TN	
James M. Gorsell	Pvt	1/18/1863	Gallipolis, OH	
Melvin J. Hill	Pvt	1/9/1863	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 317
James Hughes	Pvt	2/11/1865	Washington, DC	Arlington Cemetery
Frederick Kimmerlain	Pvt	7/9/1864	Knoxville, TN	Died of Wounds
Washington Knicely	Pvt	6/27/1864	Marietta, GA	
Michael Lech	Pvt	2/17/18163	Nashville, TN	Sec. O, Grave 136
Amos Marihugh	Pvt	12/3/1862	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 636
George Sailor	Pvt	1/9/1864	Nashville, TN	Sec. E, Grave 1413
Decatur Stoner	Pvt	12/23/1862	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 518
Philip Webb	Pvt	11/3/1862	Louisville, KY	Sec. B, Grave 4 Cave Hill Cemetery
111th OVI., Co. F				
David S. Earlston	Pvt	2/16/1863	Nashville, TN	
111th OVI., Co. G				
John Bennett	Pvt	4/1/1863	Nashville, TN	
Jeremiah Everett	Pvt	11/15/1862	Lebanon, KY	
Decatur Hanna	Pvt	1/26/1864	Knoxville, TN	Sec 4, Grave 123
Daniel I. Ickes	Pvt	12/1/1862	Nashville, TN	Sec. N, Grave 709
Eugene Mitchell	Pvt	11/12/1864	Chattanooga, TN	Sec. F, Grave 306

Jackson Shepler	Pvt	9/11/1863	Lebanon, KY	
Frederick S. Story	Pvt	11/21/1862	Nashville, TN	
William Walker	Pvt	12/15/1864	Nashville, TN	Sec E, Grave 2469

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128th OVI., Co. C

Garrett Durling	Pvt	12/27/1863	Died Johnson's Island, OH
George A. Frisbie	Pvt	7/9/1862	Died Johnson's Is;and, OH
Josephus Garver	Pvt	1/26/1863	Died Johnson's Island, OH
Shelley A. Gish	Pvt	10/23/1862	Died Stryker, OH

128th OVI., Co. G

Charles S. Adams	Pvt	12/4/1864	Died Johnson's Island, OH
William Bale	Pvt	1/26/1865	Died Williams Center, OH
Rufus Linsley	Pvt	12/28/1864	Died Cedar Point, OH
John Smith	Pvt	5/14/1864	Died Johnson's Island, OH
John J. Zeigler	Pvt	10/8/1864	Died Johnson's Island, OH

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142nd OVI., Co. D

John Cogswell	Pvt	6/11/1864	Arlington, VA	Died Alexandria, VA
John Dennis	Pvt	8/11/1864	Hampton, VA	Died Portsmouth, VA
Aquilla Hunter	Pvt	8/5/1864	City Point, VA	Died Point of Rocks, MD

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182nd OVI., Co. F

Joseph Clark	Pvt	12/5/1864	Nashville, TN	
William G. Smitley	Pvt	11/2/1864		Died Williams Co., O

182nd OVI., Co. K

John Avery	Pvt	4/28/1864	Louisville, KY	Cave Hill Cemetery
Robert Cannon	Pvt	6/25/1865	Nashville, TN	
John H. Eagle	Pvt	2/2/1865	Nashville, TN	Sec. G, Grave 557
John Harger	Pvt	3/20/1865	Nashville, TN	
David Humphrey	Pvt	3/27/1865	Nashville, TN	Sec. J, Grave 1075
Orrin Parish	Pvt	2/4/1865	New Albany, IN	Sec. B, Grave 1037
Charles Simpson	Pvt	5/3/1865	Nashville, TN	Sec. J, Grave 1490
Samuel Snyder	Pvt	1/31/1865	Nashville, TN	Sec. G, Grave 438
George Wines	Pvt	1/1/1865	Nashville, TN	Sec. G, Grave 626
Madison Johnson	Pvt	10/10/1864	Olive Branch Cemetery, Millcreek Twp., Williams County, OH	

Note: Madison died so soon after enlistment (9/3/1864) that he was never assigned to a company. He was listed in the unassigned recruits section of the roster for the 182nd.

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189th OVI., Co. D

James H. Ingraham	Pvt	3/20/1865	Columbus, OH Green Lawn Cemetery	Died Camp Chase
Amos Mochaman	Pvt	5/6/1865		Died Bryan, OH

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193rd OVI., Co. E

Amos Brubaker	Pvt	7/30/1865	Winchester, VA	

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196th OVI., Co. C

Charles E. Arnold	Pvt	4/17/1865	Antietam, MD	Died Cumberland, MD
Charles Higgins	Pvt	4/4/1865	Winchester, VA	

Edwin Thompson	Pvt	3/29/1865	Columbus, OH Green Lawn Cemetery	Died Camp Chase, OH

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3rd OVC., Co. H

Marvin R. Sisson	Cpl	1/1/1863	Killed in battle of Stone River, TN	
John T. Barnes	Cpl	3/13/1865	Columbus, OH contracted in Libby Prison, VA as POW	Died disease
William Bohner	Pvt	10/3/1864	Chattanooga, TN Sec F, Grave 720	Died of Wounds
Henry S. Burwell	Pvt	6/29/1862		
Hosea P. Campbell	Pvt	9/11/1863		
George L.M. Coon	Pvt	4/28/1862		
James L. Durbin	Pvt	8/ /1862	Madison Twp., Floral Grove Cemetery died at home.	
William W. Gardner	Pvt	4/28/1862	Shiloh, TN	
Ephraim Hanna	Pvt	1/12/1862		
Albert Hawkins	Pvt	4/17/1862	Nashville, TN	Sec. A, Grave 466
Joseph Hawkins, Sr.	Pvt	8/4/1862	St. Louis, MO	
Joshua Hay	Pvt	5/8/1862	Shiloh, TN	Sec. N, Grave 24
Veloise J. Howard	Pvt	2/4/1863	Nashville, TN	Sec. B, Grave 1050
John G. Jewell	Pvt	2/8/1863	Cincinnati. OH	
Sanford C. Moss	Pvt	7/21/1864	Died Big Shanty, GA of wounds received 6/20/1864 in battle of Noon Day Creek, GA	
William Munson	Pvt	Captured 4/16/1865 at battle of Columbus, GA. Missing in action, no further record found		

John Nutt	Pvt	8/23/1864	Died at Lovejoy Station, GA of wounds received 8/20/1864 in battle here	
Joel Pennington	Pvt	4/11/1864	Stone River, TN	Sec. M, Grave 266
Marion T. Pennington	Pvt	7/16/1862		
Henry W. Powers	Pvt	11/21/1862	Lebanon, KY	
William C. Rings	Pvt	4/11/1863		Died Murfreesboro, TN
George W. Whistler	Pvt	4/26/1862		
William Williams	Pvt	5/28/1862	Cave Hill, KY Sec. A, Grave 25	Died Louisville, KY
George P. Wilson	Pvt	2/10/1864		Died Savannah, TN
Robert M. Wines	Pvt	4/18/1862		

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9th OVC., Co. E

John Fry	Farrier	4/12/1864		Died Athens, AL
James E. Calkins	Pvt	3/5/1864	Nashville, TN	Sec. E, Grave 1529
Francis E. Downey	Pvt	4/22/1864		Died Athens, AL
Allen G. Durham	Pvt	10/12/1863	Camp Dennison, OH	Died Camp Dennison
Emanuel Miller	Pvt	4/1/1864	Nashville, TN	Sec. E, Grave 1468
Francis Snyder	Pvt	3/17/1865	Raleigh, NC Sec. 4, Grave 80	Died of Wounds
Richard Wood	Pvt	7/20/1864	Nashville, TN	Sec. H, Grave 535

9th OVC., Co. H

Adam Barger	Pvt	4/16/1864		Died Athens, AL

David H. Bryan	Pvt	11/23/1864		Died Milledgeville, GA
David W. Harris	Pvt	2/28/1864		Died Bryan, OH
John W. Hughes	Pvt	5/29/1864		Died Athens, AL
John W. Leek	Pvt	8/8/1864	New Albany, IN	Sec. B, Grave 103
Silas Mankin	Pvt	4/27/1865	POW Released and perished by explosion of steamship 'Sultana' near Memphis, TN	
George W. Wolf	Pvt	4/13/1865		KIA near Raleigh, NC

The following listing for the 'Roll of Honor' is taken from various historical publications, the Military History of Ohio(1883) Williams County Edition, and the Roll of Honor compiled by John Allman, Patriotic Instructor for the Hiram Louden Post G.A.R., Montpelier, Ohio.

William Arnold	120 OVI	4/7/1863	Chickasaw Bayou, MS
Radford Barber	10 OVC, Co.		Andersonville Prison
Thomas Bodley	74 INVI, Co. D		KIA battle of Chickamauga, GA
Isaac Boyer			Big Black Bridge, MS
Nicholas P. Bratt	6 MiVI, Co. K		Died New Orleans, LA
Mahlon Brown	73 INVI, Co. C	1863	Died Bowling Green, KY
William J. Brown	20 CN		Died Peachtree Creek, GA
William Casebere	44 INVI, Co. D		KIA battle of Shiloh, TN
George Clum			
Levi Clum	51 OVI, Co. A	1/28/1862	Died of Disease, Wickliffe, KY
Jacob O. Coburn			Died Belle Isle, VA Prison
Hiram M. Corry	7 MIVI	3/28/1862	Died in Hospital
Henry I. Collier	44 INVI, Co. D	12/28/1863	Died at Lavern, TN
A.H. Colon	16 NYVI, Co. B	6/27/1862	Killed at Gaines Mill, VA
Charles Curry	37 OVI, Co. K	8/6/1864	Died of Wounds received in battle of Atlanta. Buried Marietta, GA Sec. G, Grave 1393
Arnold Davis	20 OVI, Co. A	7/24/1864	Buried Marietta, GA. Died of Wounds received in battle of Atlanta
Silas D. Devin	88 INVI		Wounded Champion Hills, MS Died Cincinnati, OH

James Durler	10 OVI	2/26/1862	Died Camp Taylor in Cleveland, OH
Jesse Emmons	6 OVC, Co. C	11/16/1862	Died at Fairfax Court House, VA
Levi Emmons	6 OVC, Co. C	11/29/1864	Died City Point, VA
William Finch	32 OVI	2/ /1862	Died Louisville, KY
Daniel Fisher	44 ILVI, Co. D		Killed at Kenesaw Mt., GA
Samuel A. Ford	22 NY Indp. Bat.	1/8/1863	Died in Washington, DC of disease
Michael H. Frock	33 INVI, Co. C	9/15/1864	Died of wounds in Owen Co., IN. Wounded at Stone River, TN
John E. Grindle	16 OVI	3/28/1862	Died Reedsburg, Wayne Co., OH
John Grubs			Died in Andersonville Prison
Daniel Hare	11 MIVI, Co. G	1/8/1862	Died Disease at Bardstown, KY
Richard Hayes	72 OVI, Co. E	7/15/1862	Died Disease in Louisville, KY Buried Cave Hill Cemetery Sec A, Row 23, Grave 17
Hiram M. Johnson	55 OVI, Co. I	5/15/1864	Killed at Resaca, GA. Buried in Marietta, GA
James M. Johnson	8 OInd Bat	6/25/1865	Died/Buried Natchez, MS
John Keller	37 OVI, Co. K	7/11/1863	Died Disease. Buried Memphis, TN Mississippi River Cemetery Sec 1, Grave 102
Peter Kirkwood	65 OVI		Captured in battle of the Wilderness, VA. Died in Andersonville Prison
Eliphalet Knapp	1 MISS, Co. F		Died in Hospital
John Lint	98 OVI, Co. H	3/ /1862	Died Perryville, KY
Fisher A. McKey	19 OVI, Co. I	3/14/1863	Killed in Railroad Accident in TN Buried in Stone River, TN
James Morton	6 OVC, Co. B	12/7/1865	Died in Bryan, OH
Fred Myers	NYHA	12/9/1864	Died of Wounds in Washington, DC
William Popine	IN Regt		Killed Stone River, TN
William Post	195 OVI, Co. D	9/ /1865	Died Alexandria, VA
David Potter	6 OVC, Co. L	8/2/1862	Engaged in battle of Winchester VA. Died Wounds in Baltimore, MD
George W. Rhees	63 PAVI		Killed in battle of Fair Oaks
John H. Ricky	101 OVI, Co. D	6/23/1864	Died in Big Shanty, GA. of wounds received at Kenesaw Mt. GA. Buried Marietta, GA. Sec J, Grave 68
George W. Russell	67 OVI, Co. D	7/27/1863	1 Sgt. Died of Wounds at Hilton Head, SC received from assualt on Ft. Wagner. Buried in Hilton Head.

Ivory B Saunders	6 OVC, Co. A	5/5/1862	Died Disease Camp Chase, Columbus, OH
Robert Scott	78 OVI, Co. I	5/31/1862	Died Cincinnati, OH of Disease Buried in Spring Grove Cemetery
Solomon B. Shoup	30 INVI	1862	Died in KY of Disease
Charles H. Silcox	25 OVI, Co. G	8/23/1865	Died of Wounds received in action at Columbia, SC. Buried in Columbia SC
Joseph Skiles	44 ILVI		KIA Kenesaw Mt. GA.
Solomon Starner	29 INVI		POW Libby Prison, VA Died in parole camp at Annapolis, MD
David Strawser	125 OVI		Died Camp Chase, Columbus, OH
William Z. Sullinger	68 OVI	2/2/1864	Died in hospital in Cleveland, OH
Jerry D. Swift	9 OVC	11/6/1864	Died at parents home of disease
Horace Taylor	101 INVI, Co. B	1864	Died in New Albany, IN
David Thomas	53 OVI, Co. B	5/19/1864	Died of Wounds received in battle of Resaca, GA. Buried Chattanooga, TN
Charles W. Vaus	44 ILVI, Co. D	7/19/1864	Died at Chattanooga, TN
Nathaniel P. Wolcott	29 INVI, Co. A		Captured at Chickamauga, GA Died in Libby Prison, VA
William H. Zickle	100 OVI		Died Bowling Green, KY

INDIAN WARS

JAMES H. BRADLEY was born on May 25, 1844 in Sandusky County. His family moved to Defiance County in 1846. His family ended up in Stryker by 1860. James would volunteer for 90 days service (1861) with the 14th O.V.I. serving with Company E. He would serve a second period of enlistment with the 45th O.V.I. He would obtain the rank of Sergeant and be captured at the battle of Philadelphia, Tenneessee and would be held at Belle Isle prior to being exchanged. After the Civil War, he enters the service joining with the 18th U.S. Infantry and was promoted to lieutenant on July 29, 1866. He would then transfer to the 7th Infantry, the unit he would serve with until his death. He would see duty with the occupation troops in Atlanta, Georgia. Around 1872, Lt. Bradley returned to Montana and joined Gen. George Armstrong Custer on his Montana March in 1874. By 1876, Lt. Bradley was chief scout of the mounted infantry of the 7th Regiment. Bradley led the advance of Gen. Gibbon's column and was the first to find General Custer after the battle of the Little Big Horn. As chief of scouts under Gen. Gibbons, he pursued the Nez Perces led by Chief Joseph in 1877. At the battle of the Little Big Hole on August 9, 1877, Bradley died by an Indian bullet, while in advance of scouting the Indian camp. Lt. Bradley was buried on the field of battle. A memorial marker is placed in the Oakwood Cemetery of Stryker, honoring Lt. Bradley.

THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR

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THE MEDAL OF HONOR

WILLIAM JAMES KNIGHT - CIVIL WAR

William J. Knight was born January 24, 1837. Knight was born to Matthew Knight of East Union Township, Wayne County, Ohio. He would lose both his parents prior to his fifth birthday, his father being killed in a mill explosion. Once things get sorted out, William and his siblings are raised by his grandfather, Jacob Knight.

The Knight family moves to Farmer Township, Defiance County about 1852. It is here that young Knight worked in his grandfather's saw mill and this is how he learned about steam engines and all things mechanical. Knight was known to be "quick of wit" and handy with tools.

The Civil War would break out in April of 1861. It would consume the lives and affairs of the nation for the next four years. Young William Knight would enlist on August 29, 1861 at the age of 24 as a private with Company E, 21st Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He joined the unit for three years service signing up in Farmer Center. He would go to Defiance and their by train to Findley, where he would be officially mustered in on September 19th.

By October 31, he is detailed as a first class sapper. During the months of November and December, he is sick and in the hospital in Cincinnati. He would then rejoin his unit in the field. In April 1862, Knight's life would change dramatically. He would volunteer for a special mission behind enemy lines, which if successful could aid in ending the war sooner saving lives and costly property damage. (See The Mitchel Railroad Raiders). By December 1, 1862, Knight would return to his regiment after his exploits of the raid into Georgia. He would transfer to Company G, 115th O.V.I. on March 13, 1863. He obtained a furlough during the months of July and August and went home to Ohio for this period. He would receive his "Medal of Honor" in September 1863. Knight would complete his term of enlistment with the 115th O.V.I. and was discharged on September 27, 1864. He mustered out of the service on September 28th and headed for home.

Upon his return home, he would obtain employment as a railroad mechanic at Logansport, Indiana and would be an engineer on the Pennsylvania Panhandle Railroad. He married Emma Oldfield in Defiance, Ohio on August 30, 1868. They would come to have seven children. The first, Margaret T. was born in Bryan on November 7, 1869. He would then take employment in Minneapolis, Minnesota and move his young family there. The following children were born here: James M. - January 7, 1872, Maud M. - June 28, 1873, William H, - July 25, 1875 and George W. was born in Long Lake, Minnesota on December 3, 1877.

In 1881, he moved his family back to Stryker, Ohio and his final two children are born here. Jesse J. on August 15, 1884 and Orlando M. on December 7, 1886. During this year (1886), this is the earliest known date where Knight began to give speeches and was writing about his part in the Andrews/Mitchel Raid. He would receive a military pension in June 1886 for hearing loss suffered from the Battle of Stones River, Tennessee.

In his new home community of Stryker, he would become the Chief of the Fire Engine. And in November 1886, he would attend the first reunion of the survivors of the raiders held in McComb and Findley, Ohio. He became the county agent for the sale of fellow raider Pittenger's revised book about the raid into Georgia.

By June 1903, Knight is operating a general repair shop in Stryker. He would attend the final reunion of the five remaining raiders in Findley in April of 1912. In 1914, he is approached about participating in a movie about Andrew's Raid, but this never materialized. William J. Knight would pass away on September 16, 1916 at his home in Stryker. He was

buried in the Oakwood Cemetery. You would never know that he had been awarded the Medal of Honor for it is not mentioned at his grave site. As you enter Stryker, an Ohio historical marker does acknowledge him being a resident of Stryker and his role with the Andrew's Raiders. He would be honored in 1959 with the new Bryan Armory being named after him.

THE MITCHEL RAILROAD RAIDERS

This account of the many now published is taken from "President, Soldiers, and Statesmen."

In the month of April, 1862, at the suggestion of J.J. Andrews, a Kentuckian and then trusted agent in the secret service of the government, General O.M. Mitchel organized a secret expedition for the destruction of the bridges on the Georgia State Railroad, between Chattanooga, Tennessee and Atlanta, Georgia. The expedition was authorized by General Buell, and was undertaken by the following named soldiers, who had been selected for their known bravery, and their coolness in danger, and who cheerfully volunteered for the dangerous service, when its object was made known to them. All belonged to Ohio infantry regiments, of Sill's brigade:

Second Ohio Infantry:	MARION A. ROSS, PERRY G. SHADRICK,	Company A
	GEORGE D. WILSON,	Company B
	William Pittenger,	Company G
Twenty-First Ohio Infantry:	=John R. Porter, =Mark Wood,	Company C
	=John A. Wilson	Company C
	=William J. Knight,	Company E
	=Wilson W. Brown,	Company F
	William Bensinger,	Company G
	Robert Buffum,	Company H
	JOHN M. SCOTT, E.H. Mason	Company K
Thirty-third Ohio Infantry	M.J. HAWKINS,	Company A
	William Riddick	Company B
	JOHN WOLLAM	Company C
	SAMUEL ROBINSON	Company G
	=D.A. Dorsey	Company H
	J.A. Parrott	Company K
Secret Service	SAMUEL SLAVENS, J.J. ANDREWS	
Civilian Volunteer	WILLIAM CAMPBELL of Kentucky	

NOTE: Those names in capital letters paid the extreme penalty for their daring, being executed as spies; those marked with the = escaped in October following their capture; the remainder were exchanged in the following March, as regular prisoners of war.

The expedition, brilliant in conception, and disastrous in result, had a great purpose in view, which if achieved, might have shortened the war and have spared the life blood of many brave men. The National armies had virtual possession of Kentucky, Middle and Western Tennessee. Our gunboats were at Pittsburg Landing, the Armies of the Tennessee and of the Ohio were there, Johnston and Beauregard were concentrating all available Confederate force at Corinth. The supplies of troops, sustenance and equipment passed mainly from Georgia via Chattanooga to Corinth. Chattanooga and Corinth, though far apart, both lay on the Memphis

and Charleston Railroad, and both were then in the hands of the Confederates. From Chattanooga to Atlanta, the heart of Georgia, traffic was by the Georgia State Road. Over this road all the Eastern Gulf States were sending supplies. At Chattanooga, by the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, the Georgia State Road would find an outlet by which to forward men and supplies to Richmond, on which McClellan was advancing, or to the Cumberland Gap, then threatened by a Federal force under General George W. Morgan. To destroy the Georgia State Road so as to render traffic over it impossible for a time, and to break railway connection to Chattanooga with Virginia and with the Gulf States, was to separate the Confederate armies from each other, to destroy their communications with their base of supplies, and to leave Lee isolated in Virginia, Beauregard at the mercy of our great army of the Department of the Mississippi. An expedition in force to accomplish this would necessarily have had to move too far from its base of supplies. To accomplish the same end by a secret expedition appeared feasible, and the expedition was undertaken.

The volunteers left Shelbyville, Tennessee about which place Mitchel's division was camped. Monday, April 7, the soldiers dressed as citizens and well supplied with Confederate money separated in squads of four or five to rendezvous at Chattanooga, distant about one hundred miles. Heavy and incessant rains impeded their foot journey, and it was Friday, the 11th, when they all arrived at Chattanooga, one day behind the time agreed upon with General Mitchel. They had eluded suspicion on their journey by representing themselves as Kentuckians on their way to join some Confederate Kentucky regiments. At Chattanooga, they bought tickets for Marietta, Georgia and reached that destination by train soon after midnight. They were then one hundred and thirty miles from the Georgia State line nearest their army and ready to begin their work.

Their instructions from Andrews was to board the north-bound train in the early morning and run back to Big Shanty, about ten miles. All but Porter and Hawkins, who failed to make the train, were there. Within sight of Big Shanty station was Camp McDowell, where several thousand Confederates were drilling. Two things were in its favor as a starting point: it was not a telegraph station, and the train stopped for breakfast there. It was an express train, well filled with passengers, most of whom availed themselves of the "twenty minutes for breakfast," as did the conductor, engineer and train men generally. This was the invaders opportunity. Andrews uncoupled the train, retaining three box cars, the engine and tender, then sprang on the engine, followed by Brown, Knight, and J.A. Wilson, the remainder hurried into one of the box cars, Knight grasped the lever of the engine and the wheels began to move. Blank amazement on the part of those left behind was followed by confused action, during which the train pulled away to some distance, wood was taken on and the telegraph wires cut, and then our invaders were off in good earnest. Several times the wires were cut, John M. Scott undertaking that work and executing it with wonderful quickness. After passing the next station, wood and water were taken aboard again, and soon after a portion of the track was torn up. At Maringo, the first wait had to be made for the south-bound train to pass. There Andrews borrowed the switch keys and a schedule claiming that he was running a powder train through to Beauregard. This explanation was satisfactory and had there been but the one train to pass, as the schedule indicated, the expedition would have been a success. Unfortunately, General Mitchel, believing their work to have been undertaken one day earlier, had to advance to Huntsville, Alabama, in readiness to move on Chattanooga as soon as it was isolated. This advance had alarmed the Confederates as Chattanooga, and extra trains had been put on to carry their goods and chattels into Georgia, out of reach of the approaching army. The men on the captured train felt their hearts sink and success slip from them when every train they met carried the red flag signifying an extra was following it. The time consumed in this waiting for trains to pass made their capture probable, the frustration of the purpose of their expedition certain. But they did what brave men could. They doubled the schedule time between stations, they tore up portions of the track and carried away rails, they cut the telegraph wires, they loaded ties in the rear car and stove out the end of it so that they could throw them across the track. Alf. Wilson was firing, Brown stood with his hand on the lever, with the valve wide open, and the engine, under full head of steam, reeled and

rocked, but tore over the track with a wonderful speed.

The pursuit began at Big Shanty by the engineer, conductor and track master, who followed on a hand car until they obtained possession of an engine. At the first station they took on rails, a gang of track hands, and pushed on, when they came to broken and displaced rails they laid them, and having men and tools made much quicker work of it than our boys could of displacing them. Between Kingston and Adairsville, they found the track so destroyed they had to abandon their train, but the three men ran on until they met a down freight, the cars of which were pushed to a siding and the engine forced into the chase. At Calhoun, they took on a telegraph operator and a number of armed volunteers and a few miles beyond they came in sight of the runaway train. Our boys had stopped again to oil and tear up track, but at the sound of pursuit boarded their train and were off again. Then began an awful chase. With the speed of lightning and the sound of thunder the two trains tore across the country. Our boys threw out the cross ties they had taken on, but the force with which they were moving caused most of them to bound from the track. One at a time they dropped their rear cars, which the pursuers had to delay to attach and push before them to a side track. An effort was made to fire the remaining car, and leave it burning on a bridge, for to burn a bridge between them was now the only hope of the pursued, but a heavy falling rain put out the fire. The trains tore through Resaca, Tilton, Dalton, and Ringgold. Then the invaders knew they were beaten. They cut the wire beyond Dalton for the last time, but a message had been put through two minutes before at Dalton, and their coming was expected at Chattanooga. This they did not know, but what they did know was that they were out of wood, water, and oil. Their engine was loose in every joint, the brass on her journals and boxes melted, while the pursuers able to change engines twice with down trains, were now in the best shape for running. Just beyond Ringgold, then, they gave up their last hope of success, and prepared to abandon the train and try to save themselves. Even then, their intrepid courage unshaken, the men on the engine, as they put down brakes, reversed the motion, hoping to send the engine back into the oncoming one and wreck it. But the faithful engine, which had borne them so gallantly one hundred miles, could do no more. It stood motionless, on the track.

Our boys took to the woods, every man for himself, since to keep together would have made certain the capture of all, and by separation some might escape. Their heroic endeavor to achieve their purpose had ended in defeat. Their heroic endurance of its consequences was about to begin. Not even the shadow of the gallows can dim the glory of that heroism. The Southern Confederacy, published at Atlanta, April 15, 1862, said:

> "We doubt if the victory of Manassas or Corinth were worth as much to us as the frustration of this grand coup d' etat. It is not by any means certain that the annihilation of Beauregard's whole army at Corinth would be so fatal a blow to us as would have been the burning of the bridges at that time and by these men."

Let us see with what respect they rested the brave soldiers who had attempted this legitimate act of war.

There was a militia muster in progress at Ringgold, and armed men on horseback and on foot immediately filled the woods, searching for the fugitives. Two regiments of cavalry and all the local reserve forces were soon scouring the country, patrolling the roads, guarding the ferries. Every road and cross road was watched day and night. In a week's time all but two had been retaken, including the two left behind at Marietta. All were confined at Chattanooga, in an underground dungeon thirteen feet square, thirteen feet deep, in which were also other prisoners, and there, chained together, ragged, covered with vermin which infested the miserable hole, they waited the action of the Confederate government. Mark Wood and J.A. Wilson, the two who eluded their pursuers for almost three weeks, and who reached Stevenson on the morning after the Fourth Ohio Cavalry made a raid there, were there recaptured and sent to join their companions in misery. The action taken intuitively by each

man on his capture was settled into a plan to which all adhered after consultation. Each man of the Ohio regiments gave his name, his company and regiment, claimed that he had been detailed for a military expedition whose nature he did not know until he was embarked on it, each demanded recognition and treatment as a prisoner of war. All refused to name their leader, or to point out which man ran the engine; all agreed not to admit that Campbell was not a regularly enlisted soldier, as that might subject him to condemnation as a spy. Every effort of persuasion and threat was used to induce our boys to deviate from this course, but nothing could move them from their simple story, once told.

Something worse than threats was tried. Jacob Parrott, the youngest of the party, a boy-soldier of the Thirty-Third, was stripped, laid across a rock, and held there by four strong men, while a chivalrous Southern, in the uniform of a Confederate lieutenant, flogged him, to obtain the name of the leader and of the man who acted as engineer. Three times he was released, raised, asked to confess, and put to torture again for refusing, but not a word passed his lips that could betray a comrade - his fortitude was proof against all suffering. Afterwards, with his lacerated back, he was put, untended, in a hole with his companions, where he suffered untellable agonies. Kenton, Hardin County, has the honor of being his home. It is pleasant to reflect that although his sufferings nearly cost him his life, he was one of those spared to reach home. This flogging was on the day of his capture.

Andrews, as soon as he was taken, announced himself the leader, avowed the object of the expedition, exonerated his companions all he could, and heroically waited his almost certain fate. He was tried as a spy at Chattanooga, and condemned, and was hanged at Atlanta, July 7th. Twelve of the party were transferred to Knoxville, in the latter part of May, where seven were tried and condemned as spies, although in their trial it was clearly set forth by their counsel that the expedition was purely military and although they were repeatedly assured by their captors that the trial was a mere form. They were not allowed to be present at the trial, or to know the verdict. The court broke up on the rumor that our forces were approaching Knoxville, and the prisoners were hurried to Atlanta, where they arrived June 10th, and found all their companions in misery except Andrews, who had met his death three days previous, with the courage of the patriot. On the 18th of June, the seven condemned to death were first apprised of their fate, and without a moment's warning taken out to execution. Their names have already been given. Slavens and Campbell were heavy men, and the ropes broke with them. They begged for water, which was refused them, and new ropes were soon adjusted, and they were swung off. On the scaffold, Wilson asked permission to say a few words which was granted. In the presence of death, he warned the Southern people to be no longer duped by the leaders who had drawn them into the rebellion; he told them he left the world with no hard feeling toward them, but that he was no spy, and they knew he was none. He was a soldier, taken prisoner while in the performance of duty, he was detailed to do.

The fourteen then left determined to escape, or to make the attempt at any cost, seized their jailer when he brought their supper one night, obtained his keys, liberated themselves as military prisoners, disarmed seven guards, and of the fourteen - eight reached the Union lines after harrowing hardships. Parrott and Riddick were recaptured inside the prison wall; Buffam and Pittenger as they dropped over the wall; Bensinger was retaken on the following night, and Mason the third day after his escape. The two last were sick during the remainder of their stay in Atlanta, the result of excitement and exposure, acting upon frames weakened by months of insufficient food. On the 3rd of December, these six remaining prisoners, clad with only summer clothing, were crowded into box cars with other prisoners, and were started for Richmond, which was reached after four days of intense suffering from the cold and hunger. They were confined at Libby, then at Castle Thunder, and in March, 1863, were sent to City Point for exchange. Action of the War Department in threatening retaliatory measures had saved them from the fate of their executed companions. The survivors of this expedition were presented with Medals by Congress, Jacob Parrott receiving the first, and with one hundred dollars in addition to their arrearages of pay. The bodies of those hanged at Atlanta were subsequently removed and reburied in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga. "So sleep the brave."

Knight's official citation for his Medal of Honor reads:

William J. Knight. Private. Company E, 21st Ohio Infantry. Place and date: Georgia, April 1862. Entered Service at: Farmer Center, Defiance County, Ohio. Born: 29 January, 1837, Apple Creek, Wayne County, Ohio. Date of Issue: September 1863.

Citation: **One of the 19 of 22 men (including two civilians) who, by direction of Gen. Mitchel (or Buell), penetrated nearly 200 miles south into enemy territory and captured a railroad train at Big Shanty, Georgia in an attempt to destroy the bridges and tracks between Chattanooga and Atlanta.**

William J. Knight

JOSEPH AQUILA COONROD - INDIAN WARS

Christened Joseph Aquila Coonrod, he was the son of Woollery and Hulda Coonrod. Born probably 1832, he is given title of being the first white male born in Springfield township, Williams County.

He would never know his mother for she died September 20, 1834 at the age of 36. She was buried in the Buck Cemetery, two miles west of the village of Evansport, on the Williams - Defiance County line.

His father would remarry on January 13, 1835 to Mary Coy. By January 3, 1847, Woollery dies leaving no will and no list of heirs. His widow Mary and brother William relinquish their rights to administer the Coonrod estate. Mary ask that John Donaldson be appointed administrator. He would serve only a very short time as local attorney, S.E. Blakeslee signs himself as Administrator, de bonus. Woollery Coonrod's estate is finally settled on July 3, 1857.

Aquila Coonrod would become the guardian of Orlando Evans on November 20, 1848. Aquila was sixteen years of age and would be under this bond until his 21st birthday.

Aquila wasted no time upon turning 21, for on July 2, 1853, he marries Susannah Gier. The 1860 census shows Aquila Coonrod living in Springfield township of Williams County. He is a farmer and married to Susannah- 28 years old. They had three children listed - Nancy Adaline, 6; Frank Joseph, 5; and Sophia Sylvia, 1.

We are about to enter a period of Aquila's life that would change his family's course forever. By April 1861, the Confederacy declares itself free of the Union. Lincoln puts out the call for 75000 "90 day men". Ohio is quick to respond and acts immediately. Aquila would enlist with Company E of the 14th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, for three months service. He enrolled on April 23 in Stryker, Ohio. He would be mustered as 3rd Corporal and be listed as 28 years old. His Company would be called up and they travel to Toledo to complete the organization of the regiment. They then leave for Camp Taylor in Cleveland, where they will be mustered into the service. Aquila would serve honorably and be discharged with his company on August 13, 1861. He was paid by the State of Ohio his final pay of $13.00.

He would return to work at the Hub and Spoke factory located on the east side of South Main Street, near Lynn Run in Bryan, between enlistments. For reasons unknown except to himself and family, he would join at Columbus, Ohio on May 28, 1863 for three years service. He was assigned to a detachment of Ohio Sharp Shooters. He would enter active duty at Camp Dennison on August 1, 1863 as a 2nd Lieutenant. He would remain in command of a detachment of the Ohio Volunteer Sharp Shooters until ordered to be mustered as Captain of Company I, 125th O.V.I. on September 25, 1863.

His enlistment papers reflect the following about him: he is 32 year of age, 5 feet, 11 inches tall, complexion - fair, eyes - hazel, hair - brown. He was born in William County, Ohio. He was a blacksmith by trade.

He is on the Company muster roll as Captain of Company I from November 1863 through May 1864. He would see action with his unit at Mission Ridge, Tennessee (November 25, 1863) and Dandridge, Tennessee (January 6-17, 1864). On April 30, 1864, Captain Coonrod would take actions to resign his commission because of a medical disability. The pertinent documents are:

Brig. Gen. William D. Whipple
A.A.G.

Camp of 125th Ohio Vol. Inf.
near Cleveland, Tennessee
April 30, 1864

Sir,

I hereby tender my immediate and unconditional resignation as Captain in the 125th Regt., O.V.I., for reason set forth in accompanying Surgeon's certificate.

Very Respectfully
Your Obedient Servant,

Aquila Coonrod
Capt., 125th O.V.I.

Hospital Dept., 125th O.V.I.
Camp near Cleveland, Tenn.
April 30, 1864

Capt. Aquila Coonrod of Co. I, 125th Regt., O.V.I. having applied for a certificate on which to base a resignation of his commission. I hereby certify that I have examined this officer and find him incapable of performing the duties of his office because of "Palpateal Aneurisms" which wholly disqualify him from performing his duties either in the field or Invalid Corps.

Approved on Personal Examination,

E.H. Bowman, Surgeon 27th Illinois
Acting Div. Surgeon, 2nd Div., 4th A.C.

Headquarters Dept. of the Cumberland
Chattanooga, May 27, 1864

Special Order
No. 3

I...The resignation of the following named officer is accepted to take effect from this date, the balance due these officers, will not be paid until the certificate required by G.O. No. 238. Series 1863. War Department is furnished the Paymaster.

Capt. Aquila Coonrod, 125th Ohio Inf. Vol.
Cause Disability: not physically suitable for the Veterans Reserve Corps.

By command of ,

Major General Thomas

(signed) William M. Michaels
Asst. Adj. Gen.

Official
(signed) George W. Howard
Asst. Adj. Gen.

Though Aquila Coonrod resigned his commission as Captain of Company I, 125th O.V.I., and gets his release on account of physical disability, he apparently used the next seven months well. He makes a full recovery and will reenlist in Cincinnati, Ohio for three years service with Company C of the 7th U.S. Cavalry. He would be discharged on December 22, 1867 at Fort Lyon in the Colorado Territory as a Sergeant.

He would again enlist on January 25, 1868 with the 7th U.S. Cavalry and remained until discharged on September 20, 1870 in the Colorado Territory as a Corporal. He moves back east and settles with his family in Chicago. Here his wife, Susannah dies between 1868 and 1870. His children, at the time, were sent to live with his wife's sister Nancy Clinker in Tiffin township, Defiance County, Ohio.

In a letter written by Elmer Hamill (in 1903) to his sister Winifred, he says:

"During most of grandfathers (Aquila) enlistments, our grandmother with the children, were in the military camp also, just to be with her husband... mentioning one specific time in the Colorado Territory, when the whole state was in a turmoil with the Indians on the warpath..."

From the book, "The Long Death", by Andrist, this:

"For the women and children, life in Ft. Kearney had been circumscribed by the walls of the stockade since very soon after their arrival. Margaret Carrington had taken seriously Gen. Sherman's advice... that each woman should keep a diary. At first, her entries had been expansive with descriptions of the sun on the Big Horn Mountains, of the immensity of the sky full of stars in the clear mountain air. Very soon she was writing more like a prisoner. There were twelve women and eleven children at the fort"... (one of these women was Susannah Coonrod, among the eleven children, four of them were here children, John, Sophia, Frank, and Nancy). And with Indian attacks always imminent, they seldom saw the world except over the top of an eight foot palisade... Carrington left Ft. Phil Kearney on January 23 with an escort of 60 men, taking with him all the women and children. The snow was deep and the temperature got as low as forty below zero. By the time the sixty-five miles had been traversed, two of the Cavalry escorts had frozen their legs so bad that their legs had to be amputated. Women and children rode in covered wagons, made as cold-proof as was possible and provided with small stoves, even so, the temperature in the wagons registered well below zero.

With his wife dead, the children now being cared for by Susannah's sister in Ohio. There appears a pension record which shows Aquila Coonrod marries Mary S. Brummit of Murfreesboro, Tennessee. While there is no recorded record of the marriage; however, they are considered man and wife from February 3, 1870 to August 1881.

In the meantime, Aquila would reenter the service on December 23, 1873 at Chicago, Illinois as a member of Company C, 5th U.S. Infantry. He would serve under General Nelson A. Miles command in the Montana Territory. He would participate in the 1876-77 Winter Campaign against Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull in the Battle of Wolf Mountain and Cedar Creek. During this campaign, he would distinguish himself and be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. (See related story on this campaign) He would be discharged at Ft. Keogh in the Montana Territory on September 24, 1878. Prior to his discharge (1878) he prepared a letter sent to the Secretary of War.

Fort Keogh, M.T.
July 26,1878

The Honorable Secretary of War

Sir,

I have the honor to make the following statement:

I entered the Ohio Volunteer Militia 23rd April 1861 and served as a commissioned officer during the Rebellion from 13th December 1861 until my resignation as Captain in the 125th O.V.M. 7th May, 1864.

I enlisted in the Regular Army 22 December 1864 and assigned to Company C, 7th Cavalry, served during the Washita Campaign under General Custer. Discharged 22 December 1867 on expiration of term of service. Reenlisted January 5, 1868. Discharged by order on account of surplus of non-commissioned officers 4th September 1870. Enlisted again 24 December, 1873 and assigned to Company C, 5th U.S. Infantry, served under General Miles in the Indian Territory expedition in 1874 and the engagement with Sitting Bull at Cedar Creek, M.T. and Crazy Horse at Wolf Mountain, M.T. in 1876 - for which last engagement I have received a medal of honor.

I made application to be Ordinance Sergeant, U.S.A. and received letter Adjutant General Office dated Washington, March 21st, 1876 stating that my application is on file.

I am married man with a family and my term of service expires in a few months. As the law deprives my wife of her allowance as a laundress it would be very difficult for me to support my family on my present pay. I therefore respectfully request that my appointment as Ordinance Sergeant be granted.

Very Respectfully,
Your Obedient Servant

1st Sergt., Co. C, 5th U.S. Inf., U.S.A.

Aquila would be discharged without getting the appointment of Ordinance Sergeant. He would reenter the service again for his final period of service on September 2, 1880 from Camp McIntosh. He joined Troop F of the 7th U.S. Cavalry. From Ft. Buford in the Dakota Territory on July 9, 1881, he again petitions to be appointed Ordinance Sergeant. The letter reads:

Adjutant General, U.S. Army
Washington, D.C.

The Company Commander

General,

I have the honor to respectfully request my application for appointment of Ordnance Sergeant dates Cantonment Tongue River, M.T. October 29, 1877 while 1st Sergt., Co. C, 5th

Inf., be considered with a view to as early an appointment as may be expedient. Since my discharge from the Infantry branch of the service, I have enlisted in the Cavalry and am now 1st Sergeant, Troop F, 7th Cavalry, desiring that my renewal of the application will not be considered inopportune and that it will receive the most favorable consideration.

I am General,

Your Obedient Servant

Aquila Coonrod
1st Sergt., Troop F, 7th Cav.

Having applied for Ordnance Sergeant in 1876, 1877, and now again in 1881, Aquila had the following recommendations: Alfred E. Terry, Brig. Gen., Nelson Miles, Col., 5th Inf., E. Butler, Capt., 5th Inf., Co. C., Major Whipple, C.W. Bell, Capt., 7th Cav., and D.H. Brotherton, 7th Inf Commandant, Post Major.

Though his recommendations were superior endorsements, Sergeant Coonrod would not obtain his promotion due to the fact that a letter dated February 21, 1882 from the War Department informs us that because their our 23 applicants for appointment as Ordnance Sergeant, who have served longer as noncommissioned officers than Sergeant Coonrod, that under the rules of the Department, these men well have precedence when a vacancy occurs.

So, Aquila will not obtain a promotion. His family is with him at Ft. Keogh in the Montana Territory. In August 1881, Aquila's marriage falls apart with Mary (Brummit) Coonrod. And the final service of this man's life to the U.S.A. is a about to be carried out. By Spring 1884, he was stationed with the 7th Cavalry, headquartered at Ft. Buford in the Dakota Territory. He had been sent to Glendive in the Montana Territory with other soldiers to escort the U.S. Government Paymaster by stage route to Ft. Buford. They had $20,000 on the wagon. The story goes as follows:

On May 14, 1884, 1st Sergeant Coonrod of Troop F, 7th Cavalry is reported killed by Major Charles Whipple, Army Paymaster. Major Whipple tells the following account:

We left Glendive, Montana Territory at 9 A.M., May 14th for Ft. Buford (present North Dakota). Myself, my clerk, Mr. Such, and Sergeant Coonrod, who commanded the escort of three men and two drivers. I had secretly placed the $20000 in the first ambulance, contrary to my usual custom of putting the money in the second wagon. Mr. Such and I were on the rear seat, Sgt. Coonrod and the driver on the front seat. About 2:30 P.M., while passing through a deep ravine, I heard rapid firing. Looking out, I saw Sgt. Coonrod firing to the left at seven masked men, who had opened a murderous fire upon us without warning. The sergeant returned the fire in the bravest manner until he was wounded through the lungs and liver and became so weak he could not hold his rifle. The driver was wounded and fell from the wagon, and Mr. Such and I jumped out. One mule was wounded, and the team ran away. I ran after the mules and overtook them. The sergeant died in my arms about twenty minutes later after being wounded.

The villains, thinking the money was in the second ambulance as usual, paid little attention to me and we reached Scott's ranch about eight miles away. The men found nothing in the escort wagon, took the tobacco and a little money from the escorts, broke their carbines, and let them go on. From Scott's, I sent a courier to Ft. Buford, as we expected an attack. We were on guard all night until Major Bell and troops of the Seventh Cavalry reached us at 4 a.m. Sergeant Coonrod leaves a family at Miles City, Montana. He was a gallant soldier.

The masked men were never caught. The body of Sergeant Coonrod was taken by boat on the Yellowstone River and buried at Ft. Buford with a wooden headboard bearing a carved American flag and the epitaph "Murdered by Road Agents."

In 1885, old Ft. Buford was abandoned and the 152 bodies removed from the post burying ground to Custer National Cemetery (within the Little Bighorn Nat'l Battlefield) near Hardin, Montana in April of 1896. He was buried in Section A, grave 372. His new marker reads:

Aquila Coonrad, Sergeant
Troop F, 7th Cavalry
Killed
May 14, 1884
in line of duty while in
charge of paymaster escort.

Now as to the official actions taken, Commanding General Whistler (Ft. Buford) May 14, 1884 immediately sent a telegram to Adj. Gen. of the Dakota Department at Ft. Snelling, Minnesota. He stated,

> "Major Whipple, paymaster, attacked by highwaymen. Sergeant Coonrod in charge of escort killed and two men wounded. Company of Cavalry sent immediately for their relief. Further information will be given as soon as received."
>
> (signed) Whistler
> Commanding

Once things had been sorted out, the official report sent from Ft. Snelling, Minnesota reads:

Western Union Telegraph Company
35th Bldg, C - 344 Pay Gov't Rate
rec'd at Cornan Bldg., S.E. Cor. 15th
at "F" Station, Washington, May 16, 1884
Ft. Snelling, Minn., 16

Following dispatch

Ft. Buford, May 15, 1884
Adj. Gen., U.S.A.
Ft. Snelling, Minn.

Major Whipple has just arrived and reports as follows:

He was attacked four miles this side of Burn's ranch by seven masked highwaymen. Sergeant Coonrad, Troop F, 7th Cavalry was killed while gallantly repelling the assault. Private Birch, Troop L, 7th Cavalry was severely wounded in the arm while discharging his piece. The driver of the ambulance also received a slight scalp wound. All the party in the ambulance except the sergeant - who received mortal wounds - jumped out at the second volley and were immediately exposed to a murderous fire at the hands of the desperadoes. The paymaster, recognizing the urgency of the situation immediately started in pursuit of the mules, which had taken fright and were running away with the ambulance containing the funds and the dying sergeant, succeeded in overtaking them after a chase of about a mile and reached Scott's ranch in safety with the funds. Mr. Such, the clerk and the ambulance driver

were covered by the rifles of the robbers and ordered to run to the escort wagon after an unsuccessful search for the safe containing the funds, which they supposed to be in the back of the wagon. They broke the arms of the escort and ordered them to get in the wagon. Scouts are now in search of the robbers having reached Scott's ranch by a forced march at daylight this morning...Johnson brought Sergeant Coonrod's body and Private Birch of "L" Troop, who is badly wounded. The gallantry of the Sergeant and of Private Birch is deserving of the highest praise.

(signed) Whistler, Com. Gen.

Alfred Terry, Brig. Gen.

The Bismark Tribune on Friday, May 16, 1884 tells the following story:

"Sympathy of Old Comrades"

Miles City, M.T., May 15, Special

There is interest felt at Ft. Keogh over the death of Sergeant Coonrod, killed by road agents north of Glendive. The Sergeant was stationed at Keogh three years ago. Sergeant Aquila Coonrod served through the war, then in the 7th Cavalry under Custer in the Indian Territory, then became First Sgt. 5th Infantry, was in charge on Crazy at Wolf Mountain under Miles and received a Medal of Honor for bravery there.

His burial was a mystery for a while, until researchers identified all death and burial material on Aquila Coonrad (Conrad) was for Aquilla Coonrod, which made the research almost impossible. Due to the efforts of Zola Crago, Carole Olson, and Charles Evanson, the problems were clarified and corrected...

I would now direct our attention to the period of service when Coonrod is with the 5th Infantry under Miles in the Winter Campaign of 1876-77 against the Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, led by Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse in Montana. I take the account from "Deeds of Valor, How American Heroes Won the Medal of Honor."

BATTLE of WOLF MOUNTAIN and CEDAR CREEK

"Preparatory to the winter campaign of 1876-77 against the Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, under Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, in Montana, Colonel Nelson A. Miles equipped his command, the Fifth United States Infantry, as if he were organizing an expedition for the Arctic regions. His foresight was commendable, for frequently the thermometer registered as low as fifty degrees below zero. They were abundantly supplied with food and clothing, and every precaution was taken to protect both men and horses against the severity of this intense cold. The command, numbering about 400 men and one piece of artillery, when dressed in their blankets and furs, looked more like a large body of Esquimaux than like white men and United States troops, and when they wore their woolen masks over their heads it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. Thus equipped, the men were well prepared to battle with both the elements and the Indians during this trying campaign, which opened early in October, 1876.

A cantonment had been established at the mouth of the Tongue River by Colonel Miles, and on the 10th of October a train of ninety-four wagons started for it from Glendive Creek with supplies, but was attacked and driven back. With a new escort of 185 men of the Twenty-second Infantry, under Colonel E.S. Otis, this train again started out, but was a second time attacked by 700 Indians on Spring Creek. The train, however, formed in compact lines,

pressed on, the infantry escort charging the Indians repeatedly and driving them back, while the wagons slowly advanced. Three or four scouts from Colonel Mile's command were met here, having been attacked by Indians, and one of their party killed. The train proceeded, with the escort skirmishing, until Clear Creek was reached. Here the Indians made a most determined attack, firing the prairie, and the wagons were obliged to advance through the flames. Compactly arranged, and in four lines, the wagons proceeded, the entire escort being engaged in alternately charging the Indians, driving them back and then regaining the moving teams.

While the train was thus advancing, an Indian runner approached and left upon a hill the following communication:

> Yellowstone:
>
> I want to know what you are doing traveling on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't, I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here and turn back from here.
>
> I am your friend,
>
> Sitting Bull
>
> I mean all the rations you have got and some powder. Wish you would write as soon as you can.

Colonel Otis sent out a scout, with a reply to Sitting Bull's note, stating that he intended to take the train through to Tongue River and would be pleased to accommodate the Indians with a fight at any time.

The train again proceeded, the Indians surrounding it and keeping up firing at long range, but after a short time two Indians appeared with a flag of truce and communication was again opened with the hostiles, who stated they were hungry, tired of the war and wanted to make peace. Sitting Bull wanted to meet Colonel Otis outside of the lines of the escort, which invitation, however, Colonel Otis declined, though professing a willingness to meet Sitting Bull inside the lines of the troops. This the wary savage was afraid to do but sent three chiefs to represent him. Colonel Otis made them a present of 150 pounds of hard bread and two sides of bacon, said that he had no authority to treat with them, but that the Indians could go to the Tongue River and there make known their wishes regarding surrender. The train moved on and the Indians fell to its rear, finally disappearing altogether.

On the night of the 18th of October, Colonel Otis met Colonel Miles with his entire regiment, who, alarmed for the safety of the train, had advanced to meet it. The supplies were taken to the cantonment at the Tongue, and the wagons returned in safety to Glendive.

Shortly after meeting Colonel Otis and learning from him the immediate situation, Colonel Miles, with the Fifth Infantry, started after Sitting Bull, overtaking him near Cedar Creek, Montana, north of the Yellowstone. Colonel Miles met Sitting Bull between the lines of the troops and of the Indians, the latter having sent a flag of truce to Miles, desiring to communicate.

After some conversation Sitting Bull desired to know what the troops were remaining in that country for, and why they did not go back to their posts or into winter quarters. He was informed by Miles that they were out to bring him and his Indians in, and that they did not wish to continue the war against them, but that if they forced the war it would end disastrously for

the Indians. He was told that he could not be allowed to roam over the country, sending out war-parties to devastate the settlements. Sitting Bull claimed that the country belonged to the Indians and not to the white man, and declared that he had nothing to do with the white men and wanted them to leave that country entirely to the Indians. He said that the white man never lived who loved an Indian, and that no true Indian ever lived that did not hate the white man. He declared that God Almighty made him an Indian and did not make him an agency Indian either, and he did not intend to be one. After much talk the interview closed unsatisfactorily and Colonel Mile's column, number 398 rifles, moved and camped on Cedar Creek, so as to intercept the movement of the Indians, Sitting Bull being told to come again the next day.

While the command was moving north between the Indian camp and the Big Dry River, the Indians again appeared and desired to talk. Another council followed between the lines, October 21st, Sitting Bull and a number of principal men being present. Sitting Bull wanted peace, if he could have it upon on his own terms. He was told the conditions of the government. He then said he would come in to trade for ammunition, but wanted no rations or annuities and desired to live free, as an Indian. He gave no assurance of good faith, and as the council broke up he was told that a non-acceptance of the terms of the government would be considered an act of hostility.

Sitting Bull and the men who accompanied him then returned with all speed toward their lines, calling out to the Indians to prepare for battle, and the scene was, for the next few minutes, one of wildest excitement. The prairies were covered with savage warriors, dashing, hither and thither making ready for battle. At the end of the time mentioned, Miles ordered an advance of the entire body of troops, and immediately the Indians commenced setting fire to the dry prairie grass around the command, together with other acts of hostility. An engagement immediately followed, in which the Indians were driven out of their camp for several miles, and on the two following days were hotly pursued. The Indians lost a few of their warriors and a large amount of property, both in their camp and on their retreat, including their horses, mules and ponies.

At one time, the command was entirely surrounded by Indians, and the troops, although outnumbered three to one, were formed in a large hollow square in open order and deployed at five paces, with all the reserves brought into action; yet not a single man left his place or failed to do his full duty.

The energy and persistence with which the attack was made created consternation in the Indian camp that after a pursuit of forty-two miles they sent out another flag of truce and again requested an interview. During this interview 2,000 of them agreed to go to their agencies and surrender, five chiefs giving themselves up as hostages for the delivery of men, women, and children, ponies, arms and ammunition at the agencies. Sitting Bull himself escaped northward with his own small band, and was joined by Gall and other chiefs with their followers. Having returned to Tongue River Cantonment, Colonel Miles organized a force numbering 434 rifles and moved north in pursuit of Sitting Bull, but the trail was obliterated by the snow in the vicinity of the Big Dry River. A band of 119 lodges, under Iron Dog, crossed the Missouri in advance of the command and dissolved itself in the Yanktonnais camp, Sitting Bull continuing to hover about the neighborhood of the Missouri River and its branches for some time afterwards.

On December 7th, First Lieutenant F.D. Baldwin, with Companies G, H, and I, Fifth Infantry, numbering 100 officers and men, overtook Sitting Bull's camp of 190 lodges, followed and drove it south of the Missouri, near the mouth of Bark Creek. The Indians resisted Baldwin's crossing of the river for a short time and then retreated into the Bad Lands. Ten days later this same force, under Lieutenant Baldwin, surprised Sitting Bull's band of 122 lodges near the head of the Red Water, capturing the entire camp and its contents, together with about sixty horses, ponies and mules. The Indians escaped with little besides

what they had upon their persons and scattered southward across the Yellowstone.

The large cantonment at the mouth of the Tongue River having been established, from this point as a base the pursuit of the remnants of the Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, with Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, was energetically pressed by the troops under Colonel Miles. The low state of water in the river now gave the troops on the Yellowstone a three-fold task of great difficulty, to shelter themselves by building huts, to bring up their supplies by tedious hauling from the head of navigation, and to prosecute, simultaneously, in the midst of winter, vigorous field operations against the hostiles.

On December 29th of 1876, Colonel Miles, with Companies A, C, D, E and K, Fifth Infantry, and Companies E and F, Twenty-second Infantry, numbering 436 officers and men, with two pieces of artillery, moved out against the Sioux and Cheyennes under Crazy Horse, whose camp had been reported south of the Yellowstone, in the Tongue River valley. As the column moved up the Tongue, the Indians abandoned their winter camps, consisting of about 600 lodges, and the column had two sharp skirmishes on the 1st and 3rd of January, driving the Indians up the valley of the Tongue, until the night of the 7th, when the advance captured a young warrior and seven Cheyenne women and children, who proved to be relatives of the head-men of the tribe. A determined attempt was made by the Indians to rescue the prisoners, and preparations were made for the severe fight to be expected next day. The next morning about 600 warriors appeared in front of the troops and an engagement followed, lasting about five hours. The fight took place in a canyon, the Indians occupying a spur of the Wolf Mountain range.

As the fight opened the two Napoleon guns exploded shells within the Indians' lines, creating great consternation among the savages. At one time they had completely surrounded the command, but the key of the position was a high bluff to the left on the line of troops, and the sharpest fighting was for the possession of this ground. The Indians who held it were led by Big Crow, a Medicine Man. He rushed out in front of the warriors, attired in a most gorgeous Indian battle costume of the brightest colors, and with a head-dress made of the waving plumes of the eagle falling down his back, jumped up and down ran in a circle and whooped and yelled like a madman.

Then a charge was made by troops under Captain's James S. Casey, Fifth Infantry, Edmund Butler, Fourteenth Infantry, and Lieutenant Robert McDonald and Frank D. Baldwin, Fifth Infantry. It was done with splendid courage, vim and determination, although the men were so encumbered with their heavy winter clothing, and the snow was so deep, that it was impossible to move faster than a slow walk. They were conspicuous in this charge for their boldness and excellent judgment. In the very midst of their daring acts of bravery, Big Crow fell, pierced by a rifle shot, and his loss, together with the success of the charge that had been made and the important ground gained, seemed to cause a panic among the Indians and they immediately fled in utter rout up the valley down which they had come a few hours before. The ground was covered with ice and snow to a depth of from one to three feet, and the latter portion of the engagement was fought in a blinding snow-storm, the troops stumbling and falling in scaling the ice and snow-covered cliffs from which the Indians were driven, with serious loss in killed and wounded, through the Wolf Mountains and in the direction of the Big Horn range. For this gallant charge Captain's Casey, Butler and Lieutenant McDonald received the Medal of Honor.

If the troops had met with disaster it would have been many weeks before any relieving command could have reached the ground from the nearest possible source of aid. Every officer and soldier knew this, and that a mistake meant disaster, and that disaster or defeat meant annihilation, and were therefore inspired to deeds of heroism and fortitude and a corresponding confidence. The fighting that occurred on the left of the line, as already described was for a time very close and desperate, in which the troops lost three men killed and eight wounded. The column then returned to the cantonment at the mouth of the Tongue River.

The prisoners which Colonel Mile's command captured from Crazy Horse's village proved a valuable acquisition in communication with the hostiles and in arranging for their surrender. On February 1st., Miles sent out a scout with two of the captives, offering terms on which a surrender would be accepted, informing the hostiles that a non-compliance would result in a movement of the troops against them. Following up the trail from the scene of the engagement, near the Wolf Mountains, the Indians were found camped on a tributary of the Little Big Horn. The mission was successfully executed by the scout, and on February 19th., he returned with nineteen Indians, mainly chiefs and leading warriors, who desired to learn the exact conditions upon which they could surrender. The terms were repeated, viz:

> "unconditional surrender and compliance with such orders as might be received from higher authority".

The delegation returned to their village, the camps moved near the forks of the Powder River for a general council and after another interview with Colonel Miles, Crazy Horse's uncle, named Little Hawk, with others, guaranteed to bring the Indian camp to the cantonment at Tongue River, or to take it to the lower agencies, leaving in Colonel Mile's hands, as a pledge of good faith, nine hostages, prominent men and head-warriors of both tribes. Three hundred Indians, led by Two Moons, Hump, and other chiefs, surrendered to Colonel Miles on April 22nd. The largest part of the bands, numbering more than 2000, led by Crazy Horse, Little Hawk, and others, moved southward and surrendered at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies in May.

Crazy Horse and his people were placed on the reservation near Camp Robinson, where, for a time, they appeared quiet and peaceable, but in a few months the restraints of this new position became so irksome to Crazy Horse that he began to concoct schemes again involving his people in war. It was determined, therefore, to arrest him and confine him. While on his way to the guard house, he broke from those around him and attempted to escape by cutting his way, with a knife, through the circle of sentinels and bystanders. In the melee, he was fatally wounded and died on the night of September 7th.

In the meantime, Sitting Bull's camp had gathered near the Yellowstone, and when Crazy Horse and his confederates decided to place themselves under subjection to the government, Sitting Bull's band, in order to avoid surrendering and to escape further pursuit, retreated beyond the northern boundary and took refuge on Canadian soil, the party being in a very destitute condition, almost out of ammunition and having lost nearly everything excepting their guns and horses.

The campaign against these Indians, which brought about the preceding results was carried on by troops under the most unfavorable conditions and against greatly superior forces of Indians. The men not only withstood the rigors of the cold weather with great fortitude, but also fought the savages in the several engagements from Cedar Creek to Wolf Mountains with a vigor that challenged admiration.

Among these brave and hardy troopers were men who displayed exceptional acts of heroism and gallantry in these actions that won for them the coveted Medal of Honor.

Aquilla Coonrod's Medal of Honor citation reads:

AQUILLA COONROD. Sergeant, Company C, 5th U.S. Infantry. At Cedar Creek, etc., Montana, October 1876 to January 1877. Issued 27 April, 1877. Citation: Gallantry in action.

THE WAR

WITH SPAIN

APRIL 21,1898 - JULY 4, 1902

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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, 1898-99

Boys of '98: Little noted, nor remembered

The called it "that splendid little war."

But by the time it was over, 2446 American soldiers had died - 2061 of disease or other non-battle causes - and another 1662 were wounded.

Unlike widespread publicity surrounding the 50th anniversary of World War II or the centennial commemoration of the U.S. Civil War, this years 100th anniversary of the Spanish-American War has drawn scant attention.

Other than "Remember the Maine" and Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders at San Juan Hill, the war left little lasting impression on America.

The United States had long had it eye on Cuba, and in 1898 the island was embroiled in longstanding bloodshed between Spanish troops holding the island and Cuban insurrectionists. Many Americans wanted the U.S. government to intervene - even to the point of establishing military and naval bases on the island.

War came when the U.S. battleship Maine, sent to protect Americans from rioters, blew up in Havana harbor, killing nearly 250 American sailors. An inflamed American public blamed Spain - even though historians believe the blast may have been accidental - and the war was on.

Pages of the Bryan Democrat newspaper chronicled the investigation into the Maine's explosion and the buildup to war. On its April 28 front page the Democrat proclaimed the news in bold capital letters: "DECLARATION OF WAR."

By the time the weekly Democrat carried the news, the local National Guard Company had been mobilized. That local unit - Company E of the Sixth Ohio Infantry - contained men from throughout Williams County.

As that April 28 issue of the Democrat described it, "Bryan has been in a ferment for several days. Orders were received last week to recruit Company E, to the maximum of 75 men, and the business of enlisting men for active service was begun and vigorously prosecuted until the required number was enrolled.

"Saturday Regimental Surgeon Howe came up from Toledo and officially examined the enlisted men. A few of them were discharged, but many others were ready to take their places.

"Sunday the soldiers rested on their arms, so to speak, but all seemed anxious for a hurry call to move. Monday everybody seemed on the qui vive, business was partially suspended, citizens gathered in knots here and there to discuss the situation, soldiers in uniform hurried from point to point, all anticipating an early call to rally 'round the flag'.

"In the evening an immense crowd assembled at the armory to see the boys drill, many of them, possibly for the last time, in Bryan. At eight o'clock, Capt. Langel announced to his command that he had received orders to move the company to Toledo at 7:08 Tuesday morning, and he desired that the company assemble at the armory at 5 o'clock in the morning. The announcement was received with loud cheers by troops and citizens.

"Early Tuesday morning citizens of the town and country round about began flocking toward the armory, so that by time for the soldiers to march to the railroad station the sidewalks in every direction were crowded with people.

"The leave-takings of mothers from sons, wives and children from husbands and fathers, and sweethearts from lovers were too tender and affecting to attempt to depict in cold type.

"At 6:30, a parade was formed comprising the City Band, a drum corps, sixty veterans of the War of '61-5 acting as an escort and then came Company E, every man a soldier, the observed of the thousands of observers who lined the square to the Lake Shore station.

"At the station, the company and veterans were grouped while J.E. Beach photographed them. The throng of people at and around the station and up the street was immense, variously estimated at 3000 to 4000. A count of heads would have shown the latter figure to be nearest correct.

"On time the boys mounted the cars and moved away amid the loud acclaim of the people."

Company E joined the rest of the Sixth Ohio regiment at Toledo, then was given another rousing send off when the men boarded the train for Camp Bushnell at Columbus.

Meanwhile the war was getting under way. On May 1, 1898, Admiral George Dewey and his ships destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila Bay in the Philippines.

Two weeks later the Sixth Ohio was shipped south to Chickamauga Park in Georgia - site of a Civil War battle - where they arrived May 19.

On June 5, Company E's captain, Charles Langel, penned a letter to the Democrat. "The men are in the best of condition," he wrote, "for either long marches or active service in the field. The new men were very apt in acquiring the tactics and there is no one who could be called a raw recruit.

"They are in excellent spirits and are anxious to go to the front. They say they want to show Spain that if she pulls the feathers out of the eagle's tail she must abide by the consequences. The sham battles and the skirmish drills, together with their other work have made them strong, hardy men, ready to endure the hardships of war and to be contented without the luxuries of life.

"You would be surprised at the change soldier life had made on the clerks and students with whom I started from Bryan. Their formerly colorless faces are now plump and rosy and their physical development is certainly noticeable.

"While the work is not difficult it is enough to keep them from becoming lazy. They spend their spare time in reading and writing letters or else in sight seeing around the Park..."

While the Sixth Ohio still trained in Georgia, American land forces invaded Spanish held Cuba on June 22, and 25 days later the Spanish forces on the island surrendered. A week later U.S. troops invaded Puerto Rico and met almost no opposition.

And on August 13 Americans occupied Manila, a day after an armistice was signed to end the fighting.

All while the Sixth Ohio was camped in Georgia.

Even though Company E saw no battle in the war, four of its members died of disease. The first to die was Private Henry Waldner. On August 26, 1898, he succumbed to typhoid fever in

Sternberg Hospital, Chickamauga Park, Georgia.

On September 18, 1898, Private Richard Bolins died at Bryan of typhoid pneumonia. On September 22, Private Charles Shoemaker died of typhoid fever in Knoxville, Tennessee and on November 21, Private Charles Sellinger died of typhoid fever in Stryker.

Through a treaty signed December 10, 1898, Cuba was granted freedom, and Spain ceded Guam, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines to the United States. The United States paid Spain $20 million for the Philippines.

Despite the war's end, the United States maintained a military presence in Cuba, and the island became the Sixth Ohio's destination when they set sail from Charleston, South Carolina on December 30, 1898.

After a four month stay in Cuba the regiment arrived back in the United States on April 26, 1899.

On May 26 Company E arrived back in Bryan - as the regiment's history book describes it, "HOME SWEET HOME."

Donald Allison, "The Bryan Times," May 23, 1998.

SERVICE RECORD COMPANY E, BRYAN

In War with Spain
Company E, Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry

This Regiment was organized at Toledo, Ohio, April 25, 1898. Left for Columbus, Ohio, April 29, 1898, by rail. Mustered into the United States Volunteer Service, May 16, 1898. It was composed of companies from the different parts of the State of Ohio as Follows: Company A, Toledo; Company B, Sandusky; Company C, Toledo; Company D, Fostoria; Company E, Bryan; Company F, Napoleon; Company G, Wauseon; Company H, Toledo; Company I, Clyde; Company K, Fremont; Company L, Toledo; Company M, Defiance.

This regiment left Columbus, Ohio, May 17, 1898, by rail, for Camp George H. Thomas, Ga., arriving there May 19, 1898. Left for Camp Poland, Tenn., August, 1898, by rail, arriving August 28, 1898. Left Camp Poland, Tenn., for Cienfuegos, Cuba, by rail for Charleston, S.C., December 27, 1898. Embarked on U.S. Transport Minnewaska December 29, 1898. Reached Cienfuegos, Cuba, January 4, 1899. Headquarters remained at Cienfuegos until March 23, 1899, when they were ordered temporarily to Trinidad, Cuba. Returned April 7, 1899. Left Cienfuegos for Savannah, Ga., April 22, 1899 on U. S. Transport Sedgwick. Reached Quarantine Station, Savannah, Ga., April 26, 1899. In Detention Camp, Daufuski Island, S.C., April 27 to May 2, 1899. Reached Savannah, Ga., May 2, 1899, and left for Camp McKenzie, Ga., by rail same date. Arrived at Camp McKenzie May 3, 1899. Mustered out of the United States Service May 24, 1899, at Camp McKenzie, Ga.

ROSTER

Officers and Enlisted

Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry
Company E

Name	Rank	Residence	Age
Charles L. Langel	Captain	Bryan	32
James W. Frankfather	1st Lieut	Napoleon	31
Sebring C. Fisk	2nd Lieut	Toledo	
Louis C. Fether	1st Sergt	Bryan	27
William H. David	Q.M. Sergt	Bryan	27
William S. Hummel	Sergeant	Bryan	26
Wilson Connin	Sergeant	Bryan	35
Charles P. Mavis	Sergeant	Bryan	28
Henry Gabriel	Sergeant	Bryan	24
Charles R. Amsbaugh	Corporal	Bryan	22
William T. Kosier	Corporal	Bryan	23
Joseph C.F. Grass	Corporal	Bryan	27
Loren E. Ensign	Corporal	Bryan	26
James S. Newman	Corporal	Bryan	20
William Stoner	Corporal	Pulaski	28
Frank Storer	Corporal	Bryan	20
John E. Saddoris	Corporal	Bryan	19
Daniel E. Warner	Corporal	Bryan	30
Harry B. Jones	Corporal	Bryan	25
Albert R. Kennedy	Corporal	Stryker	23
Adolph D. Farber	Musician	Bryan	22
Edward A. Reasoner	Musician	Fayette	28
William Reynolds	Artificer	Bryan	26
Mark Leidigh	Wagoner	Bryan	23
Herb Betts	Cook	Bryan	21
Bert W. Ames	Private	Pulaski	20
Boyd W. Burgoyne	Private	Bryan	18
Frank W. Brown	Private	W. Unity	18
Wilbur Bonnell	Private	Edgerton	28
Reuben A. Bonnell	Private	Edgerton	31
William E. Bancroft	Private	Stryker	21
Charles E. Bancroft	Private	Stryker	25
Thomas H. Beerbower	Private	Bryan	30
Charles A. Bailey	Private	Montpelier	18
Dale Boothman	Private	Bryan	21
Reason Bayes	Private	Wilna	21
Earl C. Boothman	Private	Stryker	19
Samuel M. Clinger	Private	Bryan	23
Vernon Cunningham	Private	Melbern	29
Frank Chappius	Private	Stryker	27
Orin J. Doolittle	Private	Pioneer	28
John E. Engle	Private	Bryan	18
Charles R. Easterly	Private	Bryan	19
Irvin D. Fay	Private	Bryan	24
Charles F. Fox	Private	Montpelier	18

Walter A. Fadley	Private	Stryker	21
Charles Gabriel	Private	Bryan	27
Charles R. Goller	Private	Ney	19
Lemuel Graber	Private	Stryker	23
Bert C. Hickman	Private	W. Unity	21
Frederick Hood	Private	Swanton	24
Arthur J. Hollington	Private	W. Unity	18
John A. Hollis	Private	Toledo	27
John E. Hart	Private	Montpelier	21
Daniel C. Haley	Private	Nettle Lake	21
Philimon A. Harris	Private	Stryker	19
Harmon J. Kurtz	Private	Bryan	27
Jacob P. Kelley	Private	Montpelier	20
William A. Kelley	Private	Bryan	21
Bert Ketrow	Private	Stryker	23
Fred W. Laeiss	Private	Bryan	21
Sanford M. LaBounty	Private	Bryan	28
Charles T. Lambert	Private	Bryan	20
Edward M. Moore	Private	Bryan	25
John C. Mason	Private	Bryan	24
Bennett O. Meech	Private	Bryan	24
Otis Miller	Private	W. Unity	24
Norman E. Neil	Private	W. Unity	20
Earl D. Neikirk	Private	Bryan	19
Albert O. Pope	Private	Pioneer	26
Theodore A. Rodigkiet	Private	Bryan	19
Robert T. Robison	Private	Bryan	19
James L. Saddoris	Private	Bryan	21
George H. Shankster	Private	Pulaski	27
Arthur G. Spangler	Private	Bryan	18
Omar L. Spangler	Private	Bryan	21
John Schmidt	Private	Bryan	27
Ernest B. Stoner	Private	W. Unity	21
Simeon Stuller	Private	Bryan	21
Claude R. Shaffer	Private	Montpelier	19
John H. Shaffer	Private	Stryker	18
John E. Stevens	Private	Stryker	
Floyd S. Thomas	Private	Bryan	18
Elvin E. Taylor	Private	Stryker	25
Austin J. Tressler	Private	Bryan	19
Charles Whitney	Private	Bryan	30
Garfield O. Warren	Private	Bryan	18
Chancy Young	Private	Pioneer	18

RESIGNED

Samuel Diehl	1st Lieut	Bryan	39

DISCHARGED

William J. Riley	Private	Pioneer	26
Francis M. Wetmore	Sergeant	Bryan	24
Fred I. Motherspaugh	Private	Sherwood	21
William M. Mallory	Private	Bryan	19

Charles P. Newman	Sergeant	Bryan	40
Moris Martinson	Private	Trobridge	25
Charles T. Boucher	Corporal	Bryan	20

TRANSFERRED

Phelix M. Smith	Private	Toledo	26
Ross E. Parker	Sergeant	Toledo	21
Fred E. Freshe	Private	Bryan	20
Austin J. Smith	Private	Toledo	21
Joseph W. Russell	Corporal	Toledo	24
Earl C. Carroll	Private	Bryan	22
Clark T. Elder	Private	Bryan	21
Oscar W. Wyatt	Private	Pulaski	24
John P. Fisher	Private	Bryan	24
Andrew J. Bucklew	Private	Bryan	22
Elmer E. Yates	Private	Bryan	37

ROLL OF HONOR

Henry Waldner	Private	Bryan	21
	Died Typhoid Fever in Sternberg Hospital August 30, 1898		
Richard F. Bolius	Private	Bryan	20
	Died at Bryan, O. September 18, 1898 while on sick furlough		
Charles J. Shoemaker	Private	Bryan	24
	Died of Typhoid Fever in army hospital in Knoxville, Tennessee on September 22, 1898		
Charles W. Sullinger	Private	Stryker	21
	Died at Stryker, O. November 21, 1898 while on sick furlough		

SOURCE

Taken from The Official Roster of Ohio Soldiers in the War With Spain, 1898-99. Compiled under the direction of Frank B. Willis, Governor; Charles Q, Hildebrant, Secretary of State; and Benson W. Hough, The Adjutant General. Published by the authority of the General Assembly, 1916. Press of the Edward T. Miller Co., Columbus, Ohio. Pages 437-43.

WAR WITH SPAIN CORRESPONDENCE

The following letters are taken from the Bryan Press newspaper between October 20, 1898 and June 1, 1899. They are letters sharing what the 6th O.V. I. was doing as well as some personal accounts of soldiers duty in Cuba.

Bryan Press, October 20, 1898

Camp Poland
Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 16, 1898

Dear Friends at Home:

This has been a very busy week for me. I have been getting the winter clothing for the regiment and have worked early and late to fit the boys out with blankets, overcoats and underwear, woolen socks, blouses and trousers, and hats and shoes. I have hauled from town thirteen four-mule wagon loads of clothing and issued it in three days. I rather think the "Old Reliable" would smile if he could have the clothing trade I have been getting, and I have no competition. The blankets and overcoats came just in time, as it has been very cold here nights, and for a man to sleep in a tent, or stand out without them, is no fun. But the boys take their turn at guard without any grumbling, except a few chronics, who kick all the time. Our tents are not of a good quality, but we have made requisition for new tentage, and will get it in a few days. Then we will have but three men to each tent, where now we have five or six. It will be much better for all. The days are very nice, and quite warm, but soon as the sun goes over the hills in the west it begins to get cool.

Knoxville is getting ready for a grand carnival the 19th, 20th and 21st of this month in which the soldiers take quite a part. We expect a great many visitors and quite a party from Ohio. Governor Bushnell will be here Thursday and the Ohio troops are expected to look their best.

Col. McMaken and Col. Kuert, of the 2nd Ohio, are invited to meet the committee of entertainment tomorrow morning to complete arrangements for the governor's reception. Mrs. McMaken is in camp with us; also Mrs. Bulger, our lieutenant colonel's wife.

Dale Boothman has been detailed to help at the YMCA tent. Elmer Yates has been transferred from Company E to Company H, and made a corporal. Doc is one of the oldest and most faithful men in the regiment, and well deserving of his promotion. Mark Leidigh and William Kosier were sent home from division hospital Friday, and that leaves only Sellinger, Amsbaugh and Will Mallory there, and they are getting along all right, so the boys report. I have been too busy this week to go over and see for myself. We do not have one-half the sickness we had three weeks ago, for which we are thankful. Dr. Howe is away on sick leave, and we have one of the surgeons from the 4th Tennessee. Sergeant Charles Newman left tonight on a thirty day furlough, and will be among you before you read this letter. Arthur Spangler returned to the regiment the middle of the past week from a visit to his parents. Art asked for an extension of his furlough, but it was not granted. We are all pleased to know that our boys at home are doing nicely. Was very sorry to hear of Orlo Tomlinson's death, and surprised to hear that Ernest Boothman was back from Alaska.

Our boys enjoy part of their time hunting chestnuts. There are plenty of them all around here, but not easy to gather. We find plenty of persimmons, and the boys have been sending them home to their friends. We have four or five opossums in the regiment that the boys have captured.

Today was quite a day, although Sunday. We had a great many visitors this evening. One of the boys from Company L made an ascension in a balloon and it was fine. Both man and balloon alighted within a few rods from where they went up. This is the second ascension he had made since we came to Knoxville, but we can do anything they call for.

One of the 1st West Virginia boys fell down by the track as the dummy was passing this afternoon, and the car ran over his hand, cutting off two of his fingers.

I saw yesterday an order from the war department stating that our division was to be fitted out to go to Cuba, and it might be as a division, brigade, or regiments, and all, or part were inspected last week by Major Ballance, and we find that our regiment is considered as one of the very best in the volunteers. Charlie Everett is back from the hospital.

Well, I am going to quit now, as I am cold and do not want to tire you, so good night. As Ever,

Yours Truly,

E.E. Newman
Captain and Quartermaster, 6th O.V.I.

Bryan Press, December 15, 1898

Camp Poland
Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1898

Dear Friends:

I hardly know what to write as there has been so few changes since my last letter and we expected so much to happen here but we are here and cannot tell when we leave. We are under orders to be ready to move at any time and it is very disagreeable waiting for the orders to come. All kind of rumors run through camp. Some say we are to be mustered out soon and others say we are to go to Cuba at once, so we hardly know where we are at. The regiment is in good shape now, all fitted out complete. We have the new magazine rifle to replace the old Springfield and they are a very fine gun and the boys take good care of them. They are the thirty caliber and use the smokeless powder, a soldier can carry one hundred rounds of this ammunition much easier than fifty of the old 45 caliber. We have built in the past week a good range and will have target practice Monday and keep it up perhaps until we get our moving orders. It is not likely the war department will keep us here much longer as it pretty tough on our boys. It has been very cold here for the past two weeks and it has kept the quartermaster on the jump to keep the regiment in wood and it is another big job to make the allowance reach the time. Each man is allowed, during the season, running from September 1st to April 1st, one-sixth of a cord per month or one cord for six men each thirty days. By a general order issued November 1st that amount increased fifty percent so that we now draw each 10 days 100 cords hard wood. From December 1st to 10th, we could not make it reach so we ran into our next days allowance about 15 cords. I hope we will pull through until the 20th. As it is very unpleasant to hear 1200 men all yelling for wood and they do not try to save a little bit if they were to use a little care, they would have enough.

The regulars do not get any extra wood and they know how to make it reach. The men are pretty well protected from the cold. They have good overcoats, warm clothing and wool gloves. I issued today 1051 pairs knit wool gloves they ought to have had them some weeks

ago but they did not reach us until yesterday.

The boys who have been home on sick furloughs are getting back at the rate of 5 and 6 each day. Company E only has nine men absent now. Ensign, Jones, Motherspaw, Engle, Kosier, Leidigh, Gabriel, Mallory and Riley and none sick in quarters. We only have fourteen sick in hospital from this regiment at present. Yesterday, we had 1179 men and it would do you good to see them. They certainly are a fine looking lot of men. Our regimental band is all right too, we have a band of 24 pieces and they play splendid. Bryan is well represented in it. Wyatt, Elder, Bucklew, Fisher, and Spangler. We have with us from Bryan quite a number who are not soldiers. George Replogle is my wagon-master, Kunkle and Fether are driving for me and young Driscol and Hall are hanging on the edges. Buzz Neikirk worked 36 days and then left us. Buzz was too light for a heavy job and too fat for a light one. We are glad to hear that Mallory and the boys are doing well and hope they will join us soon. Doolittle, Bailey, Thomas and Kelly came back looking well and are at work. Otis Miller is back and is looking better that at any time since we came out. The boys are all anxious to go to Cuba if only to stay a short time.

The 4th Tennessee, who left us a short time ago, will now have to go through what we stood last summer. They were here for three months and did not loose a man from sickness but since they reached Cuba they have lost three men and will lose more too as they will have to get use to the change in camp. And, they are a poor lot to look after themselves outside of their own home and their habits are not suited to the warm tropical climates. I think that any regiment who put in the summer at Chickamauga Park will be alright over there as they learned a great many things that will keep them out when they get into a warmer country again.

Mrs. Newman and daughter Ruth have been with me for the past three weeks start home tonight. We have several ponds near camp and they are frozen up so that the men are skating on them today and still people here say that this is the south, only this is an unusually cold time for this part of the state. I for my part enjoy our own Ohio climate.

Sergt. Charles Newman has been put on detached duty with the Depot Quartermaster and will not, if we get away from Knoxville soon, go with us as the work he is at will keep him several weeks, then he will be sent to the regiment where ever they may be. He says he likes his job. He is under a regular Army Captain and gets extra pay and good quarters and commutation of rations, so he will be far ahead in the end.

It is rumored that Charlie, Company E's cook is going to leave them. I hope not, for he is a good one and it will be hard to replace him. They have the best cook in the regiment. I only hope our mess can find one as good when we start out again. We miss our friends the snakes very much. Well, I will close and hope to be able to write to you again but not from Knoxville.

Ever your friend,

E. E. Newman

Bryan Press, February 9, 1899

Cuban Letter

Dear Friends,

This is the first opportunity I have had for writing since my letter which was published the 19th, but was delayed and should have reached THE PRESS for the issue of the 12th. It will no doubt be difficult to get the letters through always in time for THE PRESS of the next

issue, but if we can even a little late write something that will interest you, we will keep it up, for the writer has found that in doing something for others, he himself is benefited. It teaches one to be observing and to study into the habits and manners of the people with whom we have to mingle.

We have our camp all settled now and it is a beautiful place. We are on a high piece of ground which sixty years ago was a fine plantation, but now it is all grown over with trees and brush. The buildings are mostly all destroyed. There is one large warehouse, built of brick and roofed with tile, that is in pretty good shape. It covers about three-quarters of an acre. All about is ruins - old fountains, the walks and broken masonry - the remains of a fine mansion. When we landed on the ground there was about an acre of ground cleared, but a lot of Cubans were put into the brush with their machetes and in two days they had cut away enough for our tents, after we finished with axes, picks, rakes and shovels, until now our camp is as clear as a lawn and looks as if it had been cleared up for years. The grass is coming up green and looks very pretty. The east boundary of our camp is one of the outer lines of trochas that was used by the Spanish to protect themselves from the Cubans. It consists of three barbed wire fences about four feet high and three lines or wire on each fence, the fences being about four feet apart; then running across from fence to fence barbed wires are crossed in every way, making a fence that is not very easy to get through. Outside of all lines they have dug a ditch about four feet deep and three or six feet wide at the top, and about every three hundred yards along the trenches is a block house built with double plank walls filled in with earth, with narrow openings left for shooting from. The house is roofed with tile and is a strong-building and good protection against small arms, but a six-pounder would knock one of them down in five minutes.

There are great piles of corn cobs around the blockhouses. I inquired of a Cuban why, and he said that last summer one ear of corn per day was the ration of the Spanish soldier. They eat but twice during the day now, once at 9 a.m. and again at 4 p.m., and in my judgment it is the thing for all to do in this climate. They are still shipping the Spanish soldiers out of this port at the rate of from five thousand five hundred to six thousand each week. This morning, two trains loaded with Spanish soldiers passed our camp for Cienfuegos. There have been transports in the harbor every day, loading. A priest was out to our camp one day during the past week and said that he had been doing a land office business lately, marrying Spanish officers to the women they had been living with as man and wife for years. It seems that they could not get transportation to Spain unless they took their families with them, and they had to be married in order to get transportation for their families, which in most cases consist of from five to fourteen children. The officers of the Spanish army are, as a body, a good looking lot of men, but they put in the most of their time at the clubs or wine parlors and restaurants. They drink a great deal of wine, as do all the natives here, but I have not as yet seen but one drunken man on the island, and that man was a sailor from an English ship in port. There has none of our regiment been drunk that I know of up to date, but yesterday was payday and we will have a few without a doubt. We are using one of the blockhouses as a guardhouse, and, if I am not mistaken, two of our Bryan boys have already done time in it.

Our regiment will no doubt, be all broke up in detachments and scattered about the province. We have sent Companies B, K, and D to Santa Clara; Company I is at Saqua La Grande; a detail of sixteen men from Company C is over at a large plantation south of us six or eight miles; and a detail from Company H is over at Constancia, about seven or eight miles west and north of us. Corporal Yates and Harry Abraham are with this detail. They left on a small steamer yesterday noon. These fellows will have a nice time if things remain as they are. They are treated fine by by the plantation owner and the work is nothing to speak of, but should the insurgents get dissatisfied, they would have plenty to look after. A rumor came yesterday that at Santiago there had been a fight and two or three American soldiers killed, but we can't get any foundation for the story. It may have been some row kicked up by some drunks. We look for the Thirty-first Michigan boys in here almost any time now. We think they will go up to Saqua La Grande. They will complete our brigade as we stood at Knoxville, but we

are not brigaded at present; we are called the Department of the Province of Santa Clara.

We have good drinking water here. It is hauled in from the railroad and is perfectly pure, but for all that, it is boiled by all the companies before using. Our drinking jugs here are made of clay and we hang them up and the water cools them very quickly, and we find them O.K., as there are so many lizards and frogs that we would not feel like drinking after. I have two small lizards which have settled in my field desk, and they are quite tame. They come out and jump up on my arm and run over my coat.

I have just returned from a trip over east of camp about three miles to a Cuban village. They live in houses made of the palms and small trees. They first put up a frame of poles, then take the broad bark of the palm and side up their frame, after which they take the leaf of the palm and make the roof. They are waterproof and cool. They do not have any floor except in the better houses, but in almost every old shack you can see an American made sewing machine, and they know how to use them. They sew very nicely, and their clothing looks very well, except the small children, and they are but little better dressed than father and mother , Adam and Eve. I did see one little fellow with a pair of shoes on his feet. But for all that, they seem contented and happy and fill the street and yell at the boys, calling them all Johnie or Younie, as they call it. I saw a Cuban funeral one day on my way to camp. First, came a man on horse; then came three or four on foot; then came the body in a rented coffin with the lid tied down, carried on the shoulders of four men, and after the body came five or six men on ponies, all talking and laughing. Bringing up the rear was a man leading two pigs. They lead them just as our boys would lead a dog. They go to the cemetery and by paying a fee are allowed to bury the body in a grave where perhaps two have already been put away. The cemetery is only one acre and furnished room for the city. The boys say they went out to it one day and saw enough to make them sick.

Our boys from Williams county are all well. Young Shaffer is back with the company again and young Driscoll is up and around. There are no dangerous cases in the hospital, although we have about twenty-six men in, all told. Four were discharged today, and two went in, and that is about the way it has been ever since we came here. One week from today we look for a party of American ladies to brighten our camp - Mrs. Colonel Bulger, Mrs. Major Meyers, Captain Porter's wife and Dr. Alcom's wife. They come by way of Havana, then across to Bataboan, then take the boat again to Cienfuegos. We look for Loren Ensign and Mark Leidigh to come in with the Thirty-first Michigan boys. Well, I guess I have written all the news, so I will not tire you longer.

Yours truly,

E. E. Newman

Bryan Press, April 6, 1899

Cuban Letter
Cienfuegos, Cuba, March 14, 1899

Dear Friends At Home:

We hardly know where we are just at present there is but few of us left on our old camp ground. We have the hospital and parts of two companies, the balance of the regiment is scattered all over the province. Companies A, E, & H have been sent down to Sancti Spiritus and Trinidad to take up the work left by the 4th Tennessee, who are to start home this week and we think today Company E is at Sancti Spiritus, as is Company H with Major Stanbury in command, while Company A is at Trinidad with the Regimental Headquarters. Our detachment

here is left in charge of Lieut. Col. Bulgar. I am glad that I was not ordered down, as all my property is here and I could not well leave it. Some think it will keep us out longer but I do not think so. Some one had to take up and care for the property left by the 4th Tennessee, and we had to do it. I do not know which leaves the island first, we or the 31st Michigan. We are due to leave first but no one knows what may come. Frank Emerson, of Company K and who has been at Santa Clara since we came over, died this morning of malaria fever. He has been sick for two months but not dangerous until the past week. Frank's home was in Fremont and he was a splendid boy and well liked by all who knew him, and is the first boy of Company K to die. Company B is now the only company that has not lost any men. Emerson makes the 25th man we have lost since we left home, April 25th last year. May he be the last. We have been very fortunate. Some of the regiments lost double that number and were second call men and were mustered out in December. The 1st Mississippi lost 48 men and never left the states. The sick men are scarce now and should orders come for us to go home I think we would not have to leave anyone here. We are all tired and ready to get back into God's country soon as possible. We hope to be home by May 1st, and maybe sooner. We had company last Saturday, the City of Paris came into port having on board 425 Americans who left New York March 4th. They were down to Porto Rico, then to several other points east of Cuba, then down to Jamaica and back to the coast of this island. Senator Sherman was with them and was taken sick the third day out and kept getting worse until they cabled it to Washington, asking that they send a ship to carry him back to Washington. Just after they left Kingston, they met the Chicago who signaled that she had come to meet them and take Mr. Sherman home but would run into Kingston and coal up then meet them at Santiago in the morning, which they did at 7:00 o'clock. They did not even disturb the sick man in moving him from one boat to the other. They raised the boat up even with the deck and carried the cot with Mr. Sherman, placed him in a small boat, lowered it into the water and when they reached the Chicago he was raised to the deck and carried to a state room feeling better than he had for several days. He took pneumonia before they had made their stop at Porto Rico and when the Paris reached Kingston, they cabled back that he was better, but I guess the word was published that he was dead before the messages denying it reached Washington.

We took great pleasure in showing the visitors over the city, and they seemed to enjoy it very much. They were all out for a good time and among them were a great many wealthy men. It was reported that they represented fully $200,000,000. I asked one gentlemen what such a trip would cost and he said that the berth and meals alone would cost $600 and to see them spend money one would think they had plenty of it. I saw them pay from $4 to $8 for machets that we have been buying for from $1 to $2.50. When these dealers here don't beat you, it is when you trade elsewhere. They put the price of everything up that day. Cab fare went up three fold.

I took a Mr. Kingman, of Peoria, Illinois out to camp with me and kept him over night, as he left the boat and went across to Havana by rail. Mr. Kingman was a soldier in the Rebellion, and said that he enjoyed our camp better than any part of his trip. They represented twenty-eight states on the Paris, and the boat was in the harbor about eight hours. It was nice to see so many American ladies on the street and hear our English spoken. Spanish may be all right, but I prefer English.

Arth Spangler and Ora Bailey made a trip to Havana last week and report a fine trip.

We had with us last week two representatives of our magazines, who are walking across the island - H. Phelps Whitemarsh of the Century, and Herbert P. Williams, of the Atlantic Monthly. They walked into our camp at dusk, had nothing with them but a little pack mule and a bob-tailed dog. They had walked from Santiago, over five hundred miles, and looked like Cubans, except that Williams was redheaded. I furnished them shelter two nights, and found them very entertaining and was sorry when they went on. They went from here to Colon, then to Havana, where they would sail for New York. They walked about thirty miles each day and slept out almost every night. I shall be glad to read Whitemarsh's write up on Cuba, as he is

an old traveler and writer. Our boys, if they keep what they have here with them until they get to Ohio, will have a collection that will need an extra baggage car. They have swords, machets, canes, parrots and monkeys, and it is amusing to see how they stick to their treasures. I hope they will be able to get them all home. I have been able to get a nice collection myself, and think I will need a dray to haul them.

Harry Abraham and Corporal Yates were called in from the plantation and sent with Company H to Sancti Spiritus. They both look well and say that they had a nice place to stay.

We, who have mixed with these people on the island, think that there is only one thing to do with it and them, and that is to make them part of us. These black Cubans are unfit to govern themselves and will not be satisfied to allow the better classes to rule them, and the very minute our troops leave here they will go to fighting, black against white, and no man who has Spanish blood in his veins will be safe, and, with few exceptions, all the money and push there is here now comes from the Spanish and such Cubans as were and are now citizens of the United States. It is a question that needs attention, and it is to be hoped that Uncle Sam will force them to do something for themselves. The Cuban soldier (black) will not work, wants to parade about on a poor pony, with a uniform on, and eat food furnished by the United States. I have no use for them when they act this way, and my prediction is that there will have to be some of them treated after the manner we treat bad Indians. In some parts of the island they are willing to work for their rations; in other parts they will not work, but want to be fed and to play soldier. The way that some of the Cuban officers put on style makes me sick. They have bought new clothes and you would think, to see them that they were the whole push, and there are none of them who think that the United States ever did them any good. They call themselves the Army of Liberation: I call them the Army of Expectation. One of them insisted upon one of our boys saluting him, and what the boy told him is not printed in any book I have ever read. None of the soldiers (Cuban) want annexation, but all the better people are for it and talk it. The Cubans club voted for it. Gomez will down the assembly in the end, but I do not have much faith in the old chap. I think that he is after all he can make out of it.

I think I mentioned in my last letter that Major Longanecker and wife, of Delta, Ohio, made us a short visit, which we all enjoyed.

We have such nice weather. It is very warm in the sun during the middle of the day, but; all in all, it beats such weather as we usually have at home this season of the year. We have had no rain for a month, and still everything grows well. The sugar cane is almost all cut, and where it has been cut some time, it has started up again.

Well, goodbye for a time. Will write again soon or be on the road home.

Yours as ever,

E. E. Newman
Captain and Quartermaster,
Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry

Bryan Press, April 20, 1899

Cuban Letter
Cienfuegos, Cuba

Dear Friends At Home:

This is perhaps the last letter I shall write for THE PRESS from the island, as our orders to go home to be mustered out are here, and we are only waiting until the transport comes to

take us back to the states. Our regiment is all back together again. The 2nd battalion came down from Santa Clara yesterday and Companies E, H, and L came back from Sancti Spiritus and Trinidid on Wednesday of last week. We are ordered to Savannah to be mustered out and will have to be held up for quarantine six or eight days, which makes us tired, as we are anxious to get home, and I think the hardest duty we have had is this thing of waiting after the orders to move are received.

Our boys are feeling pretty good, and it is a sight to go down Company E's street. They have more parrots than you can count, and, of almost every variety of birds that can be found on the island, they have at least a sample. I am afraid they will not be allowed to take them home, but I hope that I am wrong. There have been a great many men discharged here during the past ten days. They have accepted positions in the different departments of service as civilians employees. Both of my brothers, Charlie of E company and Frank of G, have received their discharges and are working in the quartermaster's department as storekeepers. Good men are in demand, and I think perhaps our regiment will leave about twenty men here, all making good wages, as the government does not pay less than $40 and rations per month. There are three or four more Bryan boys who want to stay, and will do so if they can get along without any trouble, as there will be no more sickness here, if people keep clean, than in the states, but the Cubans are not clean, and, until they are taught how to clean up and keep clean, they will die. We lost a man at Santa Clara, Frank Emerson, of Company K, making two men who have died since we came on the island, now almost three and one-half months, which is a splendid record. I think I spoke of Emerson's death in my last letter, but I am not sure.

I have noticed one or two things on the island that reflect no credit on our soldier boys. I have seen but one drunken Cuban on the streets, and I did not see a Spanish soldier under the influence of liquor while they were here, but you can go down town almost any time and see a soldier, wearing blue clothes and often with the Sixth Ohio on his hat, with his skates on and trying to paint 'er red. But they are gathered in by the provost, and when the paymaster comes they usually find that there is a fine charged against them and their fun cost them anywhere from $3 to $10. All Cubans and Spanish drink wine and at almost every meal, but they use it as we at home use tea or coffee, and I think it is better for them than water, and it is about as cheap, as they (down in the city) all buy water, and it is not very good either. The water we are using is splendid and perfectly pure. It is hauled to us by railroad from a station north of us. We use about five thousand gallons a day, and I think the government is paying one cent per gallon, so it is no small expense.

Another thing we were told before coming here, and that was that the Cubans were as immoral a lot as there could well be found. It is a mistake: they are not. In fact, I am sure they will average up better than we Americans when it comes to many things, and it would be well for many of our people to copy after the Cubans in their home life. They never go into court, if it can be avoided, but arbitrate. But one thing is sure; they are totally unfit to govern this island and will make a bad mess of it. I only see one remedy, and that is to annex it and run it as we do or did our territories. It is the only way that capital will be safe or any man's life who is or has been a Spaniard. I do not like the Cuban soldier; he is like our Indians, the only good ones are gone.

There will be a grand opportunity to make money here if there is a stable government, but if there is not the progress will be slow.

Well, I will soon be able to talk with you instead of writing. We will not be kept in camp over twenty days, if that long; and if the officers at the quarantine do not destroy or take from us we will be able to show you what we have gathered up during our stay here. Hoping it will be but a few days until we see you, I am as ever your friend.

E. E. Newman
Captain and Quartermaster
Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry

Bryan Press, May 4, 1899

Cuban Letter
Daufuskie Island, April 26, 1899

Mother,

On American soil at last. We did not leave our Cuban camp last Friday until about noon, when we loaded on a train composed of box cars. Our car was the first one, and I guess it was not the first time a number of boys started for home in a box car. We loaded on the boat at 2 p.m., but the last of the baggage was not loaded until 6 o'clock the next morning. We continued south from the entrance for about sixty miles, and then turned west. It took us until Sunday morning to reach the southwestern point of Cuba, which is Cape Corrientes. We spent a good part of Sunday running northeast, and passed Key West (well to the south) Monday morning about 4. We passed Palm Beach, Florida, Monday evening, and Tuesday afternoon we sighted the land at the entrance of Savannah. This was at 5:30, but we had no more than sighted land than a storm came up. A boat came out from the shore with orders for us, and we weighed anchor until morning. The storm was a dandy, but by morning it cleared off nicely. The pilot came abroad at 6 a.m., and shortly afterward we started. The first things we encountered were Old Fort Pulaski and a light house. We proceeded very slowly up the river until we came to the quarantine station. Here we tied up to the wharf, and about 8:30, the 1st battalion and the band boarded a steam boat and went to the quarantine station. Here we stayed until 1:30 p.m. All cloth articles were tied together and placed in the dry steam house. Shoes and canvas goods were dipped. While here the transport broke loose from its mooring and swung around into a sand bar. The river is full of sand bars and very treacherous. After winding our way through the various channels of the river, we landed at our present camp about 4 p.m. This is the detention camp and we will probably remain here five days. It is 8 o'clock now, and all the regiment is here except three companies, and they will arrive by eleven o'clock. The only other regiment here now is the 9th Illinois, and they leave Friday. This is a fine camp with a beautiful beach, but the mosquitoes are very bad.

Clark

Bryan Press, May 24, 1899

From Havana

Folks at Home,

Well, I am in Havana now, with Battery I, 2nd Regiment. You would be surprised to see Havana. It is a very nice city; fine parks and theaters and lots of business. There is quite a number of Americans in business here now, lots of them in the restaurant business. All the fault I have with the city is that a rig can hardly turn around in them. Then some of them are all right, and they run horse cars on them. There are lots of fine cabs here, and all kinds of policemen. They are certainly a fine lot. They haven't sense though to last them over night. It takes about three to arrest a man, one to get him, another to knock him down, another to kick him awhile, and then they will finally take him to the police station, and the chances are ten to one they will turn him lose when they do get him there. I saw them run in a soldier last night for trying to buy a bottle of beer.

I got your letter about two hours ago and will answer right away, as I get rather anxious to hear from home. I am well and having a very good time. I am on guard today, two hours on and four off. The heavy artillery is just about the same as the infantry. We have muskets, and all the accoutrements of the infantry, except that we have our big guns to take care of. I tell you the regular army is not much like the volunteers. We only drill forty minutes a day, twenty minutes in the morning and twenty in the afternoon. We have big tents, 48 x 50 feet, and five

men to a tent. We have nice cots to sleep on, and mosquito nets for over them, and big lockers to keep our clothing in. For breakfast, we have oat meal with milk and sugar and bread and coffee. Dinner, roast beef and gravy, potatoes, rice and beans, and about the same for supper. Then , we can go down town after 6:00 p.m. and stay until 6:00 a.m. There is a band concert in some one of the parks every night, sometimes our band and sometimes some other one. I have been up town every night since I have been here.

I saw the vault that contains the remains of Christopher Columbus and saw the tree that he was supposed to have raised his first flag under. I have also been on the Maine out in the harbor. One of the masts sticks up out of the water and I have a piece of iron from her as a keepsake. If I was not in the army now I could get a good easy job here at good wages. One of our boys was mustered out last week and he stayed here and now has a job at $70 a month, and his board, and all he does is to walk around and keep fifty Cubans to work. Talk about a snap. He has it. The people here are not much like they are in Porto Rico. They come nearer to being civilized, and there are lots more whites.

There are a number of forts here, and the principal ones are all tunneled. There is a tunnel from the one we are in now to one across the harbor two and one-half miles away. The fort we are in now is called Fort Princery but tomorrow me move across the harbor to Morro Castle.

Our band gives a concert down town tonight and I am on guard and cannot go down, but they give another one tomorrow night and I get a 24 hour pass after guard mount in the morning. Each man gets guard duty every third day.

There was fifty of the war recruits went home last week, so that leaves only forty men in our own battery, but there are twenty recruits due here now. I don't think the 2nd Regiment will be in Cuba longer than three months at the longest. They don't need us here and there is only one regiment in the state now, and ours is the next one to go, so the old sergeant told me.

We get our washing done here. Undershirts 5 cents, drawers 5, blue shirts 6 and socks 3 cents, and we wash our own handkerchiefs. I have met five of the boys that were in Company D, 3rd Illinois Volunteers, so I am not quite a stranger. Well, will close for this time.

Dan Lehman
Battery I, 2nd Regiment

Bryan Press, June 1, 1899

MUSTERED OUT

Company E, at Home Again

Thirteen months ago last Friday morning, amid such an excitement as was never before known to those men and women born since the civil war, nearly one hundred young men living in and near Bryan, left here join their fate to the cause of the father-land in the war against Spain. Probably never before was such a spontaneous outburst of feeling exhibited as that following the president's call for volunteers. Thousands of the best young men in the country rushed to the recruiting offices in response to the request, and thousands more than were needed were refused admission to the ranks of the United States Army. Elsewhere in this paper, we have copied from a Philadelphia paper a careful and comprehensive statement of the most wonderful war the world has ever seen, a war that has changed in a few months the whole future of the most advanced nation in the world, that has changed the United States from a position of contempt among the nations to one of the very highest respect.

Last Friday, on the anniversary of their departure, the boys of Williams county returned to their homes, and were received with such honors as rarely befalls men in this day and age.

From the remotest corners of the county and neighboring counties people came, waiting patiently all day for the arrival of the special train bearing to their homes the soldier boys. All the morning the streets were crowded, and rarely has such a crowd been seen in Bryan as that of Friday, and all to welcome back those who, although they passed through a campaign almost unscathed, willingly enlisted and laid their health, their business prospects, their very lives freely upon the alter of their country's interests.

Generous people brought great quantities of food of all kinds, and much of it the most delicate and dainty to the armory for the banquet with which the soldiers were greeted, anxious parents, brothers and sisters, took pains that the greeting should be the kindest and most to the liking of the returning boys they knew so well, and the spirit that bade the recruits God speed thirteen months ago, was again aroused in the welcome that waited their returning after their absence in foreign lands.

It has been arranged that the fire bell should be rung shortly before the arrival of the special train, and at its sound, the crowds turn towards the station. Main street was thronged from the square to the railroad, and promptly according to the advices received ahead of the train, it appeared. Then came the greeting, the anxious hand shakes, the quiet approving look of welcome that few of the members of the company will ever forget, and that effected many of them until appetite for the good things in store for them vanished and nothing could satisfy.

Down the street they came, the well known faces beaming with pleasure and gratification at the welcoming multitude. Many of the members of the company expressed their surprise and satisfaction at the magnitude of the welcome. They had not expected so much. But the people of this part of the country are patriotic first of all and cannot do too much in the expression of that sentiment on such occasions.

The line of march took the soldiers and their escorts to the armory, where the newly arrived were seated at the tables and supplied with everything that could be thought of in the way of dainty as well as substantial food. An attempt was made to carry out a program that had been prepared in the way of welcoming speeches, and music, but it was found impossible to do so, and more enjoyment was had in the visiting than could have been produced any other way. Most of the boys came back brown, strong, and in the best of condition, but some of them showed the effect of the hardships of camp life and a weakening climate. It is hoped that a few weeks of rest, the association of families and the bracing air of Ohio, will make them all right again.

The homecoming of the men who composed Company E was an event in their lives as well as those who welcomed them. And amid it all those who went out but did not come back were not forgotten and many references were made to them by those who are still full of life and hope for the future.

For most of the members, especially those whose health has not been injured, the experience will prove a most valuable one. A committee from the company has asked THE PRESS to express to the people of Bryan and the county, their profound appreciation of the magnificent reception they received and this paper takes pleasure in so doing.

The national guard is a thing of the past, the boys who spent over a year in the rigid service of the country are now private citizens. May they carry out in their lives as high an ideal as that which prompted them to enlist, and as citizens they will always be among the best and the good will of the people will never forsake them.

WORLD WAR ONE

APRIL, 1917 - NOVEMBER 11, 1918

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FIRST WORLD WAR: A FADING MEMORY

They called it The World War, The Great War, The War to End all Wars.

To posterity it became World War I, which involved the United States from April 6, 1917 to November 11, 1918.

Veterans Day originally commemorated Germany's signing of the armistice ending the war. This year marks the 68th anniversary of that armistice, a peace that sparked wild celebration across the country including a gathering of thousands at the courthouse square in Bryan.

Today World War I is largely forgotten. Most of its participants have since died. But while being waged it was a conflict that affected many people in Williams County.

Nearly 1400 men from the county served during World War I, about 65 percent of them seeing action 'over there' in Europe. Only 175 of these servicemen enlisted voluntarily - the rest were drafted.

Women, too, were involved. Although some volunteered as nurses, many more helped in other ways or waited anxiously at home for news of a loved one in the service.

The First World War did not generate the waves of American volunteers that earlier conflicts, like the Civil War, produced. It may have been harder to feel patriotic about fighting in a land far across the Atlantic.

When the Civil War broke out, Isaac Sherwood, the newly elected mayor of Bryan, rushed to volunteer as a private. By 1865, he was a Brigadier General, and after the war he returned to politics. In April of 1917, when Congress voted to declare war on Germany, Sherwood was a veteran member of the U.S. House of Representatives. He opposed entering the European conflict as he told his fellow representatives:

> "My experiences in the Civil War has saddened all my life. I had my soul rent with indescribable agony as I stood in the presence of comrades who were maimed, mangled, and dying on 42 battlefields of this Republic...
>
> As I love my country, I feel it is my sacred duty to keep the stalwart young men of today out of a barbarous war 3500 miles away in which we have no vital interest."

Forty-nine representatives and six senators joined Sherwood in voting against entering the war, but they were a small minority.

BRYAN NEWSPAPERS of 1917 and 1918 are filled with stories related to the draft and Americas mobilization for the war, and notices of servicemen who died or were wounded.

Ironically, about as many soldier deaths were caused by disease as by enemy bullets and shells. The chief culprit was a widespread epidemic of influenza, and resulting complications of pneumonia. Disease claimed more than 50,000 U.S. servicemen, and roughly 350,000 or more American civilians died in the flu epidemic.

In Williams County, the health board declared a quarantine closing schools and other public places for three weeks in late October and early November, 1918, and for another week that December.

As reported in the Bryan Democrat of February 8, 1918, disease claimed the first Williams County soldier to die during the war - 24 year old Otis Schaffter of rural Edon, who died at Camp Sherman near Chillicothe, Ohio. His body was returned home for burial in the Edon Cemetery.

The first fatality among Bryan soldiers was also a disease victim, Kenneth Grim. He died March 14, 1918 at Long Island, New York.

It wasn't until May 3, 1918, that Bryan Democrat readers learned of the first Williams County soldier wounded by enemy fire, Glen Van Wagner of Bryan. He was wounded in the hand by a piece of shrapnel while serving with the famed Rainbow Division in France.

Injured more seriously was Clark Bunting, 24, of Montpelier.

> "Just a few lines to let you know that I am among the living and feeling fairly good..."

Bunting wrote to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bunting, in a letter from France dated June 5.

> "I suppose you already know that I have been wounded and that I lost my right leg just below the knee. But don't worry about it because it won't do a bit of good."
>
> "I certainly have been getting fine treatment since I got into the hands of the Red Cross. They do everything in their power to make it comfortable for a fellow. The doctor says that I will be able to get an artificial leg that you can hardly tell from my real one."

Later Bunting wrote to explain how he was injured, when a patrol he was with encountered a larger group of Germans:

> "A sharp little battle followed in which we lost several men killed and wounded...," he wrote. "I was hit about the middle of the fray by a machine gun or rifle ball...it broke both bones and tore nerves and everything so it was impossible to save my leg."

AS THIS AND SIMILAR reports filtered back to Williams County, family and friends hoped fate would spare their loved ones in the trenches.

Among those waiting were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodward of Bryan. They received one of the feared war department telegrams a message informing them of their son, Charles Woodward, was severely wounded in France August 20, 1918.

The next day a letter arrived that Charles had written two weeks before being injured:

> "Just to let you know that I am still alive and well," he wrote. "We have been doing some hard fighting and our division has been relieved, but I do not know for how long. I went through without a scratch. Believe me you see some awful sights.
>
> "You see your friends falling on both sides of you and you don't know whether to go on or not and you think that your time is

coming anytime. Believe me, I never said so many prayers in my life before. A fellow that pulls through that without a scratch must have a charmed life."

Although more than scratches, Woodward was luckier than some. He lived to come home.

All told 116,706 American Soldiers didn't return, victims of a conflict historians say served mainly to set the stage for World War II.

Editor's note:
This is the first of a six-part series on World War I and its surviving veterans who reside in Williams County.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 10, 1986.

VOLUNTEER HURRIED TO SERVE "OVER THERE"

When he heard the United States declared war with Germany in April, 1917, E.W. Elliot was an 18 year old railroad station agent in his native area of Seneca, Michigan.

"When I told the station boss I was going to enlist, he wasn't too happy." Elliot recalled, explaining that his boss told him it wasn't guaranteed the job would be waiting when Elliot returned from the service.

But as a young man he didn't care. After learning three regiments were being recruited for quick service with the British Army, he said, "I hightailed it for St. Louis, and I enlisted April 23."

Elliot became a private in Company E of the 12th Engineer regiment, stationed at Camp Gaylord, St. Louis, Missouri.

"The unit trained there through May..."

he said, and,

"around the middle of June they loaded us up and shipped us to New York."

"We didn't hardly know which end of the gun was which when they took us out,"

he recalled. Their guns, along with most of their equipment, were leftovers from the Spanish-American War.

On June 30, the 12th Engineers left New York for Halifax, Nova Scotia; where the unit joined the regular Army convoy of nine ships. The ship on which Elliot rode, the old Cunard

liner Carmania, was the 10th. Five of the other nine ships contained 35,000 Regular Army troops - the first Americans to serve in France during World War I - and General John Pershing.

"Shortly after the convoy took off for overseas,"

Elliot continued,

"...with four destroyers, two on each side watching for submarines on the way across."

THE OTHER TROOP ships went straight to France, but the Carmania stopped at Liverpool, England.

"The reason we landed in Liverpool, instead of France with the Regular Army, was the British morale was getting low...

Elliot explained.

"They wanted us to give a parade, which we did. We put on this parade in London, past Buckingham Palace. King George was standing there - I was only about 30 feet from him."

After the show, the three engineer regiments were taken quickly to the battlefields in France. The 12th Engineers were stationed at Somme, where they were attached to the British 5th Army.

The fresh American Troops - Yanks as they were called - were a curiosity to the British.

"About two weeks after I arrived at the front I came down with a severe case of the mumps,"

Elliot said,

"explaining that he was taken to a British hospital. Word got around that there was a Yankee soldier in the hospital. They gathered around to look at me."

"They tried to talk with me - that danged Cockney accent,"

he said.

"I couldn't tell half what they said to me. It got so hectic they finally had to put up a no visitors sign."

It was the job of the 12th Engineers to bring supplies to the front lines. British trucks would drop off supplies at a depot behind the trenches, stopping before they came within range of German shells.

"It was our job to pick it up at night and take it up to the front row, to the guns in the trenches,"

Elliot said.

Small narrow-guage rail lines were used to transport the supplies, he said.

"We had to do that at night of course, so they wouldn't blow us up."

Both sides used observation balloons to seek out targets behind the opposing lines, Elliot recalled.

"Anytime they could find one of our supply trains, they tried to blow it up,"

he said. Even though the engineers worked in the dark, the Germans sometimes shelled them, and a few of the men were hit with shrapnel.

"I still remember my first night there,"

he said explaining that German shells were screaming overhead toward targets to the rear.

" I can still hear them - we didn't sleep much, any of us, until we got use to it. We lived in dugouts where we were - we had to,"

he said.

The 12th Engineers served at Somme until March 25, 1918, when the Germans opened a huge offensive.

"They ran us back almost to the coast before we got them stopped,"

Elliot said. During such heavy fighting the engineers were more fortunate than front-line troops.

"We were to keep out of the way,"

Elliot said.

"The infantry that was their business."

Later the 12th Engineers were moved away from the British troops to join their American comrades who had taken over the line at the St. Mihiel sector. They remained there until after the armistice was signed.

While attached to the British Army, the engineers lived like the British, even receiving British rations.

"I got so damn sick of tea, I don't like it to this day,"

Elliot said.

"We finally got on the American front and got good American food - it seemed like a picnic almost."

Elliot, said he particularly recalls one wartime incident, when he watched a German

airplane attack an Allied observation balloon.

"I like a danged fool, stood out there and watched it, instead of going in the dugout,"

he said.

"After the balloon caught fire, the German pilot turned back, flew about 50 feet over him and looked down. I could see his eyes, those big goggles. He waved his hand at me, and I waved back. He could have shot me easily - he got his balloon, so I guess he was satisfied."

He also remembers the day the armistice was signed. Elliot said he had been sleeping in the dugout, and when he came out he saw planes flying crazily in the air.

"I asked what the hell was going on?"

The answer, he said, was that the war was over.

His unit later returned to the United States, and Elliot was discharged as a private first class April 15, 1919 at Camp Custer, Michigan.

"Everybody got a Victory Medal when they were discharged,"

he said, that contained a bar for each major battle in which the recipient participated.

"My medal had five battle bars. I'm pretty proud of it - very few of them could come up with five battle bars."

He said he's also proud of the three gold service stripes he wore on his uniform - one stripe for each six months he spent overseas.

"There was a hell of a lot more one stripers than there was us threes,"

Elliot said.

AFTER the war, Elliot returned to his railroad job, since Congress had passed a law allowing soldiers to return to their prewar occupations. He came to Montpelier, where he still resides, after bidding on a job there with the Wabash Railroad in 1925.

Since retiring 25 years ago, he spent winters in Florida, until electing this year to stay in Montpelier year-round. He and his wife, B.M. Elliot, live on Maplehurst Avenue.

Unlike many World War I units, members of the 12th Engineers have had periodic reunions. Elliot has 12 ribbons from the reunions he's attended, all in St. Louis.

"That 12th Engineers was quite a well-known unit in St. Louis. "

Elliot, who will soon celebrate his 88th birthday, said he hasn't attended a regimental reunion since the Wabash Railroad discontinued passenger service in the 1960's.

"We went on the Wabash - that's why it was so easy to go."

Over the years, each spring and fall, he's received bulletins with news about the 12th Engineer members.

"This is the first year we haven't had a bulletin,"

he said.

"I don't know what happened to the guy who took care of it, if he died or something happened to him."

About the only time he talks the war anymore, Elliot said, is during periodic meetings with other Williams County World War I veterans.

"Its beginning to get hazy,"

he said.

"I'm kind of surprised I remember as much as I do about it."

Editor Note:
This is the second story in a six-part series on World War I and its surviving veterans who reside in Williams County.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 11, 1986.

CLARINET IN HAND, HE SERVED IN THE BAND

Of the nearly 1400 men from Williams County who served in the armed forces during World War I, only 175 enlisted on their own accord. The rest were drafted.

One local man who didn't wait for the draft was Herb Everhart - he volunteered.

According to the roster of World War I Ohio servicemen, Everhart was inducted into the regular Army at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana in June, 1917 - little more than two months after the United States entered the war, and while the U.S. mobilization effort was still in its infancy.

"I left on Sunday,"

he said.

"I was gone a year and ten months before I got to come back."

Born in Hamilton, Indiana on April 9, 1894, Everhart also resided as a child in Norfolk, Virginia and Defiance County before moving to Edgerton. He was an Edgerton resident when he left for the service, and returned after the war.

"I guess you could say I lived most of my life in Williams County,"

he said.

Although he volunteered for the fighting, Everhart found that his prime duty didn't involve a gun - he instead found himself assigned to Headquarters Company of the 46th Infantry as a musician third class, a clarinet player in the units band. He was a member of the 46th Infantry the entire time he was in the service. His musical background had helped prepared him for the army.

"I was with the band when I enlisted, the Edgerton band,"

Everhart explained.

"We had a pretty good band,"

Everhart said of the Army group.

"We played at the Kentucky Derby,"

he said and at Chicago. But Everhart remembers being a musician didn't excuse him from training exercises, including hikes and target practice.

"Everybody went to the range,"

he said.

"We had a couple of foreigners in the band,"

he continued.

"When they took us to the range we were supposed to cock our pistols. This gol-danged foreigner turned his pistol down the line and cocked it,"

he explained, cracking a smile as he recalled the scare he and his comrades received.

Besides Camp Benjamin Harrison in Indiana, Everhart said his stops for training included Camp Sheridan in Alabama and Camp Borden in Georgia. Before long, he found himself promoted to corporal - a rank he held until being promoted to sergeant shortly before his discharge.

He said he took an examination to become a commissioned officer, and was successful until he came to the physical portion of the testing.

"When they took my height,"

he said,

"I was two inches too short."

"I was in Georgia quite a while,"

he said.

"I remember Georgia because Stone Mountain is in Georgia. We had to climb Stone Mountain. It was solid rock, 800-and-some feet thick."

It was during his stateside training that Everhart encountered a special friend - a dog.

"I laugh every time I think of that little white dog,"

he said, telling that he met his pet as he was returning to camp while stationed at Indianapolis, Indiana.

"I saw that little dog - he was black, he was so dirty. I took him and washed him and he turned out white."

"A couple of times they stole him from me but he came right back,"

he continued,

"Lazook was his name." "It was my dog. It was the funniest thing, he would always find the tent I was in."

Everhart explained that Lazook even performed with the band, during a number titled "The Hunter and His Dog." At one point in this song the drummer would beat the base drum and somebody would twist Lazook's tail a bit, Everhart said laughing, and he's run on the stage barking.

What happened to the Dog?

"Eventually somebody stole it, I think,"

Everhart said.

After the training, the corporal found himself being shipped to the battlefields in Europe. He said he recalls ships being attacked during his trip overseas. But it's been so long, he said, that he doesn't remember the details.

Although he made it to Europe, he said,

"I wasn't in any real battle."

Before making it near the front, the corporal found himself detached from his company to help care for wounded men in Great Britain.

"I was sent back to take care of the wounded that came back,"

he said.

"Part of them were dead, a lot of them were wounded but couldn't take care of themselves."

He used to make the rounds with a lady nurse, he said, helping care for the sick and injured.

But not all his time in Europe was spent in the hospital. After the fighting was ended, he said, he saw duty in some of the war-torn areas.

"I didn't spend much time in Germany,"

he said,

"but I was there."

Everhart found himself caring for sick and recovering wounded soldiers on his way back to the United States.

"We were on the ship two weeks coming back,"

he said.

On February 11, 1919, Everhart was honorably discharged from the army. He later married the former Wilma Kuehne, now deceased, and they raised two children - Bob, who now resides in Bryan, and Caroline Moore who lives in Montpelier.

Several jobs occupied Everhart's time, including working in a hardware store in Edgerton and later one in Auburn, Indiana. Later, he dealt in wholesale hardware, a career that took him to many places including St. Louis, Missouri, Cuba and Puerto Rico.

"My wife and I traveled a lot - I saw a lot of the country,"

he explained.

Everhart, since suffering a stroke that left him partially paralyzed, now resides in Evergreen Manor Nursing Home in Montpelier. A wall in his room displays a memento of his Army service - a photograph of the 46th Regimental Band, including an image of young Everhart clutching his clarinet. In the foreground is the small white dog, Lazook.

The photograph aside, Everhart said people don't ask him much about the war anymore.

"I was pretty young when I went in,"

he said.

"That's been quite awhile ago."

Editor's note:

This is the third story in a six-part series on World War I and its surviving veterans who reside in Williams County.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 12, 1986.

VETERAN RECALLS WORKING, NOT FIGHTING

"I just went to the army to work, to be honest about it,"

said 92 year old Howard Jones of Bryan.

"I didn't go to fight, I went to work."

As a private during World War I, Jones didn't serve in the muddy front-line trenches that characterized the conflict. But he came under enemy fire, and as an ambulance driver picking up wounded soldiers he saw his share of the war's horrors.

Jones was drafted into the service in April 1918 from Illinois, where he grew up on his parents farm. But before leaving for the war he visited Williams County when he helped wife to be, Edna Shettel and her family move from Illinois to the Williams Center area.

While he was in the army his own parents sold their farm in Illinois and also moved to Williams County, Mrs. Jones explained. When he was discharged from the service in 1919, the home he returned to was in Ohio.

"We were married then,"

he said, looking at his wife,

"December 18, 1919."

When Jones entered the military he left Decatur, Illinois for Camp Dodge, Iowa. There he was assigned to Company A, 339th Machine Gun Battalion. It was at Camp Dodge that he learned firsthand about one danger of the service, mustard gas.

"They took us out for a gas drill,"

he explained.

> "We were in the trenches, and the damn sergeant couldn't wait until we all got in the trench and he turned on the gas. It came out of the pipes and caught us on the legs,"

he continued,

> "rolling up a pants leg to show the scars that still remain. I was laid up for I don't know how long."

Next was a stop at Camp Riley, Kansas and a brief "joy ride" into Georgia.

"Then they took us up to Camp Lee, Virginia,"

Jones said, where he was assigned to evacuation hospital duty. It was from Camp Lee that he was sent over to serve in the European fighting.

"When I went over, we loaded at New Port News,"

he said.

"We sailed south and west, straight over the equator, then we cut east across. When we got at the other end we sailed north to Brest, France, where we unloaded."

Jones and his comrades traveled on a captured German transport that was part of a 13 ship convoy.

"We had an escort of a battleship,"

he said.

His first duty after arriving in France was the water detail, which involved scooping water into barrels for use in the kitchens. Later, Jones said, he drove an ambulance. When there were no wounded men to transport he drove a truck. He said he hauled gasoline and coal, among other supplies.

"Whatever needed hauled by the truck, that's where I went. If they didn't have anything for the truck that day, I had the electrical outfit to run,"

he continued.

"The electrical system was used to operate Evacuation Hospital 15,

where he was stationed.

"In other words I was just a jack of all trades - a little of everything,"

Jones said.

But even driving a truck behind the lines was not without its dangers.

"The ammunition dump was east of us,"

he said,

"and they would try and knock that out. I was hauling coal, and just when I got past the building a shell or shrapnel or something knocked the corner off the building. The Big Berthas could really throw the shells - the old German guns,"

he said.

As an ambulance driver it was his responsibility to drive in the rear of the trenches to pick up the wounded men.

"I never was up to the front lines,"

Jones said.

"We just went to the field hospital, that's as far as we went to get patients. We took them back to the evacuation hospital

and then back to the base."

If a soldier died on the ambulance, which sometimes happened, then the stop was instead made at the morgue. Even though the ambulance crews never reached the lines, they did advance far enough to come under enemy fire.

"They was a-shootin from trees, the Germans,"

Jones explained. One time, Jones recalled, he was along when a huge naval gun was mounted on a French narrow gauge railroad car and moved up toward the front to shell the Germans.

"We just fired once into the trees,"

he said.

"They fired back once and knocked the God-damned gunners out - we got out in a hurry."

Jones also remembered a battle when the ambulance drivers were bringing in more wounded men than the hospital could handle.

"They were still alive, but we took them to the morgue - it was warm there. They waited until they could operate on them."

By the time the war ended Jones had served near three fronts, including the Meuse-Argonne and near Verdun, he said. After the armistice was signed and Jones turn to return home arrived, he boarded the U.S. America and sailed for New York. Last summer's celebration of the Statue of Liberty's 100th birthday reminded him of that trip home, he said.

"I went right by it,"

Jones said of the statue.

"That's where I landed. They thought we were good workhorses, so they picked a bunch of us and made us unload and then load it again,"

he continued.

After his discharge from the service, Jones came home to Williams County and he and Edna were married. They farmed briefly and then moved to Bryan when Mr. Jones began working at the Ohio Art Company.

Later in 1950, they purchased a farm along County Road G, two miles west of Ohio 576. Their three sons - Robert of Edgerton, Charles of rural Bryan, and George of Fredericksburg - helped on the farm. For a dozen years, before retiring in 1962. Jones also worked for the county. Mr. and Mrs. Jones moved from the farm to their current Bryan home n 1971.

People don't ask her husband much about World War I much anymore, Mrs. Jones said. She said he doesn't talk about it, or seem to think about it, except for the occasional times he is asked. Since the war ended, he has never seen any of his army comrades.

For the 1985 Bryan Jubilee Parade, Mr. and Mrs. Jones were named parade grand marshals

as charter members of the Bryan Veterans of Foreign Wars and its auxiliary unit. The recognition he received for being a VFW charter member and World War I veteran, he said, is nothing special.

"There's other ones they could have asked,"

he said.

Jones said he was never really bothered by his war experiences. It's been so long ago, he said, that he's forgotten many of the details - like the date when he entered the service. But he quickly noted one date he hasn't forgotten.

"On July the Fourth in 1919, that I can remember,"

he said nodding.

"That's when I came home."

Editors note:

This is the fourth story in a six-part series on World War I and its veterans who reside in Williams County.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 13, 1986.

SOLDIERS FACED DEATH RIGHT HERE IN OHIO

Typically soldiers' wartime deaths are associated with battle casualties, victims of shells and bullets. But during World War I many soldiers died here in Ohio before ever seeing the battlefields of Europe. The culprit? A widespread epidemic of influenza. Ironically, this same flu saved some men from being sent "over there" to Europe - including Keith Porter of Montpelier, who was a private in the 379th Infantry Regiment.

"I was not across,"

90 year old Porter explained.

"The reason for that was - they were sending the men over as fast as they could - but we had the flu. That was the real thing there in Camp Sherman. A bad cold wasn't considered the flu."

One of three brothers, Porter was born and raised in the rural Montpelier home where he still resides. Land in the area has belonged to the Porter family for more than a century, and a stretch of County Road 12-50 was named Porters Road in recognition of his family.

Guy Porter, Keith's older brother, served in Europe with the Marine Corps during World War I.

"I want to tell you he was a good soldier,"

Keith said.

"He was a drill sergeant. The Marines had the same feeling that they do today, that they were the best soldiers in the world. If he had received a college education or stayed in the Marines following the war, Guy could have become a commissioned officer,"

Keith said.

"But after the war, he didn't make a career of it,"

Keith explained, noting that Guy, now deceased, preferred to return to the farm.

"He wanted me to join the Marines, but I didn't,"

Keith continued. His parents were worried about having two boys in the service while the war was raging, he said.

"So I told my mother, 'I won't go until they take me'."

But on September 5, 1918, the Army did take him through the draft. His younger brother Ellis, although registered for the draft, was never called into the service.

"We went down to Deshler on the Cincinnati Northern,"

he said of the group of Williams County draftees he accompanied. From there they traveled another railroad to Camp Sherman near Chillicothe.

"I remember the night we went in there,"

he said.

"The fellows would yell out "Wait till you get that shot!',"

Actually, he said,

"each of the soldiers was given three injections, and "we found out they weren't very careful about how they gave it to you."

An early duty for Porter involved manning the targets at the shooting range.

"I was out on the range where they shot,"

he explained.

"They had a big trench, and they had the target. The fellows would shoot and we would lower it (the target) and put it back up. We would signal - we had a signal - what they had scored. If they missed the target, we put up a red flag." After working

the targets less than two weeks, he continued, another group manned the targets and his group did the shooting. The soldiers were armed with Springfield rifles..."

he said.

"We could shoot one shot at a time, or we could have rapid fire. As I remember we could have 10 shots without stopping."

A duty Porter doesn't recall with fondness is KP - kitchen police - which involved washing dishes in a large tub.

"After we wiped the dishes for a while, the wiping rags got wet,"

he explained.

"It would about spoil your appetite for a week."

"We used to play soccer,"

he continued.

"We used to get our shins kicked. They said 'If you can't take this, you won't be able to fight'."

After Porter received only two weeks training, the flu epidemic became so bad camp life was interrupted. Even though he didn't catch the flu himself, his training was put on hold.

"When we had the flu, we were in tents,"

he said.

"They had us fold the tents over every day to air them out. So many men became sick the base hospital wouldn't hold them all. They were too full - they had to put men on the porch,"

Porter remembered.

"I was on the detail that had to serve these men. Everyone wanted to go home - they were all sick, delirious."

The healthy soldiers were divided into two groups, he explained. While his group was assigned to help care for their sick comrades, he said,

"the other group had to take out the men who died."

"That one night 150 men died in Camp Sherman...that was the worst time we had out there,"

Porter recalled.

"One of the boys in our tent got it,"

Porter said.

"He moped around all day. We took him over to the base hospital, and he died out there." "If it wouldn't have been that we got the flu there in Camp Sherman, I would have been sent across," he said.

"Anyway, in the meantime the war ended." "As soon as the Germans surrendered, we thought we ought to go home right away. But they didn't do that - they kept us awhile. I suppose there was alot of paper-work involved."

While the war was underway, $5 a month was subtracted from each soldier's pay to purchase Liberty Bonds.

"When the war was over, we had the choice of going ahead with buying the Liberty Bonds, or taking the money. I took my money back,"

Porter said.

After serving about four months, Porter received his discharge.

"When I walked out I couldn't believe I was free,"

he said. Still, he noted,

"I did feel that my training was a wonderful thing."

After returning home, Porter became a teacher, serving as instructor for one and one-half years at a small rural school west of his home.

"I walked three there and three miles back - six miles a day,"

he recalled.

He later accepted a job at the Farmers & Merchants Bank in Montpelier, where he worked full-time until retiring in 1981.

"I worked there over 60 years,"

he said.

"I was full time bookkeeper, teller, assistant cashier, president, and chairman of the board."

Porter is also a past president and charter member of the Williams County Historical Society, an organization that was formed in 1956. His donation made possible construction of the Porter wing of the society's museum at the fairgrounds in Montpelier. Many artifacts of Porter's World War I service are housed at the museum.

Since the war, Porter and his regimental comrades have never had any reunions. The men

in his unit were from different areas, he said, so there really wasn't a close attachment. He does see other World War I veterans and their wives and widows, who live in Williams County and gather periodically for dinner. But that group is not a large one, he said.

"There's only a very few of us left."

Editors note:

This is the fifth story of a six-part series on World War I and its surviving veterans who reside in Williams County.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 14, 1986.

FIRST WORLD WAR:A FADING MEMORY
'FORGOTTEN TRIBE' MEMBERS STILL GATHER

"We're about the forgotten tribe,

World War I veterans," said E.W. Elliot of Montpelier.

"Nobody knows us anymore."

But Elliot and others of his tribe, World War I veterans from Williams County and their wives and veterans' widows haven't forgotten each other. Once a month, except for a break during the winter, they get together for lunch. It's not a large group. Not anymore. But the remaining members still meet faithfully.

Officially they are known as the Veterans of World War I U.S.A. Barracks 2012 of Montpelier, and its women's auxiliary. At their October meeting, conducted at Safari Sands restaurant near Montpelier, four men and five women were there.

The local barracks was first formed more than 40 years ago after World War I ended. Officers installed at the December 8, 1959 organization meeting included C.C. Hart as commander, C.E. Garver as senior vice commander, L.E. Fackler as junior vice commander, H.E. Porter as quartermaster adjutant, Harvey Ball as chaplain, C.N. Priest as judge advocate and Roy Childers, Ira Haugh, and L.C. Perkins as trustees. Each of these officers has since died or is no longer associated with the barracks.

Although the early minutes name the officers, members' names are not recorded - not even the membership numbers. Even less information is available for the women's auxiliary. But surviving members do recall the group as a large one - much larger than today. Keith Porter of Montpelier is a long-time barracks member, and he presided over the group's October business meeting.

But others haven't belonged so long. Elliot, although he has attended many Montpelier barracks meetings before, has belonged to a barracks in Florida, where he spent his winters for the last 25 years. But he's decided to again become a year-round Montpelier resident, and Montpelier barracks members say he and his wife, B.M. Elliot, are now part of their group.

Among the first American troops sent overseas during World War I, Elliot served in France for more than 18 months with an engineer regiment that was charged with bringing supplies to the troops in the front-line trenches.

Henry Hire of Bryan, also a veteran who served overseas, has belonged to the Montpelier barracks for only two years.

"My brother-in-law told me about it (the barracks),

" he said.

"We came over together."

During the war, Hire was a member of Company A, 138th Infantry Regiment.

"I was over in France,"

he said.

"Six weeks from the time I left home I was in France."

A Defiance native, Hire has lived in Bryan since 1925.

His brother-in-law, barracks member Mark McKelvey, was also in the U.S. Army during the war. He was assigned with a headquarters company in the Ninth Division, but was not sent to Europe.

"I carried messages around from company to company,"

he explained.

A widow involved with the auxiliary is Mabel Walkup of Pioneer. Her husband was Rue Walkup, who died in May 1977, served in the U.S. Coast Artillery Corps during World War I.

"I didn't know him then,"

she said, explaining that they were met and were married after the war. Mrs. Walkup is a former treasurer of the barracks auxiliary.

Although the First World War is what brings the people together, they didn't talk about it much at their latest meeting. Talk instead centered on other subjects - a lack of quality television shows, the top teams in college football and whether the Detroit Tigers will resign ace pitcher Jack Morris for next season. Aging, and learning to live with its limitations was also brought up.

"You have to learn to live with your age,"

Porter commented.

After eating, they conducted a brief business session. Most of the discussion revolved around whether to meet in November before breaking for the winter, or to schedule the next

meeting for the spring. Because they feared cold weather, they eventually opted for spring.

"God willing and if health allows,"

Porter said following the vote,

"We'll meet again next year."

Editors note:

This is the final story in a series on World War I and its surviving veterans who reside in Williams County.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 15, 1986.

WWI VETS PARADE MARSHALS

Unlike their Operation Desert Storm counterparts, no parades greeted Bryan's World War I veterans when they returned home from the conflict. Now 73 years later, that is changing. Honored as grand marshals of Saturday's Bryan Jubilee Parade are local World War I veterans Henry Hire, Glen Newcomer, and George Beavers.

A Bryan resident since his marriage in 1925, Mr. Hire, 95, was born and raised in Defiance. After entering the service on July 21, 1918, he was first assigned to the 334th Infantry. On October 6, 1918, he transferred to Company A of the 138th Infantry. "It was so long ago," Mr Hire said as he recalled his Army service.

After his induction, Mr. Hire went by train to Camp Sherman near Chillicothe, where the men received their uniforms and equipment, including guns and gas masks. Training was scant for the new recruits in 1918, Mr. Hire recalled. For the firearms training, he said

"I think I shot 16 rounds - that was it." To prepare for poisonous mustard gas used during the war, the men donned their gas masks and endured gas drills. During a train trip while still in the United States, he said, "they got us off at 12 o'clock at night, and took us in the gas chamber."

Following his brief training, Mr. Hire went by boat to Europe.

"Six weeks from the time I left home,"

he explained,

"I was in France." "I wasn't in any battles,"

Mr. Hire said, noting that his stay in France included time in the trenches and on guard duty. The 138th Infantry, he said, was a "walking brigade".

Most of the men in his company were from Texas, although a few were from Defiance and Bryan area. Mr. Hire still has a wide-angle photograph of his company, and at his side is a picture of Al Kammeyer of Defiance.

"We walked beside each other the whole time we were in France,"

Mr. Hire explained.

In November 1918, soon after Mr. Hire arrived in the trenches, the war was over,

"We waited three days for the armistice to be signed,"

he recalled.

"I could hear them moving out,"

he said of the Germans.

"I could hear them hollering to their horses. But I was never close enough to see them."

Mr. Hire returned to the United States in April 1919.

"I wore the same uniform over, and the same one coming back,"

he recalled. He received his discharge in May 1919, and returned to Defiance. In 1925, he married Grace Harter of Bryan and the couple has resided in Bryan ever since. They have two daughters, six grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

Mr. Newcomer, 95, a lifelong Bryan area resident was born in Center township and was graduated from Bryan High School in 1914. Later, he studied at the Ohio State University College of Agriculture for one and one-half years.

"Then the war interrupted that,"

he said.

"I was in the Army for a year."

On his 23rd birthday - July 22, 1918 - Mr. Newcomer left Bryan for the Army traveling on the old Cincinnati Northern Railroad. Accompanying him was a "bosom buddy" Mark McKelvey of Bryan, who enlisted to join his friend after learning Mr. Newcomer had been drafted.

The train took them to Camp Sherman at Chillicothe, where they received their uniforms, vaccinations and training. Although hoping to be assigned to the same unit, the friends received different assignments. From Camp Sherman, Mr. Newcomer traveled by train to Camp Mills at Long Island, New York; then boarded a troop transport - a converted cattle ship - bound for Europe.

"When they got all the ships together there must have been a dozen or 15 troop ships, and a couple of battleships,"

he said. As the convoy traveled across the Atlantic, he said,

"an airplane circled overhead continuously, on the lookout for enemy ships and submarines. "Of course we had a bout with seasickness. I was sick a couple of days, then I wasn't too bad. Some of the men were sick all the time."

After landing in Scotland, the men boarded smaller ships to cross the rough waters of the English Channel. On that short trip, he said,

"Everybody was seasick...Believe me, nobody was without sickness."

Next the troops were taken to southeastern France, just north of the Mediterranean Sea, where they were organized and readied for anticipated service in the trenches.

"They wanted us in the front lines,"

Mr. Newcomer explained. It was early November 1918 when Mr. Newcomer's unit was taken toward the front.

"They took us up there in trucks,"

he said recalling that a cold drizzly rain - interspersed with large snowflakes - fell the entire day. Once near the lines, the men were told to pitch their tents. It was so wet, he said, that

"even our heel marks were full of water. We looked around and finally found a ridge where it wasn't too bad." After finding straw for their straw ticks, he said, they bedded down for the night."

"The next day it stopped raining and the sun came up,"

he said, noting that they spread their gear out to dry.

"We were expecting the command to march at any time."

But they never made it to the trenches.

"Right then, we started to get rumors that the war was over. That went on a couple of days, then we got word from the general in charge that the war really was over - that would have been November 11."

"So we were thinking that the next move would be to get ready to turn around to go home. But not so, at least for me and some of the others."

Instead, the Army needed military policemen.

"So I got picked for one of those."

Mr. Newcomer was in charge of a five-man MP detachment in the small French village of Thorigne. There they gave directions to troops headed to seaports for their return home. Another duty was taking care of troops who drank too much French wine.

"If any of the boys got drunk, we put them in the guard house. There wasn't any punishment - we just didn't want them in the street staggering around."

"I took the opportunity to look around and visit some of the French families,"

Mr. Newcomer said,

"they were so hospitable and pleasant."

Mr. Newcomer, by then a corporal, arrived in the United States July 5, 1919, and was discharged from the Army later that month.

After his return to Williams County, Mr. Newcomer married Ethel Weber in 1923. They farmed in Center township and had two children, one who died in childhood, and three grandchildren and a great-grandchild. Mrs. Newcomer died in January 1990.

Mr. Beavers, 94, was born and raised near Kunkle and entered the Army on September 5, 1918. Like many other area World War I servicemen, he boarded a Cincinnati Northern train and headed for Camp Sherman.

"They unloaded us down at Dayton,"

he recalled of his train ride.

"There were two or three barrels of apples along the street or road... and everybody got all the apples they wanted to eat. We rested up, I guess you could say. Then we loaded up and went right through. It was a hot and dusty,"

Mr. Beavers said of his arrival at Camp Sherman.

"I remember we had two Captains. The first one just disappeared. Ernest Clark was the next one. He was the best man there ever was, that anyone was under, or I thought so, anyhow."

The troops received daily infantry training at Camp Sherman, he said.

"we went on hikes about every day. And this Captain, I believe was a natural born walker."

Their training completed, Mr. Beavers and his comrades were ready for their overseas trip. They didn't know, however, where they might be headed.

"They didn't want you to know - that's what I thought they thought, anyhow."

"We'd been their long enough that we were packed and ready to leave,"

he continued. But, before they departed, he said,

"influenza struck the camp. That was the worst mess you ever saw."
"We lost 1350 there,"

he said speaking of fatalities due to the flu,

"either that or pneumonia they caught following it."

Ward Musser of rural Bryan, a friend of Mr. Beavers' caught the influenza. They called his father down - they thought he was going to die." Mr. Beavers, too, soon became a victim. They called my father down there - he was there two weeks. I ended up with a bandage around my ankle. They put your name and number on it. When you got as far as you could go, that's what they did." Unlike many of their comrades, Mr. Musser and Mr. Beavers survived, aided by the personal care of their fathers.

Before Mr. Beavers recovered to be sent overseas, the war ended.

"We got to come home quick - as quick as they could get it anyway," he said. Although Mr. Beavers was discharged in December 1918, his brother Dale - who served overseas for more than a year - didn't return home until May 1919.

After his return home, Mr. Beavers married Myrtle Allomong. They had three children, eight grandchildren and a number of great-grandchildren. Mrs. Beavers died in May 1977. Mr. Beavers said he doesn't talk much about the war anymore - people don't seem to be interested. But at least one more time, during the Jubilee Parade, the World War I veterans will be back in the limelight.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, June 26, 1991.

FORMER BRYANITE RECALLS WWI EXPERIENCES

The following story appeared in the Veteran's Day issue of the Flint, Michigan Journal, and deals with the World War I experiences of Bryan native John Fetzer. Mr. Fetzer was one of ten children of Cora and Billy Fetzer, who operated a business in Bryan. Since 1927, Mr. Fetzer has been a Flint, Michigan resident.

Seventy years ago today, John P. Fetzer commemorated his 19th birthday in a trench in France while he and the rest of the world celebrated the end of the war to end all wars. Fetzer, now of Flint, enlisted in the Army in April 1917, when he was 17 years old. Within four months of enlistment, he was part of a machine gun battalion on the Western Front.

The war left a vivid impression on the baby-faced teenager from the small town of Bryan, Ohio. Today, as millions of war veterans nationwide celebrate Veterans Day, he remembers the clouds of shells - and nerve gas.

"You could look up and see the clouds of shells going over. They made a terrific whistling noise. It seemed like there was no end

to what the Germans had. You could tell the shells that had chlorine or mustard gas in them. They made a different noise. We always had to have our gas masks under our chin so we could put them on quickly."

He moved across the front-line trenches in France, helping to lug a heavy French-made machine gun, as the battle raged.

"By deploying along the front, we could cover over a mile with barrage fire which nothing could get through. Our job was to go to wherever there was a weak spot in the line. We went wherever we were needed. If there was a breakthrough, we had to handle it. There were no radios so some communication was done by rockets. A red rocket meant there was an enemy patrol in front. A green rocket meant something else. At night it looked like the Fourth of July. Both sides were firing off rockets."

Fetzer's birdseye view of the war also included omnipresent observation balloons.

"You could see the balloons up there and swear you could shoot them down but you could shoot and shoot and never hit them. They were too far away."

The balloons were usually stationary and contained a soldier equipped with a telescope who would attempt to peer across no man's land to the other trenches to see the enemy's troop strength and position. The men in the balloons used phone lines to relay the information.

One of the war's other distractions was a new fangled weapon called an airplane.

"We would watch them fly around up there looking for one another,"

Fetzer said.

"When they spotted another one they would shoot at each other until one was shot down. There were no parachutes in those days, so when they were shot down, it was all over." The planes posed little danger to the infantry, Fetzer said. "Occasionally they would machine-gun the trenches but they didn't do much damage."

Like in modern wars, a universal complaint of the soldiers was about the food.

"There was no refrigeration in those days and we used to say the food was left over from the Spanish-American War. We had to eat hard tack, hard wafers of bread."

Fetzer, who was modest about his role in the war, participated in the battles at Aisne-Marne, the Somme offensive, St. Mihiel, and what was known as the defensive sector at Metz, which is where he was when the war ended on his birthday the 11th day of the 11th month of 1918

"Nobody paid any attention to my birthday,"

he recalled.

"I remember waiting all day for a barrage to start. Then about 9 or 10 o'clock on the 11th word came through that it was over. We saw the Germans just stand up and go away and we knew it was over."

After the war, Fetzer received his war medal. It held four battle bars, something that very few Americans earned. Fetzer remained in France for five months before he was sent back home to Ohio, where he soon met and married his wife, Winona. The couple are still married, after 66 years. Their west-side Flint home is filled with pictures of their two children, five grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. They have lived in Flint since 1927, when he came here to work at Buick as a patternmaker. He retired 22 years ago after 38 years at Buick. Fetzer and his wife have visited France three times since World War I and have enjoyed each trip.

"It was very beautiful,"

Mrs. Fetzer said.

"It wasn't like the first time I was there,"

he said.

Reprinted by The Bryan Times, November 11, 1988.
Article by Dan Shriner, The Flint Journal.

WORLD WAR ONE, THE LOCAL PERSPECTIVE

The following articles are gleaned from the "Bryan Press" from April 1917 through December 1918. They cover letters sent home from training camps and the front line troops in France to death notices and memorial services for our fallen. As you read through this period of the paper, it was very obvious that there was a strong patriotic zeal to support our troops. The state would declare a holiday throughout the entire state to allow men of age to report to their local voting precincts to register. Once this was done, the men were screened and the lists were printed as to call up. And, there were a number of men who enlisted to get duty of their choice and get into the war. So let's take a look at what they were saying and doing at this exciting time in Williams county.

Bryan Press, August 30, 1917.

PERRIN LONG WRITES FROM VERDUN WITH AMBULANCE COMPANY

Bryan Volunteer Now in Active Service on Line Near Scene of Big Battle

Perrin Long, the first of the Bryan boys to volunteer and get into actual service in the cause of the Allies, is now stationed at Verdun, on the scene of one of the most important battles of the war. His letters home are subject to the censor and any reference to his location or any definite information as to what is going on in his section of the "line" is prohibited, but one letter a week ago escaped the censor and came through unopened, and gave his parents the information that he and his ambulance company are stationed about 12 miles back of the line and near Verdun. Up to the latter part of July his company had been

held in reserve, but expected to get into the next offensive. Following is one of his letters home:

Somewhere in France
July 22, 1917

Dearest Dad:

I received your cablegram last night and was awfully glad to get it. It reached me about six days after you had sent it. This morning I had a touch of real war. A German aeroplane was sighted over the town nearest to us and immediately the anti-aircraft guns got after it. The shells burst all around us and the heavens were full of puffs of white smoke. One of the boys from the camp was in town and he reported the morale of the civilians during the attack was very good. Tomorrow, we move out of our present repose into active service--where, we do not know. Our present camp is in the center of the region where one of the most important battles of the war took place and it is a very beautiful spot. Our quarters are in an old mill and in the courtyard we have erected a barracks where we have our mess. Our meals are excellent. I am feeling fine and in excellent health. I am the regular driver of car No. 5. My relief driver is a boy from Chicago. Our ambulances are very good Fiats. There are a bunch of American Sections in this district. Four Norton-Harges and five American Ambulance sections. There will be a busy time in this region pretty soon. We are about twenty kilometers from the line and will be in the next big offensive. Sections of soldiers from the front are coming through regularly and Wednesday, we entertained a bunch. Don't forget to send the "smokes" as the French tobacco is rotten.

With love to all.

Perrin

Bryan Press, October 4, 1917

PERRIN LONG WRITES FROM VERDUN FIELD

Has Taken Part in Recent Activities Along Important Sector of French Line

We are permitted to publish extracts from a couple of letters received within the past few days from Perrin Long, who is at the front in France with an American ambulance company. Mr. Long is getting an intimate and first-hand knowledge of the greatest tragedy in human history.

August 28, 1917

Dearest Mother:--

Since I last wrote you I have had quite an experience. We were participants although only for a little while, in the big French offensive that started out the 20th of August in a sector that the Germans made such large gains in a year ago. Last Monday a call came for us to evacuate a hospital near the Front. Inside of ten minutes, we were rolling towards the Front. After a ride of 15 kilometers, we reached the hospital and found we were to evacuate a bunch of French wounded to the hospital at Bar-le-Duc. While we were loading up, the ambulances from the Front were bringing in the wounded. One of the ambulances bore the donation plate of Mrs. John N. Willys. The wounded were mostly German prisoners. They certainly were a

horrible sight. One man had his jaw shot away and was lying sopping up the blood with a roll of gauze. Another had part of his foot gone and still his war boot was on. The French were giving them the best of treatment. One boy of nineteen was shot thru the breast and neck and most of his face was shot away by shrapnel. It was terrible but as the French say "C'est la Guerre." "It is war." While we were loading, the Boche planes were dropping bombs but were not successful. Our load consisted of three Morrocoans, and two Frenchmen. We got our blesses (wounded) safely to Bar-le-Duc. Some of the boys were at the hospital when two of the shacks were blown up by Boche bombs. Soon, we may go to the real Front. I am well. Hope you have sent my tobacco.

September 2, 1917

Today, I am on the telephone duty. If any orders come for 33 or 69, I will carry them.

The French certainly are doing glorious work on the Verdun offensive. After ample artillery fire they carried everything before them in twenty minutes. One trench or section of a trench on the enemy's side had machine guns that operated under the most intense fire. This puzzled the French but when they took the trench, they found that the Germans had rigged up dogs on lead-mills to run the machine guns. All of the famous attacking regiments were up there, the Foreign Legion, 1st Zouares and the Chassuero. Lately, we had some rest from the Boche planes as it has been very cloudy. All of the boys are in excellent health.

Love,

Perrin

Bryan Press, October 11, 1917

ALL FOUR REPLOGLE BROTHERS IN ARMY

Four Sons of C.E. Replogle All Enter Service of Their Country

Four sons of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Replogle are now serving their country as soldiers. We have not heard of a finer example of patriotism than this and the finest part of it is that the parents and sons are all perfectly willing to do their share. They have only the four sons and the family is giving its all to the country. Harry is at Benjamin Harrison in the Officers Reserve. Glenn is serving with Battery E, Second Ohio Field Artillery at Montgomery. Guy is with the 329th Infantry and Beryle is with the Second Company, First Battalion, Section M at Chillicothe, the latter having enlisted from Toledo. The boys have written their parents that they are happy and contented in the service and willing to do their share in this trying time.

Bryan Press, October 25, 1917

GIVES INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF LIFE IN CHILLICOTHE CAMP

The following interesting letter was written to Prof. W. A. Salter by Benjamin A. Moore, who was teaching in the Kunkle schools at the time he left the county to join the army, and who is now with the boys at Camp Sherman, Ohio. It is dated at the Camp, October 20, and among other things Mr. Moore says:

It has entered my mind that you might be anxious to learn something of the "pleasures" of camp life also you may appreciate knowing of my chances or resuming my work at Kunkle. As to the pleasures, I'll give you a first-hand view of them. But in discussing my chances of coming back, all I need say is "When the war is over, or when I am disabled--then I'll get to come back."

We are fairly well housed at the camp. The beds or cots are of iron, and with their well-knit and reinforced springs are very neat and comfortable. To each man is issued a bed sack, which he must fill with clean straw. One quilt (comforter) and three blankets are issued to each man also. These keep us warm, but I doubt it we would be real comfortable were it not for the large jacketed furnaces or stoves which are placed four to a barracks. You see the cots are very close together and so many sleeping in one room necessitates opening half of the upper windows.

Each man should receive one hat and cord, one service coat (olive drab), two pairs of cotton (O.D.) breeches, one pair woolen (O.D.) breeches, two flannel shirts (O.D.), six pairs of socks, four pairs underwear, two pair shoes, one overcoat (O.D.), one poncho and one pair of leggins. However, this material does not get distributed very rapidly. I have fared better than most and am able to stand in ranks garbed in an entire uniform.

One of the things which brings joy to the new recruit is the dope they shoot into him. To each man is given one successful vaccination and three inoculations. The former makes the left arm very sore and the latter makes the right shoulder very stiff. These shots make some of them deathly sick. In regards to these, I again have been remarkably fortunate. None of them made me sick and I attribute it to the fact that I have lived clean. The "Casket Screw Artists" fared badly in almost every case. So did John Barleycorn's intimates.

We are given a good bit of marching and a good deal of detail work to do. What exercises we fail to receive from these, we gain by playing games under supervision, washing our own dishes and by doing our own laundry work. We are given plenty to do. Nevertheless, we have much time off. In spite of reports, we are well fed on plain garb. Meat, potatoes, corn bread, molasses, prunes, oatmeal, coffee, soup, macaroni, cheese, etc., are some of the things we have for our meals.

Our Company has purchased a Victrola, and a pool table has been issued to it. We have our own recreation room in which to enjoy these things in addition to reading. The Y.M.C.A. library loans books to us. I am starting in on Scott's works, which I have never read before. With all these forms of amusement and study, do you blame me when I say, "Only babies get real homesick."

The Y.M.C.A. provides guidance for the soul and in many ways keeps the soldiers on the decent path. There are several Y's here and each is an arc of light illuminating the way we must go. You can readily see that brawn, brain and brotherhood (in the Christian sense) are developed and for these reasons I like camp life. Of course, I'll come back, and willingly when I can but I must confess I like camp life.

Trusting that you are having a fine season in the schools, that your duties will bring you ripe success and much pleasure, that you lose none of your boys as a sacrifice to the War god and that you will find time to answer, I beg to be remembered as your friend.

Benjamin A. Moore

Bryan Press, November 15, 1917

TELLS OF HIS DUTIES IN AVIATION SECTION OF SIGNAL CORPS AT CAMP

Mr. and Mrs. Giles Knepper have received the following letter from her brother, F. E. Kaser, who is in one of the most interesting branches of the service and located at Fort Omaha at present.

Fort Omaha, Neb., November 8, 1917

Dear Sister and Family,

Your letter received and surely was glad to hear from you for each day I go to the post office and if I don't get a letter I think more of how I would like to come home if only for a little while, so you see how important it is to keep mail on the road to Fort Omaha.

I like army life quite well especially this branch of the service. First, because Aviation is very interesting and second, because it is one of the most important branches as the whole army depends on the balloons to direct them in battle.

The duty of the balloon is observation only. They go up but are always connected by a cable to an auto winch which controls the height they go up. The basket on the balloon is connected with the trenches by telephones and the observer directs the cannon fire by telling the gunner how far he has missed fired and which way to change his fire to hit the enemy's battery and then the infantry advances under the protection of the cannon fire. So you see the winning of the war depends upon the balloon men.

The airships work with the balloons as their protectors in keeping the enemy airships from shooting down our balloons. Now, I will tell you where I come in on this game. The balloons are inflated with hydrogen gas which must be made on the field behind the lines. The hydrogen plants are built in sections and each section is mounted on auto trucks in such a way that by running them side by side, they can be connected and put in operation in 30 minutes.

These plants have a capacity of 10,000 feet of gas per hour and it takes six hours to inflate a kite balloon but of course the gas isn't let out of the balloons unless they are going to be moved a long distance or happen to be shot down.

I expect to be on my way to France in a couple of months in charge of one of the Field Generators but of course I would not dare to tell you just when for it is against the regulations of the army to give out the movements of troops or even one soldier or officer until they have been in transit six hours. Well, I have told you all that the law allows me to tell so I must close for this time, hoping to hear from you soon, I remain as ever,

Your loving brother,

F. E. Kaser
Aviation Section Signal Corps, U.S.A.
Ft. Omaha, Neb.

Bryan Press, December 6, 1917

LIEUTENANT ARNOLD TELLS OF BRYAN BOYS IN CAMP IN ALABAMA

Mrs. J. W. Wygandt last week received an interesting letter from Lieut. Charles E, Arnold, of Company E, 147th Infantry. The letter was dated at Camp Sheridan, Alabama, November 25, and follows:

The weather is very cool here now. We receive enough blankets today so that each man in the company now has three apiece. They certainly need them in this kind of weather.

This week, we enter the fifth week of our training schedule. The stuff is coming so fast now that it keeps us busy all the time in order to keep up to date. I suppose we will get another lesson in gas this week. Last week, we had masks on and drilled in them in order to accustom ourselves to them. We use what is the best mask out today, and the life of it is about eighty hours of constant use.

The masks are explained to the men, he learns all about them before he puts them on. They are then put on and adjusted to each individual man. There is a clam for the nose and a person breathes through his mouth. For some, it is rather hard the first few times. The men soon become accustomed to them and they rather like to wear them.

We are coming along first rate in our bayonet instruction. The men see the need of speed and sure go for it with all they have. I pity the bunch of Huns that ever try to stop an attack of Company E. They will get theirs. Really, I myself get scared when I see that line of bayonets coming my way.

We have also started our course in grenade instruction. We have two French officers as instructors. One officer and one man is picked from each company to take the instruction. Then, they go back and instruct their own company. In France, the grenadier is the honored man and is wholly fearless. He must be mentally and physically fit so that he can withstand much physical strain. Lots of time they must be able to throw grenades for a period of from 18 to 20 hours without a stop.

The French officers who are our instructors are very intelligent and have actually gone over the top several times. One has seen 18 months active service and has been wounded twice. They are very dressy and receive many compliments on their neat appearance. Grenade throwing is very interesting, at least it is to me. We practice throwing dummy grenades at trenches. Finally, we will end up by throwing real live ones.

Today, a commission from Ohio visited our camp to see how we were coming along. Tomorrow, they will watch us out in the drill field, and then return to Ohio and make a report to Governor Cox.

This week, they issued more regulations regarding the ventilation of the tents. They are bound to keep all the men possible out of he hospital. All men must be in bed by 10:30 every night except Saturday. All fires must be put out at 10:15, and tents doors must be opened at this time also. The tent hoods have been removed so that ventilation is doubly insured. A guard is posted each night in the company street to see that these regulations are enforced to the letter. He must see that all men remove their clothing before going to bed, also that they do not cover up their heads. So, you see the army is trying to do all that is possible to save the health of the men.

Thursday is Thanksgiving and the men are all looking for a good feed that day. We do not drill and the men will have all day to themselves. Some ladies from around Bryan sent us some

dried corn for part of our dinner. It sure will taste good and we thank them for it. We do not know who they are but we surely appreciate their kindness.

Bryan Press, December 12, 1917

FORMER BRYAN BOY HELPED BUILD CAMP SHERMAN--CAMP COMFORTABLE

Editor Press:

It may be of interest to the people of this community to know a little more of Camp Sherman by one who has been on the work of construction from its very beginning to its completion.

Camp Sherman is a wonderful place. In fact, it cannot be fully comprehended by anyone who has not been in it's midst and actually seen real camp life. There are hundreds and hundreds of barracks and if they were placed end to end, would extend a distance of 29 miles. It is very interesting to see the soldiers (conscripted) come to Camp. Some wear old coats and blue overalls, and I guess the worst looking clothing they have. Then to see them develop into a regular U. S. soldier. They are out on the drill grounds early in the morning and to see all the different exercises they go thru is enough to convince anyone of its wonderful advantage in developing the body, making our U. S. boys amply strong to carry on not only the war's battle but life's work as in order to make a success in life one of the essential features is good health and a strong physique. Some people may think a soldier's life is all drudgery, but I assure you it is not. They have all sorts of healthful amusements, such as football, handball, baseball, theaters, YMCA's, etc. Good music as their military bands are of the best. Their food is very wholesome, they get plenty and the kind to keep them in good shape for training. They have shower baths and their barracks or sleeping quarters are heated by large furnaces. Of course, quite a large number sleep in one barracks, but they have to keep the windows open so that they get plenty of fresh air. Having plenty of cover, they enjoy a good night's sleep and plenty of it as they must be in not later than 10:30 unless out on pass. It may seem discouraging to some of the boys who have to go to Camp but after they once get there they soon feel fine and ready and willing to do their "bit" in helping to conquer this war against autocracy. There are very few cases of sickness and those are taken care of by the best physicians. Their Base Hospital is a wonderful institution in itself. It has the latest and best equipped available.

They also have what is called the "Postal Exchange." This building contains nearly everything a solder may require, from a cigar or cigarette up to a suit of clothes. This enables the soldier to spend his money largely out at Camp. It is about 2 1/2 miles from Camp to Chillicothe and a lot of times they do not feel like walking in or hiring a taxi which costs 25 cents each way.

A great bakery has also been built to supply 40,000 soldiers daily. Three huge ovens are in constant operation. Not only does the huge plant serve as a bakery for the actual necessities of the Camp, but the bakers are also schooled here in the latest methods of baking.

The churches of Chillicothe have opened their doors to the soldiers as well as having entertainment for them and serving light refreshments, which they all enjoy. There is also the Camp Sherman Laundry which is located in the midst of the camps and is equal to the most modern laundry in our largest cities. It employs hundreds of people and covers a large area of ground. You can send in your laundry in the morning and get it in the afternoon or the next day.

The scenery around Camp Sherman and Chillicothe is beautiful in the summer time. The Scioto River winds its way through the hills, the hillsides are covered with trees of all kinds. Then there can be seen in the distance Mount Logan, significant of the State Seal of Ohio. By

close observation, you can see the American Flag hoisted on the very top of this mountain.

The water system is of great importance to the health of the soldier. The water at Camp Sherman is pure, and the supply adequate, a total of 2,000,000 gallons daily assured. The water supply is obtained from one large dug well and five drilled wells. All these wells secure their supply from an excellent water bearing gravel at depths varying from 80 to 90 feet from the surface. The water alto rather hard and containing considerable iron, is of excellent character from a sanitary standpoint and entirely suitable for drinking and other domestic uses. There are a number of interesting features regarding Camp Sherman I could mention but it would cover too much space.

The writer is now home for a few days vacation then will go to Washington, D.C., where he expects to continue in government service. In closing, I wish to assure the PRESS readers who have sons at Camp Sherman or will have, that Uncle Sam has provided every necessary thing to take care of soldier boy to make him comfortable and feel at home as much as possible.

Respectfully,

F. H. Brown

Bryan Press, June 13, 1918

FIRST TO DIE IN FRANCE

The daily casualty list of American soldiers in France in the papers Monday contained the name of DENVER MILLER, of Montpelier, as having died of disease. He is the first Williams county boy to give his life in France. He left here among the sixty selected men who went to Camp Sherman last September.

Bryan Press, August 8, 1918

GEORGE BROWNWELL WRITES OF BRYAN BOYS OF AMBULANCE COMPANY TRAINING IN ENGLAND

Mr. and Mrs. James Brownwell received the following letter from George Brownwell Monday, 25 days after it was written. It will be of great interest to his friends here:

In England, July 11, 1918

Dear Mother and all,

We are in England after our long journey. Our trip was wonderful and will try to tell you a little about it. Our trip from America, except on one occasion, was uneventful. But for a few minutes everybody's nerves were strung to high pitch. Suffice it to say we landed somewhere in (deleted) a pleasure few of the American troops had. We were routed from our beds at four o'clock in the morning the day we embarked and at nine we were aboard the train. Our train consisted of sixteen coaches, but the coaches here are much different than those in America. The passenger coach is about half as long as our Pullmans. On each side there are two doors

where you enter and exit. Then along one side of the car the aisle extends and the rest is divided into compartments (separate) each holding six people. Their engines are very small, but powerful and capable of great speed. They keep them shined and highly polished all the time. The railroads in Scotland and England in my judgment, far surpass those of America. I am sure they make faster time, and every foot of their tracks is as smooth as the Lake Shore. You should see their freight cars. I saw thousands of them and not one that had a capacity of over ten tons. They are short and tall and imagine how they look with approximate dimensions of 15 feet long, five feet high and on wheels which are about three feet high. The stations are simply wonderful and such stations as we have at Bryan, Toledo, etc., you cannot find. In the smallest towns the stations are the very best, all stone and metal and built over the track. Every station is so arranged that a passenger can board his train in any kind of storm and not get wet. The rails are fastened to the ties with clamps instead of spikes and every foot I saw stone ballast.

As I said, we boarded our train for a seaport in (deleted) and started our journey south and east for the place where we are now stationed.

It is absolutely impossible for me to attempt to tell you of the wonderful scenery (deleted) but both the highlands and lowlands are beautiful and I thought of Hugh MacPhail more than once. The country is rich in agriculture and crowded with industry. It is the most prosperous looking country I ever saw, not even barring "The States," as they say here. And you should see their towns. They are large and close together. Another feature I noticed is that they are largely built up with beautiful flats and as near as I could see from the train a very small per centage of the people live in a house by themselves. I may be wrong.

Since we landed in England, I have traveled about 500 miles and believe me when I say that outside of two or three very small buildings which were of frame, every building, city, and country alike is made of stone and brick. Most all have red roofs and about 10 to 12 chimneys. The majority of the towns which are practically all cities are in the valleys and it is a beautiful sight to look across them. Streets are all very narrow and the houses are, every one that I saw, built next to the sidewalk. No front yards at all and all back yards, if any, in gardens.

The roads are excellent. Every foot I have seen is of stone and as smooth as glass. There are no worn out roads in England and they are all as narrow as the Indiana roads, and they are all angling roads. I have not seen a railroad crossing except over a bridge or through a tunnel and tunnels are surely numerous. This account to some extent for the fast time made by the trains here. They claim to go from 60 to 80 miles an hour, but as a troop train is allowed only to travel 40 miles per hour, I have no way of knowing about the high speeds.

There are a thousand things I would like to tell you if I could, but the censor would merely cut them out.

We are quartered in an English camp and are therefore on English rations. Everybody will be glad when we are put back on American rations but we get all we want of good, solid food.

Before this letter reaches you, we will be in France in some camp. We will, no doubt, remain there some time. Well, mother, this is all I can write you this time, but I shall be sure to mail you a letter at least every week, but when you can get them is more than I know.

Love to all,

Serj. G. E. Brownwell
148 Ambulance Co.
112 Sanitary Train, A.E.F.

The above letter has been so mutilated by the censor that some of it can hardly be deciphered. Mr. Brownwell is associated with Don Tubbs, Charles Ellis, Otis Jesse, Paul Elder, Hugh Neff, of Bryan and Lyle Rothenberger of Montpelier.

Bryan Press, October 17, 1918

A notice was printed informing the residents of Bryan of the death of Theron Betts. He is the community's first casualty in France.

THERON BETTS

Theron Betts, son of Mrs. Addie Kenney, was born at Bryan, December 20, 1893, and departed this life July 28, 1918.

When but a stripling youth, his health being delicate, he went to the southland where he remained for about five years, returning a young man and well.

It was then that he went into the employ of the Ohio Gas, Light and Coke Company remaining with this firm about two years. He then went to Toledo and acted in the capacity of a conductor for the Rail-Light Company for a year. From Toledo, he went west and northwest returning home shortly before the war was declared and registered on June 5th, 1917. Five days later, he enlisted and soon found himself in Columbus, where he chose to enter the Field Artillery, and was transferred from this place to Douglas, Arizona, doing duty on the Mexican border. Here, he was overtaken by ill health and being unable to ride a horse, he was sent to the mechanics school at Ft. Bliss, near El Paso, Texas. Here, he learned horse shoeing, receiving a diploma, also studies the science and art of the veterinary, but owing to the fact that the 10th F.A. soon did away with the use of horses, he was not long in finding himself on the way to France as a first class private. He sailed from Camp Merritt, N.J., about June 1st and landed "Over There" about the 15th. He wrote that the voyage was delightful in every respect and that he was glad to be there.

It was but recently that very brief news came from "Over There" that Theron was severely wounded on the 16th day of July and passed away twelve days later.

He was of a cheerful disposition, always smiling and making warm friends wherever he went, a willing helper and one who never refused that which to him looked right. He was for a time a member of the Cleveland Christian Orphanage. He was also a member of the Modern Woodsmen of America, and of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

He leaves to mourn his sudden departure, one brother, L.C. who lives north of Bryan; two sisters, Mrs. Parepa McCavit of Shoals, Indiana and Mrs. Gaia Fitzenrider, of Stryker, Ohio and his mother. His father having gone on before about eighteen years ago.

His noble example, for he laid his all on the altar of sacrifice for his loved ones, friends, country and humanity and now he sleeps in 'Flander's fields" where the poppies grow.

Bryan Press, October 17, 1918

LETTERS FROM BRYAN BOYS IN FRANCE

Word has been received by is parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Newcomer, of the safe arrival abroad of Galen Newcomer. He says he is in the best of health and when he wrote he was in England having landed at a point in Scotland. His letter is interesting giving his impressions of the new countries he is seeing.

Among other things he says:

"We are now quite a long ways from Camp Mills, where I mailed you the post card. Quite a number of transports came across together, but they were well protected. We did not see any submarines, but it was reported that one was sunk by our convoys. The sea was exceptionally smooth all the way except one or two days, but we had no storms.

We landed in Scotland and were received with a fine welcome. All the buildings there are stone or brick and most of them one story. We are now in southern England. There is certainly beautiful scenery in Scotland. Fields are small, very green and enclosed with hedges or stone fences. Land mostly rolling, but all farmed. I have seen no corn at all, but lots of oats and grass. Oats are in shock, and the shocks are very carefully made so as to protect the grain from rain, which comes nearly every day. At present we are quarantined for measles, but think we will be released in a day or so.

Earl Pifer is still with me. I also saw three other boys from Williams county on the transport. Am feeling fine as ever and would like to tell you more but cannot." Mr. Newcomer is with the 309th M. P., 84th Division.

Following are extracts from a letter received by Mr. and Mrs. George Goller from their son, Private Raymond Goller with the 16 Balloon Company in France.

I have seen a lot of France, parts that I admire and other parts that did not meet my taste but the difference between it and the U. S. makes it seem quite striking. Yesterday, I went to a town, which I cannot give the name. It has a high wall around it, a beautiful cathedral with many noted pictures and artistic images.

I am about 15 miles from the front and can hear the guns roar, although the firing is rather quiet now. We are expecting to leave for the front any time now. No doubt when you get this letter, I will be there. So now comes the real active service, but the balloon companies are not as dangerous as some other branches of service, so you need not worry. As for myself, I don't feel the least bit worried probably because I have been accustomed to it step by step.

And best of all I feel the protection of your prayers every day and can overcome the dangers by faith in something better whether on earth or in the other world. The best consolation is found in Luke 18:29, 30, also Col. 2:5 and 2 Tim. 1:12.

Bryan Press, October 24, 1918

LIEUT. CHAS. ARNOLD KILLED AT FRONT OF AMERICAN ADVANCE

Word From France Tells of Death of Bryan Soldier Fighting for Liberty

News came to Bryan last Saturday of the death in France of Lieut. Charles E. Arnold, although the date and the circumstances of his death are not known. The sad word came to his mother, Mrs. Eva Arnold, of South Lynn Street, in a letter from her brother, Capt. D. W.

Iford, of Toledo, who is connected with a medical corps in the service. It is supposed Mr. Arnold was killed in the fighting around Verdun in the latter part of September, where American troops were conspicuous, and that he was buried on the ground taken by the Allies from the enemy in that region.

His mother received a letter from the lieutenant in the same mail that brought the word of her bereavement and it was not until she had read the communication, written on September 20, that she opened the later one from her brother, announcing his fate. No notice from the War Department has been received and his name had not appeared in the list of American casualties.

Lieut. Arnold was born 25 years ago last August and was a Bryan boy all his life. He was graduated by the local High school and after that he was connected with the Bryan Hardware Co., until he left to engage the active service, which began with the Mexican trouble in 1916, and lasted until he met his fate in France. For the past eight years, he was active in the local militia company and here his record of earnest intelligent work was such that he soon occupied a high place in the esteem and confidence of his superiors and also with the company generally. On the return of the troops from the Mexican border, he went with Co. E to Cleveland, where the company was on duty until it was sent to Montgomery for training for overseas service. Lieut. Arnold was here several weeks while his company was at Sheridan, getting recruits and was a model soldier, his courtesy and fine appearance being generally remarked among his friends. News of his death is one of the tragedies of the war so far. He was a favorite with all who knew him.

Bryan Press, October 24, 1918

DR. SNYDER WRITES OF HIS WORK IN EVACUATION HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

Captain A. E. Snyder writes a series of interesting letter to his family here and is having about as much war experience as one could. His observations and conclusions are those of an educated man and make his letters especially informing and interesting. Under the date of September 20, from a camp in France he says,

"We arrived here yesterday morning and came right on to camp which is located about four miles from the city. We were all glad when we arrived here and got our camp set, for the riding in trains for a day and a night under war conditions, is far from the comfort enjoyed in the States now, and you know what that is. We are at a forwarding camp to get more equipment and further instructions and will soon push on nearer the front. Yesterday, we received our tin hats and gas masks, which adds to our load, but are necessary. This morning, while at mess, we saw a bunch of German prisoners being conducted down the road. They were husky looking devils. The country through which we passed on the train, as well as here, is very picturesque. All the fields are small, three to five and 10 acres, divided by fences made of rocks, covered by earth on top of which they grow berry bushes. The country is really very beautiful now for everything is green with the maple leaves just beginning to turn. A wonderful experience we are having."

On the 27th, he writes that he visited a town adjoining the camp and says,

"I had no time to look about but went on business. It is a historic old place and some day when I can I want to go around and see the places of interest. Prices are very high in the towns. For instance, white grapes sell for 35 to 40 cents a pound and you know this is a country where they grow grapes. We are fortunate enough today to get our baggage and all are happy. It is a mighty easy thing to lose your baggage here and never get it back, which means a great loss and inconvenience and makes great discomfort, especially this time of the year, as it is too cool for comfort, and the barracks in which we live are built like summer

cottages and without any heating arrangements."

On October 2, he tells of his disappointment at not receiving any mail from Bryan for a long time, and probably express the feelings of all the men overseas who look anxiously for letters from home. He says,

"Before the mail began to arrive, it was not so bad, but when the mail man comes in and distributes the letters and passes you up, it causes a sinking feeling around your heart. Had a sick call this morning. It did not take long for there were only four men reported and they only had colds and not severe. Rather remarkable, don't you think, out of a company of 237 men. We are opening up some of the wards in our hospital today and getting ready for business and before long we will be getting business, with the drives that are being made, there can't help being sickness and wounds. The base hospital here is operating as an evacuating hospital and receiving a few patients every day. They are mostly convalescent and some of them tell very interesting stories. I suppose Wilmer is doing active work up near the front. Have had no word from him yet. Last night, was another cold one, in fact it froze ice and the frost was very heavy. About half past eleven, after I went for my mail I found five letters for me, two from you (Mrs. Snyder) and one each from Zach (Smith), Homer (Gross) and Roe. They made the whole world look brighter. I shall send your letters on to Wilmer, although I suppose he has received some from you. The ones from the boys were mighty good. When you get this, phone them and tell them how glad I was to hear from them. We opened our hospital today and I was assigned to a ward which is full. The cases were brought in from the front this afternoon by train. Another lot is due to arrive tonight or in the morning. They are convalescent, sick and gassed cases and do not remain here long. Just as soon as they are equal to it they are sent on back to base hospital. It now begins to look and feel like real work. Besides being on duty, I have my censoring of letters to do, but am glad of it for it keeps me busy and that is what one needs over here. Time passes so much more rapidly."

Bryan Press, October 31, 1918

LETTER FROM BRYAN BOY IN THICK OF THE ACTION "OVER THERE"

Somewhere in France September 16, 1918

Dear Friends,

I will try and drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well and O. K. And hope that these few lines will find you all the same. We are having a few days of nice weather here now but it has been pretty wet. Well, I have seen some active service the last week. We went over the top on September 12th and I came through without a scratch except a barb wire scratch on my hand. I guess it is just luck more than anything else. We have been relieved and are back of the lines now. I suppose that the papers are full about this drive. I could tell you quite a little story about my first time over. The Boche tries to destroy everything that they leave behind and cannot take along. Well, I ate one meal off of Kaiser Bill anyway. We lost our soup gun and when we got in a village, we found a storehouse, which they had not destroyed yet, and which was some canned goods and other eatables. Well, I don't know whether the censor will let this go through or not. Good-bye to all till later.

Truly yours,

Pvt. Dale C. Beavers
Co. F, 101st U.S. Inf.
American Ex. Forces
via New York
A. P. O. 709

Bryan Press, November 7, 1918

GALLANT LIEUT. ARNOLD'S LAST WORDS--"DON'T MIND ME, HELP OTHER WOUNDED"

Bryan Boy in Same Battle Writes Thrilling Story From the Front

We are permitted to publish the following letter from Clyde Merriman, son of C. L. Merriman, of Bryan. It is intensely interesting from the fact that it so vividly describes the battle in which so many Bryan men were concerned and that Mr. Merriman was present with Lieut. Arnold when he met his death, and with other Bryan boys who were wounded.

Somewhere in France, October 6, 1918

My dearest folks at home,

Well, here I am again, was in hell and out again. We sure gave the Germans all that was in us while we were there. I just wish you could have seen the boys. The first morning we went over the top it was on such a grand morning, nice and warm, sun shining and every one up and doing. We all went over singing not knowing whether we would come back or not; didn't care as we knew we were doing the right thing. Well, the first day everything was lovely, only losing a few men and getting lots of prisoners. We advanced about 10 miles the first day; second day took a small town but were driven back tho we did not lose all the ground we had taken. You remember Ernest Oxenrider, better known as Snakey; he was shot through the helmet and head, never knew what hit him, only 10 feet from me. He was the first man killed in our battalion. We were not supposed to go over the top of that hill but the officers could not hold us, we went anyway. Then on the third day was when we went through hell; that is all you can call it. We advanced out of reach of our artillery so had to go it alone. The Germans threw a barrage on us but that did not stop us. Every hill we came on the fiercer it would get. The shells were dropping every 10 feet and then they would put in an extra one every little bit. George Speltzer and I said before we started we were going over the top together, but did not get together till the third day. Well the Lieut. told us to advance; it seemed impossible, the shells were dropping so thick. I told George we might as will go now, we were lying in a shell hole, so we went. While we were going forward one dropped right in front of us about six feet, but thank God it was a dud (one that don't explode.) Then we got behind an old machine gun nest with Lieut. Southers when another hit just to our right; then the next minute a high explosive burst right over us and that did the business. Lieut. Southers was crippled in the arm and Speltzer in both legs. I was lucky, only got a small piece of shrapnel in my foot. I went right to work on George to stop the blood; the Lieut. could help himself. Then came the big job as George weighs over 200 pounds, to get him back of the line. I got another fellow to help and we carried him back, lying down every few feet. It seemed like a big swarm of bees to hear the bullets go by and I was sure glad they all did go by. I didn't have any room for them. The fourth day about noon Lieut. Arnold and Serg. Knecht got it. Lieut. Arnold lived about 45 minutes. He said to the boys, "don't bother with me, go and get someone that is wounded more than I." Serg. Knecht is in the hospital. It was a bigger shock to us than the Germans can ever give us when we knew Lieut. Arnold was gone. He was the best friend a soldier ever had. Everybody was his friend and he was a friend to everyone. We had considerable rain after the second day which made it much worse for us. We also had quite a little gas to contend with. Chaplain McLain is in the hospital; he was gassed, but will be out in a few days again. We were only supposed to be over the top 72 hours than get relieved, but we went so far it was six days before the relief got to us. Oh, yes, I must say a little about my foot so you won't worry. I went back to the dressing station, got first aid and went back to the line again and George was sent to the hospital. We had a good many wounded but you would not know them as they are from Cincinnati and all over. I will not mention their names. Our Captain came through without a scratch and he was right out among us too.

Well the censor well get tired if I don't stop. I am in the best of health and look on the

bright side of everything. I have had four letters from you so far and hoping to get more soon, I remain as ever, with love.
Your son,

Corp. Clyde Merriman
147th., E Co.
American E. F.

Bryan Press, November 14, 1918

SERGT. CHAS. ELLIS DESCRIBES EXPERIENCE OF BRYAN BOYS AT THE FRONT IN LAST OFFENSIVE

We print below letters received this week by their parents, from Charles Ellis and Don Tubbs, both of Bryan, and who have been serving in ambulance work in France since last winter. These letters are of the greatest interest locally and give a good idea of what the boys have been seeing and doing during the last days of the war, when the American forces took a very prominent part in the fighting. We all hope their days of danger are over and that they may be sent back home within a reasonable time, when we can hear of their wonderful experiences first hand and without the apprehension that has attended these recitals while the fighting was going on and there was no prospect of an end to it.

October 8, 1918

We have been resting here now two days and expect to move on tonight. We are on our way out of the big battle I wrote you of and are now going to another point of the front, which is not so active and will give us a little while to recuperate.

I wish I was with you and could describe what we were thru for five days in the big drive. You have probably read in the papers where the Ohio troops were located. On our section, our division was the first one over the top and we held on for four days and then were relieved by another division. The attack was preceded by a ten hour barrage of artillery fire and if you ever heard anything make so much noise. There was a large naval gun a half mile behind where we were hid in the woods and every time it fired, the concussion just blew your coat and trousers tight against you. And then there were hundreds of other guns letting go at the same time. The infantry went over the top at 5:30 A.M. and we went forward at 2:00 in the afternoon. The infantry went six or seven miles on the first rush. You should have seen the Germans trenches, they were absolutely blown to pieces. The Germans all retreated in haste leaving only machine gun nests behind to hinder our infantry. The first night we stayed on what had been no-man's land and carried patients on litters until early in the morning. The next day, twelve of us walked four miles further up to an advanced dressing station and stayed there three days, taking care of the patients when they came in. We lived in the old German dug-outs and they sure were palatial. Made of concrete and stone and evidently the Germans didn't expect to be driven out. They had been there for four years. They left all kinds of equipment - just ran out and left everything. I have all kinds of souvenirs, a German helmet, belt, and everything. We picked up six German prisoners on the way up and kept them for four days working for us.They were pleased to pieces to be captured and worked like good fellows. They said the war was over for them and said they hated the German officers and their discipline and the Kaiser. We didn't need to guard them very closely even, no danger of them running away. But you should see the German equipment. They have everything and it's all of the very best quality. And they had plenty of food too. We lived for the first day on German food left in the dug-outs. Ours could not get up. That was the big trouble, it rained the second night and made the roads almost impassible and the artillery and ammunition could not get thru to support our infantry in the advance. The third and fourth days the German artillery stopped retreating and shelled the dickens out of our infantry.

Burial of Lieut. Arnold

Our artillery couldn't support them. That was how Charlie Arnold was killed. He died on Sept. 29th in the morning and it was in the afternoon that Otis Jesse just happened by when they were burying him on the field. Serg. Speltzer from Bryan was wounded by shrapnel, shot in both legs and he was brought into our station. He will be all right in a few weeks. One of the Wirick boys was also brought in. He was gassed, but not seriously. It was some fight and terrible, but they certainly made the Germans go. They (the Germans) are using different tactics now and trying to save men and rarely use any infantry behind to attack, just machine gun nests hid here and there in strong places and these are hard to dislodge. But we have them going and the only thing now is to keep continually at it and then the war will soon be over.

I am sending you a small button I cut off a German prisoner's cap. This signifies he was one of the Prussian guard, the Kaiser's best troops. I am also enclosing a piece of the wing of a German Fokker airplane which a French aviator shot down about 300 yards from our dug-out. He came down like a stone, head first and was killed of course and the plane completely wrecked. You can see how the linen was painted in different colors, this being a way of camouflaging it. I have seen lots of them shot down; there is much aerial activity and usually the Allies have the upper hand. We have almost complete control of the air. But one day I saw a German plane attack two of our observation balloons and set fire to both of them. There are only two observers in each balloon. They leaped out of course in parachutes and were coming down safely. But by a bad piece of luck the burning balloon fell right on the parachute of one man, set fire to it, burned it up and he fell hundreds of feet. I could go on the rest of the afternoon writing of these experiences which are so commonplace at the front, but sound almost like fairy tales away from the war.

Don Tubbs was just here with some orders from the headquarters for the lieutenant. He is well and fine. I see him very often.

We received our pay today for August and I received 1621/2 francs, which in American money is $29.50. We don't have much to spend money for here. Have just heard a rumor of peace talk. Do not know how it will develop. Cannot believe it is serious until Germany is ready to accept Wilson's terms. Was talking with a French aviator and he said he considered it as a ruse. He had been in Saloniki and was just on his way to Russia to be with the Czek forces.

Please excuse my fine writing. I have had to write in such a hurry and just have a tablet on my knee. I am feeling fine and so are all the other fellows. Don't worry about me. We are back now where we don't even carry our gas masks which is unusual.

Sgt. Charles W. Ellis

DON TUBBS WRITES

October 5, 1918

Dear Father:

I was so much pleased by being favored by receiving two letters from you the other day that I have decided this letter is for you. One of your letters written Sept. 3 after your Labor Day celebration the other Sept. 9th telling me of grandmother's death. If this was to be her time I'm only thankful that she was allowed to pass out in a peaceful manner in which you say she passed. An ending like that would mean a great deal to so many of the boys on this side. I have seen sights that make your heart ache; suffering that you cannot conceive, unless you

see it with your own eyes. I want to say that we have the boys made of the required metal to stand all this. I have seen more than one of our Doughboys grin and bear it. When you stop and think that it could have been all avoided it surely makes your blood boil. The German prisoners coming back are to be pitied as individuals but as a nation I can't say so. Don't let anyone tell you they are "all in" for supplies and ammunition for they are not. Their people at home are undoubtedly suffering but the soldier is well provided for. What the Kaiser needs now is manpower. He is being hit hard on all fronts; cannot move his troops the way he used to. You have us just about guessed as to location at this time. But have contributed our bit and are going to move, where, we never know. Our boys were in on this drive as you probably noticed in the papers. Your and my name are indicative of the vicinity.

Our doughboys gave a fine account of themselves. The German prisoners say that the German people realize that they are whipped. They say "Gott mit uns," but the Da--ned Americans are with the French."

Well, Daddy, I could ramble on for a long time, telling little stories; some would pass censor, others would not. Oh yes, the Germans say the French are good fighters; the English not so good; the American--well, he cares for nothing, takes all sorts of chances. They don't like to see our boys coming. They know they will get what they go after, regardless of the cost. We are moving this evening. Will mail this when settled.

Don Tubbs

Bryan Press, November 14, 1918

BRYAN WITH WHOLE COUNTY TOOK DAY OFF TO CELEBRATE--COUNTY GATHERED IN AFTERNOON

Bryan and the surrounding country gave itself up Monday to general rejoicing over the news that an armistice had been signed by Germany and that fighting will cease until a peace conference can fix up the terms of a permanent agreement among the nations recently at war. The fake newspaper report that set the country on fire last Thursday merely warmed the people up to a point where they could go at a celebration with more vim, and arrangements had been made to work out a sort of a program when the genuine news came. Mr. Binns had fixed it with authentic news sources that he was to be notified as soon as the peace news was given out at Washington, and as Marshal Foch gave Germany only a short time in which to sign the terms, everybody expected the news Monday. Shortly after midnight the word came to Mr. Binns and he spent the early morning notifying neighboring towns and people near Bryan so that by daylight the good word was pretty well scattered over the country.

About six o'clock things broke loose here, the noise being deferred long enough to let people have their night's sleep, but when it did begin, there was no such thing as sleep or quiet again until late Monday night. All the whistles and bells in town as well as whistles on locomotives passing through or stationed here, broke out together and bedlam reigned for an hour or so. People hurried to town, and by a few minutes after seven the Toledo Times had men on the streets calling extras giving an account of the armistice. These extras were rushed to Bryan by automobile and hundreds of copies were sold like hot cakes until everybody had the story. As the town began to fill up, stores were closed, including banks and the post office, and everybody turned out to have a share in the rejoicing. By nine o'clock, the first parade was formed and it included almost everything that can be thought of in the way of noise making. Hundreds of school children took part and the streets were a blaze of flags and bunting. Beautiful weather helped to make the day one of delight for outdoor living, and Bryan never saw anything like it for noise and general hilarity. Thousands of shells were sold by the hardware's and the crack of guns mingled with bands, automobile explosions, sirens and a general hubbub.

After noon, a second parade was formed - and this was really a big thing, being nearly a mile long and trembling with color from one end to the other, as thousands of flags fluttered in the autumn air and bunting and national colors waved everywhere. In the evening, the streets were crowded with a merry throng throwing confetti and fire works were burned from the court house tower making the night brilliant.

There may have been lacking some of the surprise of the premature celebration of last Thursday, which turned the town over to rejoicing, as the news came then unexpectantly and was overwhelming, but Monday's celebration was based on surer causes and had been planned to some extent, so that it was better carried out. Last Thursday, the schools were dismissed and all attempts to keep business going was abandoned, but the early receipt of the news that the emotion was based on a fake, took some of the ginger out of it.

Monday was a day of genuine happiness, and the end we all hope, of the greatest mental strain that has ever come upon the country. Although much must be done in Europe before we can settle down to normal peace conditions, we all hope and believe that the actual war is over and turned forward to the future with confidence and happiness.

All over the country the same kind of rejoicing was going on, in a larger way in the big cities, but urged by the same emotions, and that Bryan and this county did its full share, no one who put in the day here will deny.

Bryan Press, November 21, 1918

GIVE HIGH TRIBUTE TO BRAVE SOLDIER WHO SACRIFICED LIFE

Memorial services in honor of Lieut. Charles E. Arnold were held in the M.E. Church, Sunday afternoon. American flags and beautiful flowers of autumn were used in decorating. The large service flag hung on the south wall and on this were four stars turned from blue to gold. Services were opened with the rendition of the Star Spangled Banner, after which the choir sang Nearer My God To Thee. Prayer was offered by Rev. W.A. Deaton, followed by the scripture lesson read by Rev. Samuel Huecker. Lead Kindly Light was beautifully sung by Mrs. R.D. Lauby. Walter T. Gardner read the following obituary:

"Charles Eddison, son of Christian and Flora E. Arnold, was born at Bryan, Ohio, August 3, 1893, and made the supreme sacrifice for his country on the battle field of France on September 20, 1918, at the age of twenty-five years, one month and twenty-seven days. He was preceded to the world beyond by an infant sister, Astella May, and by his father, who departed this life on August 28, 1907. He leaves to mourn his loss his mother, sister and a host of relatives and friends.

"In his home, he was a kind and obedient son and when his father was called from this life, Charles at the age of fourteen, accepted his share of the responsibilities of the home and many deeds of kindness evidenced his continual thoughtfulness and solicitude for his mother and sister.

"He was baptized January 17, 1894, and on September 6, 1904, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church of Bryan, Ohio, in which organization he took an active part as long as he was permitted to remain in Bryan. He taught a class of boys in the Sunday school and as a teacher, he was both popular and efficient. He was active in all the work of the Epworth League and was an efficient worker in this as in all other church activities.

"He graduated from the Bryan High School in 1912 and during his entire school life maintained a high standard of scholarship and was very popular with his fellow students, having been elected President of his Literary Society, President of the Athletic Association

and Captain of the football team.

"Upon completion of his school life, he became associated with the Bryan Hardware Company and in the business world his advance was rapid. At twenty-one years of age, he was elected to the Board of Directors of this company, which position he held until the close of his life.

"He began his Masonic career on February 5, 1915, on which date he was initiated an Entered Apprentice; he was advanced to Fellowcraft on March 5, 1915, and was raised a Master Mason on May 24, 1915. He advanced in Masonry as in all his activities and in 1917 was advanced to the thirty-second degree, beyond which few men are permitted to pass.

"At the age of seventeen, he joined the Ohio National Guards and as a reward for his usual application and exceptional leadership, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant on March 10, 1913, at the age of nineteen years. He soon advanced to a First Lieutenancy and served in that capacity during the trouble at the Mexican border and in the World War in which he so gallantly gave his life. His body lies today in soil captured from our enemies by American troops and made holy to us by their unselfish sacrifice.

"Although we have lost the personal fellowship of this beloved son, brother and friend, we have received from him the inspiration that can come only from a life full of unselfish devotion and unswerving loyalty. His labor here is ended, but his influence has not nor will it end as long as people shall enjoy the privileges preserved for by the unfaltering devotion of noble sons."

Prof. J.W. Wyandt briefly spoke and in part said"

"In the autumn of 1903, I came to Bryan and on my visit to the fourth grade taught by Miss Beulah Lane at the old Butler school house, I first met Charles Arnold. Looking over his grades throughout his school life I have found they showed his unrighteousness and efficiency. As a soldier, he was one whose ambition was to serve. A tribute comes to us from over seas in which one boy wrote,

'He was a friend to every soldier and every soldier was his friend.'

This, I think is the highest tribute one man can give to another. And then the tribute on the battlefield when lying wounded these were the brave Bryan officer's last words,

'Don't bother about me, go and get some one that is wounded more than I.'

He made the supreme sacrifice. To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die. If this old saying is true, then Lieut. Arnold is not dead, but he is a living force for righteousness today."

Rev. Deaton spoke very beautifully of his life and paid him high tribute saying in part:

"We are here to honor Lieut. Arnold not only for what he did, but also for what he was. His patriotic death upon the battlefield, while it was the seal of his devotion to the cause of humanity, has not increased our estimation of his true worth.

"There is no stain upon Lieut. Arnold's service as a soldier. Equally so there is no stain upon his life as a Christian. Unfortunately too many who have made the good fight in worldly things or finished their worldly course successfully have failed to keep faith with God. Not so with this noble young man for in letters we received he said,

'I pray God everyday that I may not fail in anything.' "

The Masonic lodge members attended the service in a body and the church was filled with people, the relatives and friends of the brave soldier who sacrificed his life for his loved ones, friends, country and humanity, and the life of this fine young soldier was taken from the realms of earthly activity at a very early age and in the promising hours of young manhood.

Bryan Press, November 21, 1918

DR. A. E. SNYDER WRITES OF HIS TRIP TO THE CAPTURED HINDENBURG LINE

In a letter dated October 21, received by Mrs. Dr. Snyder from the Captain in France, he describes a visit to the Hindenburg line, which was thought by the Germans to be impregnable, but which fell before the Allies just as did other German strongholds. Among other things the doctor says:

"This has been a very interesting day. The rain of yesterday stopped some time in the night, and though cloudy now, it bids fair to clear up. So Captain Whitehall, Lieut. Traynor, and I made our way by truck up to the Hindenburg line and tramped over the battle-scarred area, going through the German trenches and dugouts. I wish I could describe in a letter what we saw. The trenches are still littered with dead and the ground is churned. We passed through two towns which were completely leveled by shell fire. No descriptions you read in the newspapers are overdrawn. One cannot do it. The German trench system was an elaborate one and they had built wonderful dugouts. It is no wonder Hindenburg thought they could not be taken, but they were, and the Germans have been pushed back many miles, and as you know by the papers it will not be long until they are out of France. On our return trip to camp, we learned that our equipment will soon be here. The Colonel has been out looking it up and returned today with the good word, as we are extremely anxious to get it." The doctor referred in an earlier letter published in this paper to the equipment of his corps having been separated from the men during a forward movement and how anxious they were to recover their outfits which mean so much for the comfort of the soldiers.

Bryan Press, November 28, 1918

BRYAN BOY WRITES HOME AS SHELLS SING OVER HEAD

Raymond D. Goller, of the 16th Balloon Company now on duty in France has written several interesting letters to his parents and relatives in Bryan. Under date of October 15th. in a letter to his brother, Dewey, among other things he says:

"As I have a little time now I will answer your letter and also the one I have not received which you say you wrote early in September. I am sorry to know that you have been sick and can hardly imagine you weighing only 108 pounds. Hope by this time you are feeling good and busy in the hardware. Write and tell me all about it. Suppose business is good as it generally is this time of year.

Today, it is raining again, in fact, it rains nearly every day, which makes ballooning rather poor. Nevertheless the guns continue to do a little roaring, although the last couple of days it has seemed as though there was no war.

I suppose there are lots of things I could tell you that would be interesting, and when I get back we can talk them over. I want to tell you about the dugout I am living in. It sure is a dandy. If I was back home, I would use it for a chicken coop. Nevertheless, we enjoy our little home with its hand made stove. Six of the rigging detail besides myself live in it. We have some real good times. Do a little cooking sometimes. This afternoon, we had cake and cookies

and had to run six or seven miles to get some chocolate. We got hold of some flour the other day and made some hot cakes. It sure is some life. For supper this evening, we had potatoes, hash, bread and coffee and fine doughnuts. Since we have been at the front, we have been fed very well and my belt is still getting shorter. I imagine my gravity is about 61.35 kilograms or 135 pounds.

It is about eight o'clock and during the evening the whistle of a few shells has been heard overhead. By the sound of the explosions I guess their mark must be three or four miles away. Or probably they don't know what they are shooting at. Hoping to get back to Bryan before long, I will say good night."

On the 27th, writing to his mother, he says:

"I am glad to receive so many letters from home. You seem worried about my not writing. It was about that time that I came up to the front and I know it was some time before I could write as there was no time or suitable place to get out any letters, not that I did not want to send them, but just did not have the opportunity.

But now I am in better condition to write. We have a fine little dugout, just big enough for seven men. It is nice and dry and very homelike, which is not characteristic of many dugouts. It is a steel arch covered with dirt and stone, so you see we are immune from shrapnel and safe from shells.

Tonight Fritz is being shelled. There is a nice little barrage going over to visit him, and I wouldn't like to be in his shoes. He sends over about one shell to our twenty and the greater part of the time he cannot do even that well.

Oh yes, I forgot to tell you about our rats, cats you might call them from their size. Anyway, our cat seems to be afraid of them. Night before last they went over the top of almost everything in our room. By the racing up and down the floor, I judge they must have had the cavalry out. One was bold enough to go over the top of one of our bunks and that was too much and ended in a casualty. Still, we enjoy our happy home.

In another letter of a later date to his parents, he says he was glad to get a Bryan paper and read of the air mail route being established here.

"Ballooning furnishes real sport. Sometimes a balloon makes a target for a German airplane, but they have failed to get ours so far. Sometimes, we see a number of German planes in the air but as a rule our aircraft guns put up such a barrage that they fail to get very close. While I am trying to write the boys interrupt me. They are sitting around the stove eating bread and jam. You may think this is high living but we paid for it. Another fellow and myself walked about twenty miles to get the jam and then we had to pay 12 francs ($2.40) for a quart. Altogether that day, we spent 10 francs. We bought chocolate, jam, matches, candles and milk. So you see I am getting along pretty well. But, I would like to be at Christ-mas dinner with you.

Bryan Press, December 12, 1918

MEMORIAL FOR BRYAN BOY

OTIS WILLIAM SNYDER

Otis William Snyder was born at Stryker, Ohio, September 25, 1888 and made the supreme sacrifice for his country during service in France, on October 10, 1918, at the age of 30 years, 15 days. He leaves to mourn his loss, his mother, Mrs. F. W. Lindau, one brother,

besides a number of relatives and friends.

He was baptized April 4, 1909 and received in the communicant membership of the English Lutheran church. He was one of the 109 selects who left Bryan July 22d for Camp Sherman. A few weeks later he was sent to Camp Mills and about Sept. 3d he sailed for somewhere in France. He was a member of Company M, 335th Infantry. His mother received one letter from him dated October 4th which was the only one written from France. November 16th a telegram from the War Department announcing his death was received and came as a great shock to his relatives and friends. Memorial Sunday afternoon December 8, conducted by Rev. W. H. Howard at the English Lutheran church.

Not Dead, But Gone Away.

You tell us that you boy is dead-
in France his body lies;
It is not death, but life he's found
The spirit never dies!
A glorious heritage he's won
His earthly life he gave that those on earth in peace might live.
And Freedom's Flag might wave!
He's gone and you are desolate!
Ah, would you take from him this precious life he gave the world-
His name you would not dim!
Why call it death--this going away into a larger life?
His earthly life he sacrificed
To end the world's fierce strife!

You say he's missed the joys of earth,
But how about its pain.
For hand in hand they seem to go-
So slow the world to gain!

God called him and he heard his call
and left the battle' din,
And to what wondrous peace and rest
His soul has entered in!

Ah, grieve not for your boy who's gone!
He lives; he is not dead!
His spirit free at last to go,
All earthly cares has shed.
Now near, how far, ah, who can tell.
But perfect love and happiness,
We know his soul shall see.

While young he learned all death could teach--
His work how nobly done!
He has not gone from Memory's reach,
In this new life he's won.
And though your boy has gone away,
He's watching, waiting too.
Until your work on earth is done,
And God shall summon you.

Bryan Press, December 15, 1918

LETTERS FROM OUR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

Somewhere in France
November 2, 1918

Dear Mother and All:

I will write you a few lines today. How are you all; I hope fine. I am feeling fine. I am in the Base Hospital. My stomach was bothering me so much, so I was sent to the hospital. I am treated fine, have good things to eat and a fine place to sleep. Billy Mack is here too, he had the same kind of trouble. Our beds are eight beside one another. We talk about home; were talking about when he was ditching at our place, what good things we had to eat; how great it was. Mother you don't know how I would love to be there. I hope I will soon. I believe the war is about to end, the countries are all giving up. Oh! how great it will be when peace is declared and I can come home and be with you again. The news is very good over here. What are you doing? I bet papa and the boys are husking corn. I bet Roy is getting ready to go rabbit hunting. How I would love to be there and go hunting and eat Thanksgiving dinner with you. Oh! I know how good it will be and how you will enjoy it. But there is no question, I will be home soon because the war cannot last much longer. How are your turkeys? I bet fine. How is papa's pigs and the corn? I bet fine. I won't get to help you husk any corn this year, but I will next year. I hope I can be home by Christmas. I believe I will if things go like they have been going. Nevertheless it won't be so bad after the war if I do have to stay over here a while but I don't like it in time of war. But we are coming home soon because it won't take long to make peace; they all want peace. Well did you get that letter I sent you with that Xmas card in it? I hope so. I have not heard from you for a month or more. I don't know what is wrong with the mail over here; their isn't any of us fellows getting any mail. I hope you are getting mine so you know how I am all the time. I am feeling good today so don't worry about me. I hope you are all feeling the same. Well I will close; will write you again soon. I send my best of love and kisses to you all.

From your loving son,

James N. Rosendaul

Bryan Press, December 12, 1918

SERGEANT CHARLES ELLIS WRITES HOME JUST BEFORE THE ARMISTICE

The following are extracts from a letter of Sgt. Charles W. Ellis to his mother, Mrs. H.W. Ellis of Bryan. Sgt. Ellis is one of seven Bryan boys who enlisted in an Ambulance Company in June 1917 and has been "Over There" since June 1918.

Belgium, November 7, 1918

My Dear Mother,

Well, we have just come through our second drive and all of us come out all right. This was a bad one in many respects and I spent several interesting minutes. I was under shell fire four different times and it isn't exactly a pleasant feeling. We were ordered up to an advance dressing station one afternoon. A French battery was situated right across the road, another fellow and I had been watching them for fifteen minutes had turned away and walked two hundred yards when a German shell landed right in that battery, silencing it. Then they began

to splatter them all around that vicinity and one landed right at the corner of the station, but did no harm except throw dirt over everything. Then we thought we had better get our wagons out of that so we moved them back up the road half a mile. I was going ahead looking for a barn or orchard to camouflage them under when a big shell landed right at the side of the road and tore the whole end out of a barn. Then after we did find a suitable place they dropped another only 100 feet away, but no one was hurt. The day before they landed six gas shells within 200 feet of our wagons. They had sneeze gas in them and you should have heard us sneeze. But that isn't hazardous and wears off soon. And again that night they had the Major and Buck and Ernest Gorsuch and I marooned behind a farm house for half an hour while they cracked shrapnel on the other side.

But the troops did nobly and advanced about 15 miles in four days while the objective which had been set was thirteen miles. But I'll tell you it does cost a lot of men and ammunition. The Ambulance handles about 1000 casualties in those four days, and there were dead Germans everywhere. I saw them in every shape and condition. But the saddest thing in the world is the poor civilians. They stick to their homes mostly as the battle line passes them and their houses are blown to pieces and many of them killed. In two different farm houses where we stopped I saw a small baby girl killed by shrapnel and oh, I don't know how many on the roads going back to our rear with heads and arms bandaged and little tots hardly able to walk tugging along holding to their mother's skirts, it is a pitiful sight. Oh, if the Kaiser and his gang who are responsible for it could only be brought out and given over to the tender mercies of a company of four infantrymen who have seen all these things, they would know how to make them pay in full.

I could go on for hours telling you things I have seen here in Belgium, interesting and pleasant as well as heart breaking but I will save them all until I get home, enough to say I am well and feeling perfectly fit. We are 15 miles behind the front now as our division has been relieved and will soon leave here. We had dry warm weather for the drive. Now it is raining again. Don't worry about me, I am alright.

Bryan Press, December 12, 1918

BRYAN BOYS WERE FIRST AMERICAN SOLDIERS TO ENTER GHENT, BELGIUM

The following letter from Paul Elder of the experience of the Bryan boys of the hospital company just after the signing of the armistice:

In Belgium, Thursday, November 14

My dear Mother:

Since writing you last, I have received two letters from you, one October 17th, No. 29 and the other October 28th., No. 32. Notice the letters came over in 17 days, and that is best service we have ever had so far.

You may tell the boys and even the Bryan Press that Sgt. Charles Ellis and myself along with Captain Dryer, formerly of LaGrange, Indiana, were the first American soldiers to enter the city of Ghent in a G. M. C. Ambulance, a driver and orderly and with an American flag on the car. The Germans left Monday, the day the armistice was declared and we entered the city Tuesday morning. They had never seen any American soldiers and many thought we were British and did not know of the two American Divisions fighting on the Flanders Sector 14 kilos south of Ghent. It would be impossible to explain in writing the extent of our reception and the welcome of the Belgium people, and we had contemplated on getting back the same afternoon but did not make it until four next morning.

It is a beautiful city and a Professor of English in the schools of Ghent showed us around and took us to the old church where the Treaty of Ghent was signed in 1814. Population of over two hundred thousand and all day the Belgium soldiers came streaming into the city to their friends and homes they had not seen for four years. Every home had its large Belgium Flag out, also many flags of the Allied nations including a few American flags. At night, the lights were on all over for the first time in four years and the people were crazy with joy.

We are in a small village south of Ghent between Lys and Schelt rivers and have a comfortable place to sleep, the front room of a Belgium home with a fire place. The country is more like America, farms and estates, the people are clean and every thing about their homes is clean and sanitation good. Of course, the country is depleted as to food-stuffs and fuel but crops are good and they have good milk cows and chickens and soon will have normal conditions again. We manage to get some wood and this morning sent a wagon up the road to a house that had been shelled and brought back a wagon full of good wood.

Don't think we will be here many more days and really expect to march towards the German border and I hope we may be ordered to Germany then I will be satisfied and ready to go home.

I was over to Denze this morning and saw Hugh Neff and Don Tubbs. Otis Jesse and George Brownwell are here at Anwegan with Charles Ellis and I and all are feeling fine except Brownie has a cold. Sneeze and sniffle a little once a while but haven't had a bad cold since I left the U.S. but think it is due largely to fact tht I don't smoke.

Your Son,

Paul

Bryan Press, December 19, 1918

CHAPLAIN MacLANE WRITES OF TERRIBLE BATTLE OF OLD SIXTH OHIO

How the boys from Bryan and nearby in the old Sixth Regiment, now the 147th, fought through the thick of the decisive battle for the Argonne Forest is told by Chaplain MacLane, of the regiment, formerly of Edgerton and well known here:

"Finally we came to the trenches and were glad to rest while the artillery put over the greatest storm of shells in this war. More than 2,000 cannon, every size from three inch up to the great sixteen-inch naval guns, pounded a perfect hail of steel into the enemy's territory for three hours. Then we went over, concealed by a smoke screen.

"I said that when the boys of the Sixth Ohio went over the top, I would go with them. I kept my word and when the smoke lifted they greeted me with cheers. The Germans are hard fighters and their machine gun nests were hard to dislodge. I was in the first line. I became separated from the 147th and stayed with the 91st all afternoon.

We fell back at dark. A young French soldier found me, where I thought myself secreted in safety. We sat together watching the great 'Jack Johnson' strike in the village - one lit on a three story stone house just below us. The big building just disappeared before our eyes.

"In the morning, the Frenchman kissed me good-bye and I started in search of the 147th. I found two of our men lying by the road wounded. As I tucked my coat about one of them he said, 'Who is doing this?' When he saw it was the chaplain he said, 'Let me get hold of your hand. You are the best pal a fellow ever had.' "

"I tied up the wounds of dozens of my boys and I never heard one whimper or murmur. One

Catholic boy said, 'Chaplain, am I going to die?' I said, ' I don't know. You had communion and absolution before you came into the fight. Now you are in the hands of God.' I had had a Catholic priest hold services for their boys just before the battle. There was a Toledo boy. He died at the dressing station.

"As I went up in the field, I saw a heavy barrage catch a group of passing men. I went into it and took care of two men, one with a badly torn leg and the other with a wounded arm. Then I came to a group of four lying together. They were all dead, killed by one shell. The next man had a foot torn off. I put a tourniquet on his leg, using his puttee laces and a bayonet and sent him to the rear making four German prisoners carry him.

"By this time, the barrage had stopped. My compass needle was knocked off its bearings, my watch had stopped and my ankle was badly hurt by a big rock thrown by a shell explosion. I hobbled up the hill and while I was working on my ankle a shell exploded close to me with a peculiar sound. I raised up to see what it was. It was a gas shell and I got a good lung full of phosgene gas - the deadliest gas used by the Germans. I got my mask on quickly, holding my breath while I did it. I got a bullet through my coat sleeve as I started for the rear. I was four hours going two miles.

After six weeks, I got back with the regiment just in time to see the end. Our regiment has covered itself with glory. But there are many who will not come home with us.

Bryan Press, December 19, 1918

GEORGE BROWNWELL TELLS OF PITIFUL SIGHTS AS HUNS DEVASTATED BELGIUM

In a letter dated November 13 written by George Brownwell to Fred R. Parker, George tells about conditions in the places devastated by the German invasion and occupation in Belgium.

He says, "It seems mighty funny to say that the war is over, yet that does not seem nearly so strange as to be ducking shells all day, or hurriedly slipping into your gas mask, looking out through th eye glasses at the gas which resembles smoke, just waiting to get a chance at your lungs and finish you. But those things and many more worse are over now - so there is nothing to worry about except when we will get home. I wish you could see the Belgium refugees returning - their grit - and almost unbelievable. Here you will see a woman and a dog hitched to a cart pulling along all their belongings, and there will come an old man and woman with six or eight kids, all barefooted, pushing all they have in the world in a wheelbarrow. In this region, I saw entire families wounded and many children killed. They refused to leave their homes and while the Germans were retreating and we were after them, they often got caught between in a small barrage, and it was lucky it was not a big one, for then they would have had absolutely no chance to escape. It will please you to know that the 37th Division will have as good a name as any over here. I think you will find this the case when the judgment of the men in position to know is finally formed.

We hope to be among the first divisions home, the fourth, we understand, so some of these days I will tell you more about it, although I don't want the reputation of lecturing too much about the war. Just saw Don (Tubbs) and he sends his best, and we are anxious to go fishing with you again."

Bryan Press, December 26, 1918

SGT. JOHN LANE TELL STORY OF 83RD DIVISION WITH MANY BRYAN BOYS

Extracts from an interesting letter from Serg. John H. Lane, giving a brief history of the 83rd Division after it left the U.S.

Ecommoy, France November 23, 1918

Dear Folks at home,

As the war with the Huns is over, I can now write you a real letter, such as I should like to have written ere this but the censor would not permit.

We boarded transports at Hoboken, N.J. on June 11th, and steamed out of the harbor June 12th. The Statue of Liberty was a beautiful sight but it will look better when we return. There were thirteen transports in the convoy; and we were guarded by the Battleship San Diego. Our trip across was a very pleasant one. Some of the boys got sea sick but soon got over it. The weather was perfect all the way. Lots of fun and amusement. Two days out from England, the battleship left us and we were guarded by eighteen sub chasers both English and American. They were any place and every place and a submarine had no show whatever, and we all gave a sigh of relief. We went up around the north coast of Ireland, through the North Channel into the Irish Sea past the Isle of Mann and landed at Liverpool on the night of June 23rd at 9 p.m. and disembarked June 24th. We marched through the city and boarded a train at 3 p.m. which took us to Winchester, England about a six hour ride. That was our first rest camp. And we sure did rest. No work whatever. Only a little marching to keep us from getting lazy. There are many interesting places there, and we took most of them in, but to live there, "not me." Too ancient.

Winchester is about 30 miles from the coast and we remained there five days. June 29th at 10 a.m., we boarded a train which took us to Southampton, which is at the head of the English Channel. At 6 p.m., we boarded another transport, believe me, it was some boat. It took us across the channel 130 miles in quick time . I got a stateroom and got a good night's rest. I paid the price and it was worth it. We landed at La Havre, France at 4 a.m., June 30. La Havre is located at the mouth of the Seine River. We went to another rest camp but only remained there 24 hours.

We were then not far from the battle front. July 1st., we boarded a train and we supposed that we were to be sent to the front immediately, but Uncle Sam said otherwise. We landed at Ecommoy and there we have been ever since we left England. The Divisional Headquarters is at LeMans, which is some distance southwest of Paris. Our division is a replacement division and the noncommissioned officers and some of the commissioned were left here to train men for the front. Nearly all of the first men of Company E, 329th Infantry were left. We have worked hard and I feel that we have done our part in the war. Even though we did not get to the front. Believe me we were anxious to be there.

We built a rifle range with one hundred targets, and men are thoroughly drilled to shoot and to know how to use the gas mask. They were then sent to the front trained to the minute and they certainly showed it in action. We lost our Captain and Colonel, both went to the front. Captain Fuller is now a Major and our Colonel is a Brigadier. Both excellent men. The 332 Regiment of the 83rd was sent to Italy and they have done good work. At one time, we expected to go to Russia but plans were changed.

My health is excellent. No sickness since I left home except an occasional cold. We have plenty to eat and a very nice room with hot water. No electric lights and oil is scarce, but have plenty of candles. We have plenty of woolen clothes, therefore it is easy to keep warm. The

weather is not very cold but somewhat damp.

The people treat us very nicely, and we try to return their kindness. They think lots of the A. E. F. Will have to close for this time, with love and best wishes to you all.

Your son,

John Lane
A.P.O. 762
Co. E., 329th Inf., 83rd Div.
A. E. F.

WILLIAMS SELECT DIED AT CAMP SHERMAN

Otis Schaffter is the first Williams county soldier claimed by death in the present war. Schaffter died at Camp Sherman, Ohio, last Wednesday, following a brief illness.

Schaffter was 24 years old and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schaffter, who lived five miles north of Edon. He was one of the selective soldiers of this county and left Bryan with other men on October 3. He was a member of Co. E, 329 Infantry. His remains were brought home for burial, and funeral services were held at the Berlin church, north of Edon, Sunday morning, Rev. George Long, officiating. Sixteen soldiers, members of the company of the deceased soldier, accompanied the remains to this county and attended the funeral services in a body. Burial was made in the Edon cemetery. Besides the parents, one brother survives.

The Bryan Democrat, February 8, 1918.

WORLD WAR MEMORIES

The first of two world wars to be fought during the twentieth century would end on November 11, 1918 at 11:00 A.M. This was the first time since 1914 that the front had been quiet between the French and German soldiers.

Veterans Day, 1988, will be the 70th anniversary of the signing of "The Great War's" armistice ending the fighting and setting up arrangements for peace treaty talks. In commemoration of this anniversary, the French Government is issuing to all World War One veterans, who served in France, a Certificate of Appreciation. This is being done as thoughtful recognition of the assistance and aid rendered the French in defense of freedom and democratic ideas.

The American Expeditionary Force (AEF) served in France under General Pershing's command. American involvement in the war would run from April 6, 1917 through November 11, 1918. The AEF would see active duty on the front for most of this time period. At the time of America's entry into the war, the deadly contest between the opposing forces had become stalemated in open trench warfare. Neither side was able to sustain offensives for very long before territory they had painstakingly won would be retaken in counter-offensives by the opposite side. Men came to call the barren land between them "NO MAN'S LAND". But with the arrival of the AEF, the tide of the war would soon be turned in favor of the Allied cause.

The war would effect the lives of every American family from the city to small rural villages. Edon would see her native sons enlist and answer the 'call for duty' when their draft

notices came through. The following is only a partial listing of the boys who served during the war from Edon:

Edwin Mauerhan	Herman Fix
Arthur Mauerhan	Bennie Stevens
John Boisher	Tip Ingram
William Samuel Fry	Mumps Kuttler
Roy Dagen	John H. Burkhardt

As mentioned previously, a special certificate is being presented to living veterans of the war via the French Government, who served in France. Edon is being recognized through the patriotic service of John Henry Burkhardt. Hank, as his family and friends know him, would be recently married and running the family grocery, when his Order of Induction into Military Service of the United States would arrive from Bryan dated April 15, 1918. His initial orders were to report to the Courthouse in Bryan at 3:00 p.m. on the 25th of April. But due to a change of orders, based on his diary account, he was inducted at Bryan on the 28th day of April and in his own words:

"I am now a soldier in the military service of the United States."

Along with the other boys inducted this day, Henry would be transported by train to Camp Sherman near Chillicothe, Ohio. Here, he would receive basic training for the rigors of war. Lenora Foster, Henry's sister, recalled the family and friends being with Henry as he left Bryan. She recalled the Bryan City Band playing, "Over there," as the train moved out of town. It was a very emotional moment as the sight of loved ones faded and the train moved from vision. Lenora affectionately remembered how the ladies were all bubbling with tears but they trusted in God to see Henry through his tour of duty.

Henry would arrive at Camp Sherman and be assigned to the 11th Company, 3rd Training Battalion, 158 Depot Brigade until May 3, 1918. At this time, he was transferred to his infantry unit. He was a private in Company F, 329th Infantry, 83rd Division. From Camp Sherman, he would be transported to Hoboken, New York and on June 11, 1918 left for Europe aboard the troop ship "Auchisis". Private Burkhardt would land in Liverpool, England on June 24, 1918. He would then be transported by ship to Le Harve, France on July 1, 1918. Upon arrival at Le Harve, he would board a train to be transported to a position southwest of Paris on July 3, 1918. He remains here until July 26, when he would be reassigned to Company I, of the 101st Infantry. He would then leave Ecommoy for Le Mans by truck later that same day. He was about to see the war first hand. From this point, I shall let his personal diary account and daily entries tell his front line adventures.

"Left Le Mans by train on July 30th and arrived July 30th at debarkation point. Walked 19 kilometers to get to the front.

Went "over the top" on September 12, 1918 at 9:00 in the morning.

Relieved September 15 to support

Back to the front September 17, 1918. Waddenville - 570-600 shells.

Relieved from front to support lines on night of September 22nd.

October 8, 1918 at Verdun. Started the drive on October 23rd and got wounded

October 25, 1918 by shrapnel and was operated on and evacuated to Base Hospital No. 50. (Henry would recover through January 1919 in the hospital).

Left Is-Sur-Fille January 13, 1919 by train and arrived at Meuse Montigny, the same night

Joined the Company January 16, 1919 at Millieres and left January 28, 1919 for Fille, France. Arrived January 30, 1919.

Left Fille, France on March 24, 1919 for Ecommoy.

Left Ecommoy by train for Brest on March 25 and arrived at Brest on March 26, 1919.

Went aboard the ship "America" at Brest March 28th and landed at Boston, Massachusetts on April 5, 1919.

Got off the boat on Sunday morning April 6th, then to Camp Devers, Massachusetts.

Left Camp Devers on Easter Sunday April 20, 1919.

April 21, arrived at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Arrived home April 28th, 1919.

The above account is a very abbreviated form of his entries in his diary. The personal account is very complete and most interesting but far too much to include in this short biography. I thank the family for sharing this personal information for all to cherish and share in a common heritage.

Henry would receive for his duty one purple heart, the AEF medal, and other related awards. He would serve with the AEF in France from June 12, 1918 to April 5, 1919, a total of nine months and twenty-four days. He was home by Decoration Day, 1919 along with many of the other boys. Henry would then resume running the family grocery and raise a family in his beloved Edon.

Lenora Foster shared with me the Armistice Day celebration in Edon. She said that prior to the actual armistice, their had been many rumor armistice that were thought to be real but were not. So when the actual armistice came and it was confirmed, the day was already into the afternoon. But the news spread like wild fire and all the businesses in town closed. People came into town and everyone celebrated the happy event.The town had a short parade and the town band played with gaiety being the rule of the day. Flags were raised and banners hung throughout the town. There was great pride in the festivities and everyone looked forward in welcoming home their soldier boy.

Thus ends this tribute to Hank Burkhardt and all of Edon's World War era veterans. Currently, besides Hank, the only other 'Great War' veteran living from Edon is Sam Fry and he resides in Florida. So on this Veterans Day, let us take a moment to reflect on the service rendered by our nations soldiers, past and present. Through their devotion, we are a free people and so are many other people throughout the world.

Written by David L. Lupien, September 21, 1988
Printed in The Edon Commercial, October 5, 1988

DALE MOYER, A FARM BOY AT HEART.

NOTE:

The following article is the result of a personal interview I had with Private Moyer on March 17, 2001 in his home located on 18616 County Road S, rural Alvordton, Ohio. I was very excited to have the opportunity to speak with Dale; since he is presently 105 years young and the only remaining veteran of WWI living in Williams County. And, Dale was as excited to share his wealth of personal experiences and stories of a time long gone and for the most part forgotten. His twin brother, Glen, is still living and resides in Greenville, Ohio. They presently are the oldest set of identical twins living in the world.

Dale Moyer was born June 20, 1895 in Primrose, Millcreek Township in his childhood home of Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Moyer. At the time, Primrose was quite the little berg having its own Post Office, general store and grocery. Dale recalled also the town pump right in the middle of the main intersection of town. As Dale grew up and began his schooling, he would travel east of town to school house #1 for his first eight years. This school house was known as the Lippy School and he recalled walking the distance of one and one-half miles, one way, every day, out and back home. Once he had completed eighth grade, he told of taking a day trip into Bryan to take the Boxwell exam. You had to pass this test before you could go onto high school. He said his twin brother Glen past it on his first try, but he had to go back a second time before passing. But with this matter now behind him, he would begin attending high school in Alvordton. He would get up through the eleventh grade before the school would be close temporarily, he thought it was on account of money. And thus, he finished his schooling by attending Fayette High School graduating in 1915.

He then farmed with his father for the three years after his schooling was done before being drafted into the Army. He had received a deferment twice before when his number had been drawn because of his civilian occupation of farming. But do to manpower needs by mid 1918, he was called up on July 4th, he said. The family then traveled with Dale to Bryan by horse and buggy to the train depot to see him off. He said that it was a one day trip by buggy to get to Bryan and back home, so the family said their farewells and Dale was on his way to Camp Sherman, outside of Chillicothe, Ohio.

Upon arriving in Chillicothe at the train depot, he said they disembarked and were moved to the inter-urban and then loaded into electric trolley cars for the final six mile trip to the camp. This was how he recalled you got back and forth to town when on leave. If you didn't make the last car back to camp before taps (10:00 PM), you ended up having to walk back. He then shared the story how he had went into Chillicothe with the corporal and they had a pretty good time. As a manner of fact too good for they missed the final train back to camp for the evening. The MP's picked them up because they were now out after curfew and at the time Dale said he thought they were really going to get it. But, the corporal was one of the camp clerks who processed paperwork and he was able to keep the report from being recorded against them, so he didn't get in trouble. But, he always made sure that he made curfew from then on.

Upon arriving at the camp initially, Dale remembered that the men were lined up and processed. They were given shots and asked if any of them were conscientious objectors. After this processing was completed, Dale was assigned to the quartermaster corps of the camp. He would complete his entire tour of service at Camp Sherman until discharged in 1919. He never received any military training or was he associated with that part of the camp. He was assigned to do general maintenance, special details or assignments given by the non-com's, KP duty every other week, latrine duty, worked in the kitchen feeding the men and

even served as MP camp guard.

I asked Dale about his memory of the flu epidemic at the camp. He said he never got sick with the flu, but recalled the men at the height of the epidemic, died in mass every day, it was horrible. Dale did have his tonsils removed while at Camp Sherman. They had become enlarged and the doctors decided they should be removed. But he said that overall, he had always been quite healthy.

When asked to describe the Camp grounds that were now his new home, he reflected on the barracks. The camp barracks were wooden sheds with a coal stove and electric lights strung down the middle of the hallway. He said they were about 20' by 100' in size. The cots were positioned along each side of the building about 30 to a side, he thought. He said in the winter, he often wondered afterwards how they kept warm. But, they got through it, he said.

They had no lockers or closets. They were given wool blankets for their cots and a duffel bag to hold their clothes. He said he made his bed by always tucking in his blankets and crawled into his cot to keep his bed made up. If they wore something out, they simply had to go to the dispensary and exchange the old for new. He remembered coming home with two new uniforms when discharged for good.

Dale said they always ate well. They had their main courses of meat, potatoes, soup, beans; but they also had pie, bananas, basically he said it was just like home for the most part. He recalled that the most he ever weighed was while he was in the service, a whopping 167 pounds!

When reflecting on some of his personal experiences he had; he remarked, they had this old man who worked in the kitchen. He reported to the kitchen to work his shift and when things slowed down, he slipped away to the latrine to shave. Because his shift was not over, he said the old feller reported him and he ended up having another week added to his KP duty.

Dale said there was one time that he and seven men went out on a detail with the corporal. He spoke out trying to be a joker and ended up having his pedigree read to him by the corporal. He quickly learned to keep his mouth shut after that experience no matter what.

The war ended finally in November of 1918 and many of the men were being brought back through Camp Sherman for processing out of the service. Many of the overseas boys from France were being given priority treatment. When most of the boys had been released and two weeks had gone by, Dale recalled he asked why they were not getting out yet. The reply he got back from the brass was, "They were too indispensable", he retorted with a smile. But finally, Dale would be given his honorable discharge on May 15, 1919 and he returned home for good. He came back to his father's farm. Here, he resume his civilian life as a farmer and carpenter. He said that his father gave him the horse and buggy and he went to Flint, Michigan to buy a car. He went straight to the factory and bought a 1919 Chevrolet Roadster for $700.00. The roads at the time were mainly dirt and gravel. There were some roads that would have half one side paved and the other side left dirt for the animals.

Shortly after returning home too, he attended a church social for the young people. His local church invited the Bryan young people to come and visit. Here Dale would meet his future wife. He, after the event, wrote a letter to her asking if he could see her again in Bryan. He then mailed it and waited for her reply. Finally, after a two week hiatus, he decided to travel to Bryan and call on her anyhow without a reply. When he arrived, he learned that the mail had just delivered the card the same day he show up on her porch. She was glad to see him and after courting her for the next ten months, he married Mary Bostleman on June 20, 1920 at her parents home in Bryan. They had 76 years together before she passed away. They had three daughters, Marval Anderson, Evelyn Kintner, and Gene Smeltzer, and one son, John.

Dale also shared some facts about his brother Glen. Glen went into the service prior to Dale on June 22, 1918. He completed basic and was assigned to the 156 Depot Brigade. He would then be assigned to the Supply Company, 317 Field Artillery on July 15, but shortly thereafter was returned to the 156 Depot Brigade prior to his final orders to report for duty to the Medical Department Base Hospital 106 in France. His hospital service overseas was spent from October 27, 1918 until June 22, 1919. He would then receive orders to return to the United States and was honorably discharged on July 1, 1919. He was a teacher and minister in civilian life and is living in Greenville, Ohio.

LOCAL LEGION NAMED IN HONOR OF JOHN DALE SMITH

Memorial Day. A day to stand by the graves of fallen heroes with pain in one's heart, but mingled with the pain is pride; pride for each young man or woman of America who sacrificed their lives on the altar of liberty. The heroes have flung the torch to the living, many Americans always hold it high.

One of those heroes was John Dale Smith, who died in action on October 24, 1918 from wounds received on European soil. He was the only service person from Edgerton to pay the supreme sacrifice during World War One on the field of battle. He died only 18 days before the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918 to end the bloody war.

Word was received by his father C.E. Smith and two brothers of his death in France in action at Argonne. He was buried with military honors in a cemetery in Verdun, near Lorraine, France. He was a member of Company I, 104th Infantry.

Several weeks later a memorial service was held in Edgerton. The late Mrs. Arthur (Mabel Smith) Upp was a cousin of John D. Smith. She had saved the copies of the Edgerton Earth of the death, memorial and funeral services, and a copy of his diary, he wrote during his overseas tour of duty. Her daughter, Mrs. Vaughn (Betty Upp) Miller has saved the copies.

From the files of the Edgerton Earth, it was written that the Reverend G.M. Baumgardner provided the funeral discourse, and spoke "very feelingly" of the life of John D. Smith as he had been in close touch with Dale's distinctive qualities from a personal acquaintance. The Rev. Baumgardner said he remembered very clearly the day Dale had taken departure for the cantonment on April 28, 1918, and how he had been reluctant about breaking his home ties, but he bade his friends goodbye with a smile "exercising the spirit of grit and determination."

Dale had expressed his belief that he would see much hard fighting, as he had been called into service about the time Germany had begun to exert her supreme strength and was making terrific gains, while the cause of the allies seemed imperiled.

It was about this same time that the United States had began to throw all of her resources into the conflict, hence the boys were given very little training in the cantonments, the temporary quarters for new soldiers.

"It is needless for me to eulogize on the life of Dale," the speaker said. "For we all know that you loved and respected him, from the very fact that so many of you are here today to pay tribute to his memory."

Between 30 and 40 Khaki clad soldiers from Bryan, Hicksville, Edon and Edgerton had marched to the church in a body to pay their respects to their fallen comrade in arms. A quartet sang a pair of songs, and at the conclusion of the services a gold star was substituted for the blue star in the service flag of the church. Lieutenant Andrew F. Irish was called upon to perform this duty. Rev. Baumgardner explained that the substation of the gold

star appealed to him as being symbolic of eternal life. The service closed with the reading of a poem.

The body of John Dale Smith was returned to the United States and reburied in the local cemetery on July 24, 1921. The services were in charge of the local post of the American Legion, whose ranks were augmented by World War veterans from neighboring towns. The American Legion band from Hicksville was present and played a funeral dirge in the march to Maple Grove Cemetery. Chaplain Harry F. MacLane of Toledo, who served with the boys in France, delivered the funeral oration at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W.W. Fisher. He spoke from the porch of the home to an audience that filled the yard and the street in every direction, people who had come to pay their tribute of respect to the first soldier from Edgerton killed in action on European soil. In his memory, the Edgerton Post of the American Legion was re-named the J.D. Smith Memorial Post.

John Dale Smith was four months shy of his 28th birthday when he died. He was a private in the U.S. Army. After six weeks in training, he was sent across the ocean to France in June. He went "over the top" in a number of drives and proved his chivalry as a soldier.

Note: The third paragraph states 104th Infantry. John was assigned to the 101st Infantry in France

Ruth Kimpel, The Edgerton Earth, May 24, 2001

JOHN DALE SMITH

upon entry of the United States into World War One did what many young men did, they registered for the draft. They were assigned a number and then went on with their lives. John received his induction notice to report for duty on April 28, 1918. He was to report to Bryan and begin his journey of military service.

He boarded the train and began his trip to Chillicothe and then on to Camp Sherman. His initial introduction to the service was met with paperwork, inoculations, classification of skills and being assigned to a training company. He was placed with the 11th Company, 3rd Training Battalion, 158th Depot Brigade for the next six weeks of his life.

Basic training would go quite fast as they had much to learn in a very short period of time. The camp was in full operation by the time John arrived. He was immediately introduced to marching everywhere, drilling, learning the manual of arms, and acquiring the skills of an infantryman. Marksmanship and the caring for his weapon were also instilled as well as the education of all soldiers in using gas masks, first aid, and related issues.

By May 3, John completes his initial training and is reassigned to the Company F, 329th Infantry. He is then shipped east and on June 12 would receive his notice of being assigned to the American Expeditionary Force for duty in France. At this point, he is still a member of the 329th Infantry. He would ship out to France and arrive on July 1 at the port city of Le Harve. He would then march with full pack to a rest camp outside of Le Harve and wait for his orders.

Within his first 30 days in France, he would be reassigned as a member of Company I, 101st Infantry. From August 1 forward, he was with the 101st Infantry until his final battle in October in the Argonne Forest. I now will let Private Smith tell his story of service in France as of July 1, 1918.

John Dale Smith's Diary

Monday, July 1, 1918

Landed at Le Harve and marched with full packs to rest camp. Slept in camouflaged tents. Water supply very low.

Tuesday, July 2

Left camp at noon and marched with full packs to Le Harve. Took railroad and rode all night in cattle cars. Corned beef and hard bread. Bad trip. Much wine was consumed by the troops.

Wednesday, July 3

Detrained in early A.M. at Ecommoy about 20 kilos from Le Mons. Unpacked equipment and were billeted in drying sheds of a big tile and brick manufacturing establishment. Sheds in rows and were about 80 feet long, 6 feet wide and 5 feet high; no walls. Took bath in old quarry. Everybody feeling better. Shipley drowned about 4:30 P.M.
JULY 4

The Glorious Fourth!! Volunteered for K.P. Shipley's body recovered at noon. Everything lovely.

July 5

Still holding down K.P. job. Much eats.

July 6

The Company stands regular Saturday inspection after noon off.

July 7

Sunday and the Company does not drill. Off all day.

July 8

Mon. A.M. resigned K.P. and went to work with Co. Took hike in morning and drilled.

July 9

Took two hour hike on another road and drilled hard all day. Company on guard since Tuesday at 4:30. At night a Company D man fell out of a shed built over a big kiln and was very badly bruised and one eye knocked out. There are all sorts of rumors as to where we are going and when. Looking forward to pay day. Everything quiet.

July 10

Usual hike in A.M. The dairy cattle in this part of the country are of a poor type. Beefy and small udders. Peasants harvesting grain by hand. Forestry is truly remarkable. Go to town in evening and have an egg omlette, French fried potatoes, and a bottle of claret. "Eck" bought a cake of laundry soap for two francs. I bot a fountain pen and bottle of ink for less than 2 francs. Saw "Mugs" Imm and "Oc" in the village. Bought a real brior pipe for the sum of 10 francs, $1.80. Had a $10 note changed and got 55 francs. At the bank of France the same amount worth 56 F. Eck bot a can of plums and we ate em in the evening.

Thursday, July 11

Cold today. Wore blouses and drilled all A.M. Had a start of silent drill. Afternoon, one hour of signaling, had a two and one-half hours hike. Caught in two showers of rain. Gun got rusty and full of sand, so I had a job to clean 'er up. Eck and I ate the 70 cent can of jam in spite of the fact that we had a good supper.

Friday, July 12

Same old tale; hike and drill. Captain and Sergt. Brown left this A.M. for school, 20 mi. from Paris. Company on guard tonite. Dam lonesome for something to read. Eck and I applied for passes tonite. Still in doubt. Inspection tomorrow as usual. Seen French soldiers who have had 3 years service. They say that at the sight of a bayonet the German's throw up their hand and shout "Kamerod." That remains to be seen. Conrod in charge of the Company.

Saturday, July 13

Had Saturday inspection. Put on overalls and went to our new quarters and cleaned em up. Will's and Van's squad in the hay loft over the house. House and part of the barn in the same building. Tile floors in hay loft. Place is about three miles or a little less from town. The other 3 platoons are distributed in the same kind of quarters along the road. Peasants harvesting grain with cycles, cradles and cythes. No modern machinery whatsoever. It is reported that we have a big dinner today. Spending the Company fund. The kitchen at our new billet is in a wood shed by a horse stall. Considered a good place. Moved after dinner to new quarters. All located at 5 P.M. A bunch of school children wearing wooden shoes are visitors. Soldiers trying to learn French names for common objects.

Sunday, July 14

Breakfast at 7:00. Made up small pack and had parade down town in honor of Bastille Day which is French 4th of July. Got rained on. After dinner, the Company got a gob of mail from U.S.A. Much joy. Last night, I got a letter from Harve dates June 4th. Today one from the only girl in Am. Rain again today. No passes necessary to go to town as long as the man conduct themselves properly. Lieut. Conrod good scout.

Monday, July 15

More mail today. Usual schedule. Got check from home. Everybody writing letters tonite.

Tuesday, July 16

Drilled A.M. After dinner took hike. Wow! It was hot! Came in at 3:00 and drilled for 1/2 hour. Rested in shade for an hour. Good supper - cimamon rolls. Pay day. I drew 143 Francs and 65 cents. Eck sick. Going to get him some milk. Lieut Blanc gone.

Wednesday, July 17

Last night played stud till 1:00 A.M. At one time 80 franc loser. Quit 2 franc to the good. Bunch of drunks broke up the game. Company went to stone quarry for bath and washing. Hot! No work afternoon. Shot a little crap and played a little stud won 13 francs. Eck and I went for milk to a farm house after supper. Got milk. Half pail for 50 cents. Wrote letter to Gladys. Looked over my effects in Barracks bag. No news and things getting monotonous. Boys insist on getting drunk.

Thursday, July 18

Same old stuff today. Weather fine. Went to town in eve with and saw Stark. Had omlette and best cider ever. Bot bill book and cigarette lighter. Did washing in afternoon. Stopped at a crap game and knocked em cold for 136 franc. Wise was drilling a squad when we came home. He was canned to the gills. His squad was Brockcot, O'Brian, Flap, etc.

Friday, July 19

Same old stuff. Went to town in eve and got cigarettes of Stark. Negotiated for a watch. Had some time making long whiskered jeweler understand. Get a watch about Tuesday for 70 franc Drank a lot of cider and bot nuts, an ate 'em on church steps.

Saturday, July 20

Inspection and 1 1/2 hrs. drill in A.M. Afternoon to quarry for bath with Jones. Came back and lost 70 franc in crap game and stud. Am on guard tonite; Fire patrol. Simmons is Corporal. Got in crap game and won 65 franc after supper. Reported to Simmons at 10:15. He and Neage drunker than a pair o' boiled owls. Arranged guard shifts and put Corporal to bed under tree. Rained like hell, and got my blankets wet. Saturday afternoon 30 old men got gas masks and went out in eve. Cully went with bunch.

Sunday, July 21

All new men and all old men except 50 get gas masks and take 2 hour drill with same. Afternoon Company goes on parade with light pack. Get out of it on account of fire patrol duty. Company comes back to drill with masks. The Company evidently is going nearer the front. Cpl's and Sergt's reduced to pvt's. Don't know why.

Monday, July 22

Last night played stud in moonlight. Some moon!! Lost 30 franc. Had gas mask or S.B.R. practice all day. It's good stuff no doubt, but it is a hellava job. We have an issue of tobacco tonite. Everything came as usual except that more men were sent away this A.M. Blain Von T. numbered among the transferred.

Tuesday, July 23

Gas mask practice in rain. Wrote letter to "Doc" and Cully in eve.

Wednesday, July 24

Slept very poorly last night. Sick today. Gas house with tear gas. Some gas! Bath after dinner. Very cold. Eck and I each buy watch 45 franc. Flash light 5 franc. The time a man misses his home most is during sickness. It's hell to be sick away from home.

Thursday, July 25

Same old story. Affairs dull.

Friday, July 26

Nearly the entire company is about to move. Leave barracks, bags and make up packs of one blanket. Lay around all day and have supper at 4:30. The spirit of the scribe moves me to write. During the afternoon several of the men went out and got a good "can full". One never can tell what a bunch of men will do or rather they always do the inevitable and get drunk.

Everybody wonders where in hell were going. All sorts of rumors. The sun is hot at 7:00 P.M. even tho it is low in the western sky. The shadows cast by the stone wall on the west side of the street are long and cool. Just now an old white bearded priest (the kind Hugo wrote about) walked slowly down the street from the church and entered one of those door like gates thru the stone wall. Some of the men are filling their canteens with cider and wine. At the present rate they will be a merry bunch tonight and a sorry outfit tomorrow. The newspapers contain nothing but optimistic reports from the front. Also huge preparations are being made in America for this war. This country is in one hell of a shape now. What will the world be if the war continues a few years more. The end is predicted by a few in about a year. Tonite at the formation for mess got a glimpse of Lieut. Blank. A sight for sore eyes. For some reason or other, I like that man. I believe that in civilian life he would be a good sport. There are several "old men" in the Company whom I would much prefer to see stick with the Company Fall in at 7:15. Get on Trucks and ride to Le Mans in one hour. Some road!! two girls tight.

Saturday, July 27

New equipment today--rifle model 1903 Springfield. Tin hats, etc. It begins to look very much like there is goona be one! Hung round crap game at 4:00 P.M. and faded Ku Ku for 20 F. Schoff rolling dice. Crapped with two sixes. Knocked em off yesterday for 22 franc. Profit two days $7.01. Colder'n hell today and nearly August! Big French army cannon outside. FIAT with solid steel wheels. Some car. "Eck" has the "willies" tonight. Every time we move he has afresh attack of them. A lady in the acute form. Lost 15 franc tonight in a little undersized game. All foolishness. Must not let it occur again! Eck and I setting on lumber pile talking it over. Another big bunch just came in on five motor trucks. All strangers, but truly American. While I write nine more big trucks, loaded to the gunwales came in. They'll stop and let motors run idle while men with their equipment get off.

Sunday, July 28

LeMans. Three months today joined the Army. Two months today left Camp Sherman. Four weeks today at early dawn sailed into the French port Le Havre. Today the remnants of our company did fatigue duty. Twenty men in kitchen. I carried bales and boxes of spiral pats and servie caps to beat all hell. Helped to carry 80 cases of rain coats and rubber boots up two flights of stairs. This afternoon I loaned Schaffer 15 franc on his watch, a $5.00 Ingersoll. Had the "willies" all day. Feel better now. The "chuck" today has not been the best in the world. Better tomorrow no doubt. A hellava lot of men running the guard tonite. The Corporal of the guard is some busy guy tonight. One guy got fresh and got a clout over the bean, with the butt of a gun.

Monday, July 29

No work today 1 1/2 hours exercise and play in A.M. Lay round all day and sleep. Got knocked a curve P.M. for 70 franc Bad business. Yet have 200 franc Had boiled onioins for supper and I ate "em!!! Since supper Eck and I have planned a fishing trip! Wrote to "Hop" this afternoon. Heard rifle shots few minutes ago and a stretcher just passed bearing a man covered with a blanket. Have no particulars. No mail today. Bot new pen for 15 franc The guy bot it in Camp Sherman. Meyers got caught going over the wall and they put him in guard house. Eck and I planned a fishing trip in the evening, not sure of the kind of bait we are going to use.

Tuesday, July 30

Got ready to move and lay around most of the day. Got spiral puts and service hats. "Go to hell hat" is common name. Save at 7:30 and hike to station. Board train and leave town at 10:20. Travel all nite and following day until 4:00 P.M.

Wednesday, July 31

Rode all day today. Dam Tired. Within six meters Paris today. Near firing line now than ever before. "Eck" and I making our bunks on the ground. Issued three days reserve rations tonite. Aeroplanes as numerous or more so than in England. They apparently travel in flocks. Got my first blister on my heel yesterday.

Friday, August 2, 1918

On Wednesday night, we just got our beds made on the ground at Chauteau Thierry come command - Pack up! Fall in. Fires out! No smoking. Went to the railroad and rode until 1:30 A.M. Got off and slept along street. Lay there all day. Got up at 5:00 A.M. Thursday. No breakfast or dinner. Left at noon. Hotter'n hell and hiked with heavy pack five mile. Such a headache!!! Made coffee and ate hard tack. Eve moved again about 1 1/2 mile. Joined bunch of 26 Division. Just back from 6 month in trenches. They marveled at the size of packs. Pitch tents and get supper. Best coffee since in the army. Some sleep. Good breakfast. Friday, August 2----These men tell wonderful tales of the trenches. Yesterday saw men shooting with hand grenades. Were on ground once occupied by Gremans. Eck and I going to bed at dusk 21 o'clock. Rain, rain, rain and yet we keep dry in "pup" tents.

Sunday, August 4

Church in the A.M. Bath this afternoon in Marne River. Washed clothes. Played poker and lost slightly. Lost 19 franc in three days. I don't seem to get it right. Beginning to wonder about pay day. Bum supper tonight. Last night it rained to beat hell, and I woke up at midnight with my feet in the rain. No drill today and no retreat. Must write letter now to the folks and the girl. Some band playing on other side of Valley. The big guns could be plainly heard last night and early this morning. Eck is about to take a hand in the poker game. The papers say that the Germans are still retreating rapidly. Smoked my last Romese II today. I wonder how long before I'll smoke another?

Monday, August 5

Drill today same as usual. Rain to beat hell as usual. Bought a Gilbert safety razor tonite at the Y for 15 franc. Nothing startling and no war news today. Doughnuts for supper.

Tuesday, August 6

Rain as usual. Nothing unusual. Feel Bum! Got a little satisfaction as to my _____ today. Lieutenant promised to find out particulars for me. Got in Y tonite and spent 5 franc. Bot pipe, cigarettes and candy. Eck and I try to make a candle out of our shoe dubbing. Not much success.

Friday, August 9

Have had two days without rain!! Went to rifle range yesterday and shot automatic rifle. Gun inspection today and all guns. Richard and Mac gave us a big bar of chocolate last nite and tonite Eck and I went out to replace it. We walked 5K and came back and learned that we were within 1/4 mile of the place. The big guns are exceptional loud tonight. Eck and I eating a box of hard tack by candlelight.

Tuesday, August 13

Yesterday very little work. Played two pairs all afternoon. In eve McCline, Richard, Eck and I walked to a town four miles away in search of chocolate. No chocolate, but oranges, figs, jam, etc. Paid 20 franc for a bottle of Champagne. Good stuff but too much collateral for privates

pay. Got back at 9:30 and were put on kitchen guard immediately. I had the last trick from 3:20 to 5:30. A German airplane reported to be snooping around last night. I could hear it very plainly. No big guns could be heard last night. Maybe the war is over.

Friday, August 16

This is the first I've had even enough ambition to write. It sure was some hike. In fact two hikes. Tuesday night we left camp at 7:30 and hiked with that dam heavy pack up the longest hill in the world for one hour. We hiked until 11:30 with 10 min. rest every hour. Got lost from the Company at the train and nearly missed my rations. At 12:30, we were loaded and on our way. Slept on my raincoat and dam near froze. At 6:30 in the following, we detrained and then began the real hike! At the end of the hike, a big pack is a good thing to have around. My canteen on my right hip ground a spot raw nearly as big as my hand. In my whole existence never have I been so tired. At the rest periods, I would be so stiff I could scarcely walk. A good many fell out and couldn't cut it. Some of the old men having only light packs fell out and had to be hauled in by ambulance. Eck was numbered among the fallers out. No water to be had and our canteen were a long time empty. At 1:30, we reached the farm and slept until 7:30. Some farm this, with Belgium horses and Brown Swiss cattle. Drill is very light so far and most of the time is spent in the shade. Passes are few and far between. Must have a pass to leave enclosure.

Sunday, August 18

Yesterday, I was on K.P. but really the work was very light due to the fact that the feed was light. For supper, a conglomeration of canned willie, beans and bacon was concocted with no bread or coffee. At night however, the rations wagons came in so today more in sight to eat. This afternoon "I" Company playes ball against the remainder of the Battalion. I did not go but went to the creek and took a good bath and washed my clothes. Then, I lay in the grass and made a trip to America, both Ohio and Oklahoma. Strange as it may seem, one is more apt to think when in reverie of the pleasant things that have happened and let the disagreeable memories pass.

Thursday, August 22

Yesterday drilled and had evening parade. The Battalion assembled in a field about 3 K away and the Colonel came and looked em over. The field very rough and Adjutant got all balled up. Supper at 7:00 P.M. Wonderful nights with full moon. Get milk night and A.M. each day.

Sunday, August 25

Fine day indeed. Took bath in early morning. Lord it was cold!! Eck goes fishing. Afternoon, I slept and got up at 3:30 and played deuces and lost 7.50 francs. Friday at 4 P.M. went on guard. On Saturday the Company stood inspection and all had to put their clothes thru the delouser. I got out of that stuff due to guard. Got new Fo---(?) today and everybody gave in sizes for new clothes.

Thursday, August 29

Left our barn today. Had dinner at 9 A.M. and hiked the 19 Km from 12:40 to 6:15. Dam tired. Entire regiment at this station.

Friday, August 30 and Saturday, August 31

Traveled from 12:00 A.M. to 10:30 on train. Was on loading detail and loaded and unloaded equipment. Hiked out of town three or four kilometers and bunked in a young pine woods at noon. Feed twice and make up bunks for night. At 9:50, first call sounded and in 30 minutes

packs were made and we were off. Marched an hour and rested 20 min. Started again and marched until 12:30. Stopped until 4:30. Dam nearly froze. Had to wait on Supply Company to double up a big hill. It was sure hell too, we soon learned when we hiked to the top. At the top, we camped in the woods as it was daybreak and no traveling is done during daylight. Slept from 6 to 8:00 and had breakfast. Slept from 9:30 to 12:00 and had dinner, slept from 2 to 4:00. Yesterday, I had one hellava headache and slept very little. Rick and I went to the creek and washed clothes and feet. This afternoon it drizzled rain and we had to put up one shelter half between two trees. Slept pretty well.

SEPTEMBER, 1918

Sunday, September 1

Last night, we had all equipment packed and were all ready to go. Sat around in the rain until dark and received word that there would be no movement. Eck, Rick, Flanigan and I put up two shelter halves between two trees and made up our beds. Lord it was dark. Eck and Flanigan had to go on guard until 12:00 A.M. Rich and Flanigan went to town in search of something to buy. Came back with an old tin can full of prune jam. Had mutton chops for dinner and supper. Packed up after supper and left woods at 8:30. The road was muddy and traveling very difficult. Hiked and rested until 2 A.M.

Monday, September 2

The battalion got lost and we were very wet from sweat and then dam near froze to death for an hour. Slept along side the road from 3:00 to 7. Got up and had prunes, coffee, and bread at the soup gun in the little village. Got our equipment and go in search of billets. Eck, Rich and I strike it lucky and find a little room with three bunks, cootied to hell!!!! The day is fine but a little cold in early A.M. While yet at the farm some one stole my tin derby one day while I was on K.P. The night, we had to wait for the wagon train to double up the hill, I got another. This is how it happened. Dawn was just beginning to break when we resumed the march. We had hiked perhaps five miles when I noticed the dim outline of a tin lid by the side of the road. By the time I had my wits collected we had gone perhaps 10 yards. I dropped out of line and started back for the lid. Another guy picked it up in the line and was carrying it in his hand. I rushed up and said, "Did you pick up that helmet?" He said, "Yes, is it yours?" I said nothing but took it and beat it for my squad.

Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1918

Last night left billets in town and hiked until midnight. Stopped in a thick woods, full of underbrush. Slept on ground and covered with blankets and shelter half. No lights. Dark as it could be. Pitched shelter half today and lay around all day. Played two pair and lost 11 francs.

Wednesday, Sept. 4

Drill in A.M. Sign pay roll after dinner.

Thursday, Sept. 5

Rain, casual drill with S.B.R. At supper got orders to move immediately. Hiked very slowly i.e. short hikes and long rests. Wind up at 4:30 in a thick forest similar to the one we left, only by a big hill. Entire regiment in the outfit.

Friday, Sept. 6

Got up at 10:00 for bacon, bread and coffee. Played two pair and moved our bed to a better place. Think I'll nap a little now at 12:30. Supper at 5:00 P.M. Some supper too. Beef stew and gravy and potatoes, bread, doughnuts, and black coffee. Best meal for days and days. Were ready to move again. I suppose we go at dark. I wonder where we'll be tomorrow. It rained this afternoon so we had to pitch the pup tent. It's a small job now.

Saturday, Sept. 7

Last night hiked from 8 to 4:30 A.M. Have been out of Bull Durham for two days. Made bed under big Beech tree on top of a high step hill at 5 A.M. Got up at 11:30 for bacon and coffee. Getting dam close to front now. Keep under cover at all times. German planes numerous. Anti-aircraft guns firing at em all the while. Shaved and washed this A.M. and feel fine but very tires and foot sore. Roads camouflaged. An anti-aircraft dud landed about 100' away this afternoon. Our first shell experience. I learned later that the dud hit a mule, the innocent bystander as usual.

Sunday, Sept. 8

Another night on the hill. Chunk of bread and coffee last night for supper. Little breakfast this A.M. It rained like hell last night - but I did not know it until this A.M. Eck and I pitched out tent last night in dark. About 9 o'clock a bunch of replacements came in and fell over the rope, knocked down the tent and one fell on Eck. Today played two pair and lost a few ducats. After which I assisted "Rick" and Flanagan dispose of a can of "corned Willie." Lieut. McNeil gave a little talk this P.M. about discipline and gas and information to the enemy. Eck got a letter from Roundy today but alas I got none.

Tuesday, September 10

What a helleva day! It rained last night and is at it again this A.M. That poor stick Miller the low brow came in to have his watch fixed and got under our tent to leaking. It is cold today too. It is almost like a rainy day in November. Yesteday, it rained in little squalls and between squalls we played poker. I won a few francs. Eck built a fire out of paper and twigs a little smoky but it warms up the tent. Now at 7:00 P.M. it rains like hell again. Our tent leaks like a seive. Have a candle lighted. Got jam, cigarettes, cigars and gum at the Y this afternoon. Also Eck got a can of salmon and sardines.

Sunday, Sept, 15

On last Wednesday 11th night we had a big feed and went to bed in the rain. Eck and I repitched out tent and we kept dry. On Thursday 12th at 2 A.M. our artillery commenced firing and never have I heard such a noise. I woke and looked out and the woods and surrounding hills had the appearance of giving out lighting incessantly. I went back to bed and we were called and made up packs before daybreak. Had breakfast a 5:45. One chunk of bread and a cup of coffee. We left immediately and hiked perhaps five kilometers Rested by the roadside amid all that noise for perhaps 1 1/2 hrs. Occasionally, frequently in fact, I noticed the return fire of the enemy. High explosives as indicated by the black smoke and sharp report of the explosion. The woods were literally alive with cannon and men. I did not know there were so many cannon in the world!!!

At 9 o'clock, we went over the top. "No man's land" and such a place! Wire, Wire, Wire!! Not a space 30 square feet that did not have a small hole. There were a few troublesome Machine Gun nests that had to be disposed of. We sought shelter in shell holes and behind logs and lay there until noon. At noon, we advanced in squad columns and went thru the woods. Our own shells whistling overhead and ocassionally a Boche high explosive bursting over the

woods. Many prisoners were taken from the dugouts and one of our Company killed and a few more hurt. Came out at a cross road and remained there under cover in the rain until 7:30. Preceded thru the woods in squad columns. The thickest woods I ever saw. In about two hours came out at another road and rested until after midnight. Nothing to eat yet, tired, wet, hungry and sleepy, we marched down the road in column of 25. Hiked slowly and rested at intervals for two or three hours. About 4:30 we fell out along side of the road and slept until daylight. At the place where we slept in the woods nine becks(?) and a machine gun wire captured in early A.M.

Friday, September 13

In early A.M., we hiked to the burning town vacated by the Germans. On the top of the hill on which this town was built. Burning towns in all directions. An ammunition train burning makes a remarkable sight. German prisoners galore!!! They all seem so glad to be taken prisoner. Perhaps they're tired of war. A large amount of supplies taken in a small town in the valley. Had hard tack and canned meat, sugar, oatmeal, and pea soup. Eck and I made a bed on the hill and slept an hour or two in the rain. No soup gun in sight yet but we live high on German rations. In evening, we had a feed from our soup gun. Made a good bed at night and on Saturday the 14th did patrol duty at bottom of hill. Late in afternoon, we started back along the road over which we came. Stopped in woods and fed good on canned beef and German cabbage. Sunday rested and fed. In evening went to church.

I took a walk with Sergt. Foster, Holahon, Arnette, and Troxler thru the woods. Got back after dark with salvaged tools. Eck had moved our beds in better place. Beautiful night with moon and everything. Such a beautiful night and the world at war!

Monday, September 23

The most strenuous as well as exciting week of my short career as a soldier has just passed. It is much tamer now and such a relief!!

On the night of the 17th day of September, Tuesday, it was we left our home in the woods and proceeded along the main German road back towards the lines. In early morning perhaps 3 A.M. we relieved another Company in "no man's land." At daybreak, we came back to village and billeted in barn. A few shells came over but not much damage. Each night we would stand to in the fields, leaving the village at dark planning to get back before day light. The Germans shells begin to get more effective from day to day.

Eck, Rick, Flanagan and I slept in a hay loft. About noon one day, the shells began coming thick and fast and the hits were remarkably effective. Eck and I woke from peaceful dreams and lay on our bunks a few minutes and thot it over. We came to the conclusion that if a shell should hit the roof it would be more or less unsafe. We moved but left our equipment. We stood around below the hay a few minutes when wham!! A big shell exploded very near. Again Zowie!!, one landed in our back yard. In a second or two one came thru the gable end of our hay loft and such a commotion! Dust, smoke and everything, everybody stood around very much interested as to where the next one would hit. Finally, things cooled down a bit and Eck and I went up to look for the remains of our equipment. For the most part it was covered with rubbish. Our raincoats were full of holes, also blankets and shelter halves. A chunk of shrapnel jammed up my gun stock and a piece of shrapnel stuck in my belt. "Eck's" mess kit was a badly delapidated piece of aluminum ware. Rick came down immediately after the explosion and remarked that we had a new sky light. The shell had poked a hole in the gable end of the barn. The next day Eck and I moved to the dugout. That night we were just nicely located on our various posts when our old home, the barn was fired by a shell. It made a nice fire. I lost my pack and toilet articles, underware and shovel and French canteen. They sure gave the town merry hell from that time until we were relieved.

One afternoon during a little lull in the firing, I went down to the cook shack in another barn for my dinner. It was a good feed too with tea and everything! I just started to eat when wham! Fritz began shelling the place. Something told me I was wanted at the dugout! I just got out the back door, when I heard one coming. My first impulse was to run, so I ran. Lord! how I ran and that big shell all the time just behind me. I was sure it would hit me in the rear. It landed a few yards behind me in the path. It showered my supper with dirt but aside from that and my fright, it did no other damage. I lost my tea and got along without. We stood this place five days and six nights. When one of those big boys landed near the dugout, the dam thing would fairly bounce. During our stay in the place, no killed but perhaps 15 got shrapnel wounds and two shell shock.

It is much tamer here in reserve, but a few shells come over now and then. Shaved in the A.M. in a cup half full of water after six other men had used it for the same purpose.
Rick, Flanagan, Eck and I pitch our tents together and are anxiously waiting for supper.
Yesteday got a letter from "Doc", the first since I left America.

OCTOBER, 1918

Tuesday, Oct. 1st

Had a terrible night to end September. Our Battalion was relieved and we broke tents after dinner and stood around in the cold and rain all afternoon. At night about 9 p.m., we climbed over the big hill thru the woods. Reached the summit at 9:30 and waited there until 10:40. Started on the hike and never have I put in such a miserable night since I've been in the army. Hiked 12 or more kilometers. and my chilblains bothered me terribly. At 3:30, we reached the woods at the top of a monster hill and I've never been any more "all in".
Make our bed Eck and I on the ground and slept until 8:20. No breakfast. Good dinner

Thursday, October 3

Left our home in the woods in evening of 1st and hiked an hour. About 10 p.m. hunted place to sleep in a row of dugouts along the road. Breakfast of rice and coffee. No more feed until 8 p.m. Ration cart did not get back until about 7:30. Had pay day in dusk. Received 297 francs. Change for gambling a score of articles. Moved to dugout 42. We are to drill six hours per day at this place wear masks at alert and helmets at all times.

Monday, October 7

PEACE PEACE
On the 4th drilled and played 2 pair. Lost 170 francs. The 5th, ditto. The 6th however, after church, I accumulated some 900 francs. On guard Sunday evening. 6 p.m., Rick relieved me at 10 and gave the first news of Germany's surrender. A Battalion runner brot the news and Captain Hayes announced it to the Company on Monday A.M. However, the big guns are still at work. The Company at drill. Wrote to the girl on Sunday.

Friday, October 11, 1918

The diary has been neglected a few days. Monday night we left the dugout. What a terrible night! When we left camp it was warm and not raining. Just started in double file down the road and it poured. No chance to don the slicker. A darker night when we were in the woods it would be hard to find. Butters Whitney continually prayed for Allah, half sister to Fatima and to Mecca, to hold it awhile. Finally, the rain ceased and it turned cold. Hiked four full 50 minute hikes with 10 minutes rest. Got lost once as usual turned back to road 100 yards. Did an about face and went on again. The big guns louder all the time. At the end of about 16 kilometers, we found a town and billeting party. Good billet in a barn with bunks. "Eck" and I

slept together in a single bunk. Lord! my feet were in a terrible condition. We were awakened in early A.M. by an Austrian 88. Fritz continued to send em over all day. Y man named Smith got hurt. Shrapnel wound. A good town nearby named Tyron. Bot a few things. George Holohan and I scout around a little.

Left the place at 7 p.m. and hiked four hours. Stood hike much better. George H. did not have to carry musette bag as he did the night before.

Billets in big stone French barrack on outskirts of Verdun. Shells come over as usual. The next evening one lands in roof of next barracks.

Thursday nite was on guard in barracks. Big Slim running his chuck luck game. He was so drunk he could not even make change. Also a game of banker going, and several poker games. I won 100 francs in chuck luck game. I have never seen so many drunks at one time. Rum very much in evidence. Canteens full! Kokie Foler wins more than 1000 francs in "Slim's" game. A little after 2 A.M. I saw them put Slim to bed.

Thursday evening, I saw em working long range guns. Half mile away and concussion opens unlatched doors. Said to be 1 inch naval guns. Every report in favor of Allies. Prisoners and war gains. Germany S.O.L.

Yesterday (10th) wrote to "Mac" and Swett. Inspection of quarters this A.M. by Captain Hayes (acting Major).
Rick and I have already consumed 3 cups of hot chocolate at Y. Perhaps more soon.

This concludes his entries into the diary. He was about to enter the fight within their sector of the Meuse-Argonne Campaign. It was interesting to learn when reviewing materials on the 26th Division and the training schedule of the men. The average American soldier who fought in France had six months of training in the United States, two months of overseas training before entering the line, and one month in a quiet sector before going into battle. These facts are taken from a statistical summary by Leonard P. Ayres, Colonel, General Staff, United States Army.

When you review more closely Private Smith's service chronology, he is not the average soldier at all. He entered the service on April 28, 1918 and completes his basic training in six weeks. By June 12, he is assigned to the 329th Infantry, 83rd Division and is ordered to France as part of the American Expeditionary Force. He arrives in France at the port of Le Harve on July 1 and by July 30 is reassigned to Co. I, 101st Infantry of the 26th Division. He does get July and August in France for additional training and orientation; but, he is being moved ever closer to the St. Mihiel sector. He joins up with his division and they are moved into reserve position. On September 12, he enter the line and goes "over the top" for the first time into "no man's land." The St. Mihiel Campaign begun on September 12 and the 26th Division would remain engaged until October 8.

At this point, his unit is pulled out of the line and moved into the Meuse-Argonne sector. They initially would find billets on the outskirts of Verdun before being moved into the line. The object of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, said General Pershing in his November 20, 1918 report, was

"to draw the best German divisions to our front and to consume them!"

This statement expresses not only the objective but the outcome of the battle. Every available American division was thrown against the enemy. And every available German division was cast against the Americans. At the end of 47 days of continuous battle, the Americans army would consume the German divisions.

Private Smith's 26th division was deployed against the German Fifth Army and within their corps boundaries would face the 13th Landwehr, 107th and 195th German Infantry, and 35th Austro-Hungarian Infantry. They would be engaged from October 14 through November 11 in the general vicinity of Ville-devant-Chaumont. They had moved here from the St Mihiel region, the Wadonville sector, where they had concluded operations in the St. Mihiel offensive as of October 8.

Private Smith would meet with being fatally wounded in battle. He died of his wounds on October 24, 1918 and did not see the successful conclusion of this campaign or the ending of the war 18 days later on November 11, 1918 at 11:00 a.m. He was initially buried with full military honors in a cemetery in Verdun, near Lorraine, France. His family would request his remains returned to the United States. This was completed on July 24, 1921. At this time, the Edgerton American Legion post would be in charge of his reinternment in the Maple Grove Cemetery.

Private Smith's unit, the 101st Infantry spent a total of 205 days in front line service. The unit spent 42 days training in line, 118 days in defensive sectors, and 45 days engaged in battle and advanced approximately 23 miles into enemy territory. They captured 3148 prisoners and they received 14411 replacements during thier active tour in France. (Remember, Private Smith join up with the division just prior to September 12, 1918 as a replacement with the 101st., Company I and would see action with the unit until his death on October 24.)

During the Meuse-Argonne offensive, his unit would lose 2135 men in battle. The battle would be fought on land covered with tangled woods and extensive underbrush. The battle was the greatest ever fought by American forces to this point in our military history. During the 47 days of continuous conflict, 1,200,000 Americans were engaged, 4,214,000 rounds of artillery ammunition were fired, while the maximum penetration of any division on the front was 39 miles. This campaign cost 120,000 Americans casualties using 29 combat divisions.

STRYKER HEROES of the WORLD WAR
Hugh C. Benedict, Publisher
Stryker, Ohio, 1919

The following is a transcription of the roster of Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines who served during WW1 from Stryker and Springfield Township, Williams County, Ohio as prepared by Hugh C. Benedict.

INFANTRY CORPS

Ford M. Bloom
Forest C. Byroads
Asa C. Clark
Edward Colon
Melvin E. DeGroff
Elzie E. Glick
Benjamin A. Moore
Arthur H. Planson
Joseph J. Strong
Ora V. Wiler
Carl W. Bowman
Louys W. Chappieus
Myron Clark
Leonard Colon
Lear L. Downer
Harland Henning
John A. Parrin
Charles F. Ramsey
Albert Vernier
L. Ernest Zwayer
Charles R. Byroads
Edward C. Christy
Albert Colon
Orville J. Cramer
Alfred G. Gentit
Ford E. Mallon
Orville Peterson
Albert S. Schnur
John Walt

STUDENT ARMY TRAINING CORPS

Sylvan F. Chappieus
Paul W. Howard
Dwight L. Mignin
Walter B. Cranor
Harley E. Kimble
Willis P. Oberlin
Arthur F. Erney
J. Benjamin Kniffin
Francis I. Rataiczak

TRAINING CAMP

Melvin V. Buehrer
Emil P. Hayes
Daniel L. Short
Walter F. Buehrer
Guy Luty
Sylvanus H. Short
Guy O. Graber
John E. Rufenacht
H. Glen Wiler

FIELD ARTILLERY CORPS

Charles G. Goll
Loren W. Pollock
Harry H. Wickey
Ira L. Haughn
Stephen S. Strong
Charles H. Laurie
Roy D. Taylor

MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Robert V. Allison
William Krauss
Earl L. Yackee
Leland P. Beucler
James J. Rataiczak
Frederick G. Haye
Russell I. Vernier

MOTOR TRANSPORT CORPS

Frank Bruot
Wayne Oberlin
Lloyd W. Chappius
Franklin G. Sine
Arthur Huffman

ENGINEER CORPS

Maurice L. Carter
Floyd T. Collins
Victor V. Ehrmin
William C. Peterson
George V. Strong

MEDICAL CORPS

Alfred Buehrer
Hubert W. Hayes
Franklin O. Kimble
Donny U. Murphy
Sheldon Skees

AVIATION CORPS

Emmett L. Graber
Dale R. Gurwell
Fred A. Sine

MARINES CORPS

Byron G. Allison
George C. Louys
J. Hobart Miller

U.S. GUARD

Douglas O. Bard
Carl W. Meyer
John Sinkey

COAST ARTILLERY CORPS

Hugh C. Benedict
Otis N. Robinson

SIGNAL CORPS

George Bruot
Benjamin C. Posey

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT

Camille A. Meyer
Thomas L. Strong

AMMUNITION TRAIN

Louis Brout
Gust A. Fielitz

GAS REGIMENT

Emery C. Coy
Cecil D. Richards

REPAIR UNIT

Harmon A. Peugeot

QUARTERMASTER CORPS

Ned B. Allison

TANK CORPS

Fred Mignin

U.S. NAVY

Russell E. Taylor

Editors Note: The booklet also contains photographs for some of the soldiers listed. The booklet also provides a short biographical sketch on each man listed giving basic details about their service time.

WORLD WAR HEROES of Williams County, Ohio

The following directory was published by Frank Sommer, Jr., of Defiance on July 4, 1919. I have taken his directory of WWI veterans and reconfigured them into community listings in alphabetical order with related data. The data is recorded in the following order: NAME, INDUCTION DATE, and CAMP.

ALVORDTON

Esta J. Bricker	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Pearl W. Calkins	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Paul R. Elser	6/01/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Leo E. Fackler	8/08/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Casper C. Fisher	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Harley H. Howard	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Herschell H. Huff	6/25/18	Camp Cody, Deming, NM
Harvey G. Johnson	6/08/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
William H. Lett	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl Mepham	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Dale C. Moyer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen A. Moyer	6/22/18	Chicago, IL
Leo C. Page	12/11/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
William E. Pifer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Allie W. Robison	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank J. Saunders	6/01/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
William E. Severance	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Thomas H. Shetler	6/08/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Otis R. Stoops	6/01/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Lawrence E. Swanger	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Cloyd S. Town	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH

BLAKESLEE

John H. Casebere	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
William Samuel Fry	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Albert Joseph Imm	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH

Walter K. Kiser	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Robert B. Miller	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Samuel G. Mohre	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Claude O. Riley	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Edward F. Strup	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Joseph F. Strup	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Ambrose M. Wherle	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Abner W. Wilkins	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH

BRYAN

Floyd W. Alexander	6/29/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Philip Altman	7/15/18	Univ. of Akron
George Bangard	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clarence Bankey	10/18/18	OSU SATC
Ora Bard	10/18/18	OSU SATC
Glen L. Baxter	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Edgar D. Beach	8/27/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
John E. Beach, Jr.	8/13/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Bert Beavers	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Dale Charles Beavers	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
George F. Beavers	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Theron A. Betts	6/11/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Harry L. Bodman	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
August Boetz	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Albert Bojrab	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Kenneth F. Boothman	8/04/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Harold Bostater	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
John Bostater	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Samuel P. Bostater	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
John H. Bowen	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Charles H. Bowman	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Raymond L. Bragg	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Elgie M. Brannan		
John C. Brannan	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Leland Brannan	5/13/18	Ft. Thomas, KY
Maurice D. Brannan	6/26/16	National Guard Bryan
Seldon Brannan	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Wade C. Brannan	10/30/18	Ft. Sheridan, IL
William F. Brannan		
Terry C. Brenner	6/15/18	Cincinnati Public Schools, OH
Dale Z. Branner	6/15/18	Cincinnati Public Schools, OH
Frank Bruot	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Dan Burk	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl S. Bryans	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank B. Carvin	6/15/18	Univ. of Cincinnati, OH
Loren P. Castor	9/19/18	Univ. of Toledo, OH
Edward C. Christy	101/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Brittin D. Churchman	10/14/18	OSU SATC
Hiliary B. Churchman	7/15/18	Univ. of Akron, OH
Austin M. Clark	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Camil Clark	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ira D. Clodfelter	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Donald E. Connin	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Carl E. Cooley	7/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles B. Coonrod	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH

Charles A. Critchfield	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
John P. Critchfield	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clarence H. Crull	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Dale M. Crummel	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Forest A. Culbertson	7/06/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Carl C. Daft	10/12/18	Ohio Wesleyan Univ.
Rudolph T. Davis	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Clark L. Deal	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Welby DeGroff	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Poolidor Degryse	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Cyrus Demas	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
William D. Demas	3/29/18	Camp Sherman,OH
Ernest F. Detzer	7/15/18	Univ. of Akron, OH
Gustav B. Dierks	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Russell Dierks	2/08/14	Ohio National Guard
William C. Dixey	4/09/18	Great Lakes, IL
Karl E. Donze	9/19/18	Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, OH
Owen E. Donze	10/3/17	Camp Sherman,OH
Lear L. Downer	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Lewis E. Drum	8/02/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
James Eager	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Issac Essi	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Melvin O. Faben	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Boyd Fetters	10/2/18	Hillsdale College (MI)
Charles L. Fetters	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
John W. Finch	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Vane A. Fisher	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Edward Flynn	2/20/16	Ohio National Guard
Vincent M. Fulton	11/27/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Samuel P. Gilcher	3/06/18	Camp Greenleaf, GA
Aubrey L. Gleason	6/20/18	Camp Travis, TX
Ogden J. Goeltzenleuchter	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Herbert Graham	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Wallace A. Graves	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Leland S. Grim	9/19/18	Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, OH
Charles W. Gross	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Robert M. Ginter	5/13/18	Ft. Thomas, KY
Dale R. Hagaman	10/15/18	Hiram College (OH)
Robert H. Hamet	6/23/17	Philadelphia, PA
Warren F. Hamet	6/23/17	Philadelphia, PA
John C. Harrington	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ira L. Haughn	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
C. Arthur Hawk	6/19/17	Camp Perry, OH
Howard E. Hawk	10/14/18	OSU SATC
Jack Hawkins	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl L. Hineman	12/15/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Ernest C. Hitt	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Joseph S. Hodge	10/01/18	Jefferson Barracks, MO
Robert L. Hultz	8/02/18	Syracuse Recruit Camp, NY
Fred G. Impton	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Carl W. Ingle	12/11/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Hobart M. Ingle	10/19/18	OSU SATC
Walter L. Karnes	10/30/18	Ft. Sheridan, IL
John F. Kaser	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles H. Kelly	10/12/18	Univ. of Illinois-Urbana
Ellis Key	7/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH

Lellwellyn D. Keys	8/21/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Naman Khouiry	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Orva L. Kimble	5/16/18	Camp Custer, MI
Garry W. King	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Walter J. Kintner	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Kenneth R. Kline	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Owen F. Kline	7/06/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Edwin G. Knepper	8/ /17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Earl Knisley	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Millard Kuhn	4/20/14	Ohio National Guard
Ralph A. Kummick	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clarence A. Landel	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
John H. Lane	9/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles W. Lantz	7/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Adrian H. Lindsey	9/25/18	Camp Lee, VA
Ralph E. Lindsey	7/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Ray O. Mabrey	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank Mann	5/16/18	Univ. of Toledo, OH
Wilbur M. Mann	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles C. Marrow	8/21/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Herbert D. Mathews	6/29/18	Army Medical School, Wash., D.C.
Charles R. Mattoon	6/29/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Edgar L. Maxam	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Lyle J. Michael	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Bert A. Miller	5/13/18	Ft. Thomas, KY
Ormun D. Miller	10/11/18	OSU SATC
William M. Moog	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Edward C. Moore	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Hugh A. Morton	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
John Morton	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, Oh
Frederick Muhl	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ward W. Musser	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Anthony McCarthy	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Otis W. McClellan	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Lonie McKay	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Mark McKelvey	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Roy A. McKinney	8/26/18	Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, OH
Earl C. McNary	11/ /15	Enlisted in Canadian Army
Howard A. Neath	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Galen F Newcomer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur G. Neff	5/14/17	Plattsburg, NY
Hugh Neff		
Philip M. Neiderauer		
Carlton Opdycke	8/21/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Thomas Outlaw	6/22/16	Ohio National Guard
Ernest Oxenrider	6/08/17	Ohio National Guard
John W. Partee	7/28/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Delta Pask	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
John E. Patten	7/10/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Elmer Penrod	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Lynden R Perkins	4/22/18	Jefferson Barracks, MO
John Perrin	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen Peterson	7/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Louis Philip	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
John Poololak	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Ellsworth F. Reagle	8/02/18	Syracuse Recruit Camp, NY

Guy A. Replogle	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Francis K. Repp	10/4/18	Wittenburg SATC
Ralph E. Ridenour	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Leon G. Roan	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clyde A. Rohleder	8/12/17	Columbus Baracks, OH
James N. Rosendaul	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Herbert Salter	10/12/18	OSU SATC
William H. Sandys	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
R.T. Saul	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Albro Schartzer	10/01/18	Jefferson Barracks, MO
Allen R. Schartzer	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Oswald F. Schiffli		
William H. Schlack	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles Schrider		
James P. Schrider	8/27/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
John E. Schrider	10/17/18	OSU SATC
Charles Schuster	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Byron G. Shaffer	11/23/17	Great Lakes, IL
Charles D. Shaffer	4/27/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Floyd B. Shaffer	12/13/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Harry A. Shipley	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Loyal G. Shook	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Mason Shook	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Forest A. Showley	5/13/18	Ft. Thomas, KY
Clifford E. Shurlow	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Victor J. Silliman	10/29/17	Enlisted Reserve Corps, Chicago
Adrian Slough	3/19/18	Kelly Field, TX
Camile Smith	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Paul A. Snively	11/28/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Harry Snyder	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Otis Snyder	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur W. Speltzer	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles Spicer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Lewis Steelsmith	10/14/18	OSU SATC
Clinton F. Stenger	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl R. Stratton	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Neil Struble	9/19/18	Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, OH
William H. Taylor	3/14/18	Newport, RI
Claude H. Thompson	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
James O. Tressler	10/1/18	Defiance College (OH)
John C. Tubbs	10/11/18	OSU SATC
Richard Van Den Bossche	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Glenmore Wagner	6/21/17	Parris Island, SC
Donald H. Walters	10/14/18	OSU SATC
Arthur J. Warner	6/14/17	Ohio National Guard
Marvin J. Warner	7/17/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
George M. Weber	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Leroy Welsh	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen W. Wertz	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Harley S. Wertz	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
David R. Wheeler	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
John O. Whitney	7/25/17	Ohio National Guard
Cecil D. Wilcox	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur I. Willett	5/13/18	Ft. Thomas, KY
Owen Williams	6/06/17	Ohio National Guard
Bert Winegardner	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH

James E. Wolff	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles Woodward	7/23/17	Ohio National Guard
Charles Worth	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Walter B. Yarlott	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clarence H. Yeagley	9/03/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Richard F. Yeagley	7/21/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ernest Zigler	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Virgin E. Zigler	10/04/18	Wittenburg SAATC
Edwin C. Zimmerman	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH

EDGERTON

Ernest W. Armstrong	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Roy Badman	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Herbert E. Bailey	6/02/18	Camp Lewis, American Lake, WA
Paul H. Baker	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
George C. Barnes	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank R. Blosser	8/15/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Roscoe C. Bratton		
August Buchs	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl Burkhart	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Maurice W. Chilcote	10/18/18	Campion College, WI
William O. Chilcote	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Carvin C. Day	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Paul H. DeGroff	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Alfred A. Doner	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Leroy V. Doty	3/06/18	Camp Greenleaf, GA
Frank Eck	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Herbert L. Everhart	6/25/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Charles H. Fisher	10/20/17	Ft. Thosman, KY
William W. Grandey	10/08/18	Univ. of Illinois
Milo M. Green	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Ambrose M. Herman	3/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur A. Herman	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
George E. Hopkins	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Homer H. Houck	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, OH
Andrew F. Irish	2/01/18	Enlisted Reserve Corps, Cincinnati
Frederick A. Jerger	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Maurice E. Killinger	10/12/18	Baldwin Wallace College, Berea, OH
Edwin C. Krill	8/08/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Herman L. Kruse	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Dale H. Kyle	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Guy E. Lindersmith	10/23/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Paul Lindersmith	7/25/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Ray W. Maier	6/23/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Frank Manon	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Carl F. Manweiler	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Russell W. Moore	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Wallace D. Mowry	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
John W. Ottstadt	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Ira O. Oxenrider	6/25/18	Camp Lewis, American Lake, WA
Erle C. Poole	10/12/18	Baldwin Wallace College, Berea, OH
Waldo H. Poole	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Echo C. Rohrbaugh	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Ralph A. Sacher	10/11/18	Notre Dame Univ, South Bend, IN
Charles B. Sanders	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY

Lawrence R. Sanders	10/03/17	Camp Sherman, OH
John D. Smith	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Augustus A. Stark	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Lawrence L. Stark	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Oscar M. Stark	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
George N. Stavron	5/13/18	Ft. Thomas, KY
George L. Stotz	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Olen J.F. Strausborger	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Adam Thiel	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur Upp	8/14/18	Rahe Auto School, Kansas City, MO
Carl J. Weber	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Marion E. Wines	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY

EDON

William C. Allomong	10/14/18	Toledo University
Irvin B. Allwood		
Oscar W. Bingaman	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
John G. Boisher	9/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Wayne M. Burke	12/7/17	OSU Aero School
John H Burkhart	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clarence N. Chaney	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Willis A. Chaney	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Roy H. Dagen	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Benjamin F. Diltz	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Raleigh R. Dixon	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Floyd C. Easterday	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Blaine Esterline	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Clayton Everetts		Tri-State Normal College, Angola, IN
Herman E. Fix	10/14/18	Toledo University
Robert Fry	8/08/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Clarence A. Herman	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Wayne F. Kaltenbach	10/12/18	OSU SATC
Clarence R. Kaser	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank E. Kauffman	11/27/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Irvin G. Kauffman	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Harry H. Kitchen	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Fred C. Kline	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Robert J. Kurtz	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Earl H. Kuttler	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur Lees	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Gifford E. Luke	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Volley Luke	7/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Deleon M. Matthews	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Ben F. Matthews	6/23/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
John W. Matthews	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur C. Mauerhan	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Edwin A. Mauerhan	10/14/18	Camp Gorden, GA
George Mayer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Donald R. Meyers	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Herschel A. Meyers	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Burl E. Mocherman	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Delbert Mocherman	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Floyd H. Mocherman	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Jacob W. Motter	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Charles F. McCamis	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH

Harry E. Pike	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl V. Reed	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Noah A. Rockey	6/15/18	Cincinnati Public School
Walter W. Rockey	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Cleo L. Russell	12/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Otis Schaffter	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Gilbert Schlachter	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Raymond Sheline	10/3/18	Tri-State Normal College, Angola, IN
Herschell L. Shue	5/25/18	Funston, KS
George L. Spake	12/13/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Noel E. Spake	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Harley J. Stenger	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Benjamin E. Stevens	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Boyd Stoneburner	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Sherman Willoughby	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Walter Willoughby	8/08/18	Columbus Baracks, OH
Will Young	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl F. Zeiter	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
John H. Zeiter	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH

KUNKLE

Harry L. Alleman	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Harvey L. Alleman	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen V. Creek	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Harold Eberly	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Ora L. Fenicle	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Homer F. Gaddis	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Cliford M. Gee	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Guy S. Hollstein	9/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Emerson E. Kohl	6/15/18	Univ. of Cincinnati
William Kosier	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
John S. Kunkle	9/03/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Andrew Moore	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Roy Oxender	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Levasiah L. Spence	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Lawrence G. Strock	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Elmer S. Swank	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles H. Traxler	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Harold L. Warner	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur Wheeler	3/06/18	Camp Greenleaf, GA

MONTPELIER

Max W. Afflis	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Ora B. Allman	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
John H. Altaffer	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Joseph S. Bauer	11/8/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Roy Beaver	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
William T. Beck	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
John W. Bloom	7/26/17	Camp Sherman, OH
William L. Bode	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Mark H. Bordner	10/1/18	Defiance College (OH)
John N. Boyer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Royal C. Brandeberry	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Samuel B. Bratton	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH

Orville R. Brigle	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Homer Brim	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Frederick Brouse	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ernest L. Brown	12/8/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Harley G. Butler	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Harry A. Chapman	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
John F. Cook	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Wayne O. Cook	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Harry A. Creek	11/13/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Stanley A. Cummins	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen C. Custar	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Elmer L. Darby	8/14/18	Rahe Auto School, Kansas City, MO
Carl E. Dargitz	5/15/18	Parris Island, SC
Harold M. DeGroff	6/23/17	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
Harley Deisler	8/14/18	Rahe Auto School, Kansas City, MO
Earl A. Dennis	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Clarence B. Derck	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Roswell H. Dilworth	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Boyd A. Drake	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Harry F. Dunlap	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Fern Ensley	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Shirley W. Evans	8/05/18	Syracuse Recruit Camp, NY
Rupert A. Fairchild	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Maurice S. Fiandt	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl Flynn		
E.W. Frazier	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
August Fry	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Charles E. Gallutia	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clarence E. Garver	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl M. Gloar	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ray Glover	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Don C. Greggs	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Carl C. Griffith	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Loyal J. Griffith	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank Haldeman	1/04/18	Great Lakes, IL
Roy C. Hall	10/3/17	Parris Island, SC
William Halleron	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Adam D. Harger	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Carl C. Hart	11/13/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Robert F. Hart	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
William M. Hart	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Raymond L. Hepker	6/29/17	Ft. Thomas, KY
Henry H. Heth	7/22/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Ernest G. Hillard	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Albert Hodge	5/25/18	Camp Lee, VA
Owen M. Housman	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
George H. Huffman	10/12/18	OSU SATC
Roy Hughes		
Martin F. Jackson	10/11/18	OSU SATC
Vernice Jackson	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Walter L. Johnson	9/27/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Orville Joice	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Harold H. Kidder	9/10/18	Washington Barracks
Paul W. Kintigh	10/1/18	Hillsdale College (MI)
Virgil C. Knecht	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Guy H. Knepper	9/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH

Ernest Koch	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Royal E. Koch	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Cecil C. Kollars	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Victor Lee	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank Y. Lesnet	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
George L. Lesnet	7/14/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Carson B. Leu	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl W. Limpert	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Merton C. Lockhart	10/11/18	OSU SATC
Onofrio Locousoce	6/21/18	Camp Grant, IL
Cecil D. Lougheed	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Randall O. Lougheed	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Ronald V. Martin	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ivan W. Mann		
Eugene F. Means	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl W. Mercer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Rufus E. Mercer	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Melvin A. Michaels	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Seldon L. Mick	8/08/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Carl C. Miller	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Denver Miller	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Ervin Miller	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Lauren Miller		
William L. Miller	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Fred O. Mills		Univ. of Illinois
William H. Mills		Camp Sherman, OH
Bert L. Mitchell	10/1/18	Jefferson Barracks, MO
Blake A. Mitchell	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Reynold J. Moline	10/1/18	Ft. Slocum, NY
Loren C. McDonald	10/1/18	Defiance College
Harold McFann	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles E. Neil	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Robert J. Neilands	4/23/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
George A. Nichols	8/08/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Willaim Norris	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Robert B. Ogle	10/1/18	Defiance College
Albert E. Oyer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Leo C. Perkins	10/10/17	Parris Island, SC
Frank Pignataro	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Harold E. Porter	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Guy O. Porter	10/29/17	Parris Island, SC
Keith A. Porter	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Cleo N. Priest	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Floyd R. Priest	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
George I. Priest	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
George H. Putney	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Chester A. Rigg	5/28/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Harry E. Ringenberg	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Robert D. Robison	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Clark S. Rogers	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Lyle A. Rothenberger	6/26/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Clair L. Roush	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
George R. Rundell	5/15/18	Parris Island, SC
William E. Schatzer	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
John W. Schieber	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Virgil P. Schuler	10/24/17	Parris Island, SC

Clayton H. Shaffer	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Dewboise A. Shaffer	10/4/13	Columbus Barracks, OH
Harmon L. Shaffer	5/22/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Olin H. Simpson	10/31/18	Garden City Long Island Air Service
Paul A. Shellhammer		
Cody E. Smith	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
John F. Smith	10/7/18	Northwestern College, Chicago, IL
Wilbur J. Smith		
Edward Sprouse	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Elza O. Starr	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Walter B. Stewart	5/28/18	Camp Taylor, KY
William H. Stewart	10/12/18	OSU SATC
Robert Stroebel	5/28/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Herman G. Swift		
Ivan Temple	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ronald W. Thompson	10/11/18	OSU SATC
Guy C. Thorpe	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Floris W. Thorpe	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Leroy C. Throne	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clark Tillis	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles J. Tingle	8/20/18	Camp Kerney, CA
Marvin Tingley	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Morris Travis	12/11/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Alfred Traxler	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Forest M. Tressler	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Joseph O. Tressler	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Maurice S. Tressler	10/11/18	OSU SATC
Charles Van Mason	6/27/17	Parris Island, SC
Alfredo Vannucci	11/2/18	Camp Custer, MI
Judson Walter	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
M. Edwin Walter	10/11/18	OSU SATC
George E. Wantzig	3/19/18	Kelly Field, TX
Elvin S. Warrick	11/13/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Harold F. Weaver	9/03/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Russell M. Weaver	11/13/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Thomas K. Weidner	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Waldo W. Weigle	7/25/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Howard L. Well	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
William L. Willis	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles E. Wisman	6/15/18	Cincinnati Public School
James S. Wood	12/11/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Lewis M. Yoder	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Devillo G. Zimmerman	9/03/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles H. Zuvers	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH

PIONEER

Johnnie Barthart	9/03/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Lewis L. Beard	10/18/18	OSU SATC
Rex W. Beard	4/13/18	Ft. Oglethorpe, GA
Nelson E. Bollinger	10/2/18	Hillsdale College (MI)
Chalmer W. Chapin	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Leslie D. Clark	10/3/18	Hillsdale College (MI)
Ernest Cook	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ivan H. Cook	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Harry W. Cummins	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH

Burr Davis	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen A. Downing	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Cecil R. Dustin		
Gilbert C. Ely	10/12/18	OSU SATC
Lewis B. Ely	7/22/17	Parris Island, SC
William Ennis	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen E. Falkner	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Leo E. Gilbert	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Fisher D. Harlan	10/2/18	Hillsdale College (MI)
Harry A. Harley	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Forest R. Hillard	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Herbert C. Keck	3/22/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Levi L. King	10/24/17	Paris Island, SC
Lowell C. Kollars	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur W. Lambright	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Owen Mercer	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank B. Metzler	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clarence Miller	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Myron L. Owen	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
William S. Oyer	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Edward G. Radabaugh	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Gurth W. Repp	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Joseph F. Sedlar	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen D. Shinabarger	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Forest E. G. Smith	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
James A. Turner	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Ernest T. Van Wye	8/08/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Rue A. Walkup	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Wesley W. Wallett	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Dale C. Whitney	9/03/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank F. Whyman	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Earl B. Williams	5/17/18	Ft. Benjamin Harrison, IN
A.E. Zolman	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH

STRYKER

Ned B. Allison	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Robert V. Allison	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Cletus I. Aschliman	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ura V. Aschliman	5/13/18	Ft. Thomas, KY
Douglas O. Bard	8/05/18	Syracuse Recruit Camp, NY
Ford M. Bloom	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Carl L. Bowman	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank Brout	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
George Brout	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Louis Brout	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Alfred Buehrer	3/06/18	Camp Greenleaf, GA
Walter F. Buehrer	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Charles R. Byroads	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Forest C. Byroads	7/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Norris L. Carter	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Asa C. Clark	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Albert Colon	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Emery C. Coy	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Orville J. Cramer	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Walter B. Cranor	10/11/18	OSU SATC

Victor V. Ehrmin	11/4/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Arthur F. Erney	10/11/18	OSU SATC
John E. Fethers	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
John L. Fields	7/17/18	Wilberforce Univ., Xenia, OH
Gust Fielitz	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Alfred G. Gentit	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Elzie E. Glick	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Emmett L. Graber		
Guy O. Graber	8/08/18	Columbus Baracks, OH
Ira B. Graber	3/06/18	Camp Greenleaf, GA
Dale R. Gurwell	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Emil P. Haye	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Frederick G. Haye	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Otis Hayes	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Harlan Henning	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Paul W. Howard	10/11/18	OSU SATC
Arthur Huffman	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Edward T. Ingle	10/8/18	Ohio Wesleyan Univ.
Robert V. Ingle	10/8/18	Ohio Wesleyan Univ.
Franklin O. Kimble		
Harry E. Kimble	10/18/18	Univ. of Chicago, IL
J. Benjamin Kniffen	9/19/18	Univ. of Akron, OH
Ralph E. Kniffen	10/1/18	Dennison Univ., OH
William Krauss	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Guy Luty	9/03/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Carl W. Meyer	8/02/18	Syracuse Recruit Camp, NY
Dwight L. Mignin	10/11/18	OSU SATC
Benjamin A. Moore	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Donny U. Murphy	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
William C. Peters	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Orville Peterson	12/14/17	Ft. Logan, CO
Arthur H. Planson	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Loren W. Pollock	6/01/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Charles F. Ramsey	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Francis I. Rataizak	10/11/18	OSU SATC
James J. Rataizak	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
John E. Rufenacht	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Albert S. Schnur	7/22/18	CampSherman, OH
Franklin G. Sine	9/03/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Fred A. Sine	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
John Sinkey	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Harry S. Short	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Donald L. Short	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Sheldon Skees	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
George V. Strong	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Stephen S Strong	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Thomas L. Strong	5/16/18	Univ. of Toledo, OH
Aaron Stuckey	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Daniel Stuckey	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Roy Taylor	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Ivan F. Uran	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Russell E. Vernier	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Glen Wiler	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Ora V. Wiler	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Earl L. Yackee	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Levi E. Zwayer	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH

WEST UNITY

Rolandus Beaverson	6/01/18	Columbus Baracks, OH
Jesse C. Beck	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Nelson Beck	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Peter B. Beck	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Boyd C. Bly	8/22/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Frank H. Bly	10/12/18	OSU SATC
Byron L. Bond	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
John D. Bond	10/4/18	Oberlin College, OH
Harvey H. Bowman	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Arthur W. Cameron	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
William W. Coslet	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Melvin E. DeGroff	10/2/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Otto D. DeGroff	6/20/17	Camp Sherman, OH
William O. Eaton	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Tracy W. Grindle	12/12/17	Camp Key West, FL
Calvin B. Hartman	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Hubert W. Hayes	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Roy R. Heacock	8/26/18	Camp Taylor, KY
William J.B. Heist	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
George W. Hoover	6/23/16	Camp Sherman, OH
Thomas W. Johnson	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Linford S. Kaiser	10/17/18	OSU SATC
Fermer S. Klinger	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Ora D. Knapp	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Raymond L. Lorton	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Kenneth B. Martin	12/4/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Ernest Mathews	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Willard Mehrling	12/15/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Paul B. Newcomb	12/17/17	Univ. of Cincinnati, SATC
Sherman Newcomer	11/21/17	Columbus Barracks, OH
Willis P. Oberlin	11/2/18	Dennison University, OH
D.H. Page	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Vern O. Page	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles M. Reifel	10/4/18	Oberlin College, OH
Frank H. Reifel	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Pearl O. Reynolds	6/01/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Cecil D. Richards	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Virgil L. Ridgway	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
James A. Rings	10/31/18	Ft. Hamilton, NY
Ira Short	6/25/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Beryl Smethurst	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Clarence R. Smith	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Frank M. Smith	6/01/18	Ft. Leavenworth, MO
George Smith, Jr.	6/01/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Harlan Snyder	9/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Leslie A. Throne	6/01/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Clay C. Warner	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Eugene F. Wood	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Dale C. Zigler	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Cyrus W. Zuvers	6/01/18	Columbus Barracks, OH

The Following Soldiers entered via Williams County, Ohio

Hugh W. Dean	Montgomery, MI	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Cassius W. Hanna	Camden, MI	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Charles E. Kelly	Ionia, MI	3/29/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Irvin L. Lash	Manitou Beach, MI	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Grover Merrilat	Rapid City, MI	8/08/18	Columbus Barracks, OH
Albert L. Payne	Camden, MI	9/19/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Lewis H. Robb	Camden, MI	6/15/18	Cincinnati Public School
Leo Smith	Montgomery, MI	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Charles K. Snyder	Camden, MI	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Paul L. Parsons	Camden, MI	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Glen J.G. Ward	Reading, MI	9/05/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Frederick G. Rusk	Montmorenci, IN	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Linus M. Siebenaler	Waterloo, IN	10/3/17	Camp Sherman, OH
Clair Beilharz	Fayette, OH	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
William Bosserman	Melbern, OH	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Melvin V. Buehrer	Evansport, OH	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Nelson E. Caulkins	Fayette, OH	9/05/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Edward R. Fritch	Melbern, OH	5/25/18	Camp Taylor, KY
Oren F. Geiger	Fayette, OH	4/28/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Levertie McDaniel	Melbern, OH	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Joseph Roth	Archbold, OH	7/22/18	Camp Sherman, OH
Paul W. Unger	Melbern, OH	10/14/18	OSU SATC

NOTE:

Earl Carlton McNary Enlisted in the Canadian Army in November of 1915. He was born in Bryan, Ohio on November 3, 1895. He served with the 3 Army Troops Company, Canadian Engineers. He served in France in the following sectors: Ypres-1916, Vimy Ridge, Hill 70-1917, Passchendaele and Arras-1918. He was a private and was wounded in action in 1917. He received his honorable discharge on July 4, 1919. He is the only soldier, I am aware of to have volunteered to serve in an Allied nation's army during the war from the county.

WORLD WAR ONE

ROLL OF HONOR

WILLIAMS COUNTY SOLDIERS SAILORS MARINES

MARINE	Donald H. Dailey	Bryan	10/9/1918	DD
NAVY	Lee A. Donze	Bryan	2/18/1920	DD
	Ward Sewell	Edgerton	3/14/1918	Drowned
Army	John H. Altaffer	Montpelier	10/24/1918	KIA
	Charles E. Arnold	Bryan	9/30/1918	KIA
	Theron Betts	Bryan	7/28/1918	DW
	Carl F. Blosser	Bryan	10/20/1918	DD
	Fay Briner	Montpelier	3/18/1918	Appendicitis
	Roswell Dilworth	Montpelier	10/16/1918	DD
	Don C. Greggs	Bridgewater	11/12/1918	DW
	Kenneth K. Grim	Bryan	3/14/1918	DD
	George W. Hoover	West Unity	7/15/1918	KIA
	Owen M. Housman	Montpelier	10/26/1918	DD
	Charles E. Kelly	Montpelier	10/10/1918	KIA
	Harry H. Kitchen	Edon	11/7/1918	KIA
	William H. Lett	Alvordton	9/20/1918	KIA
	Carl F. Manweiler	Edgerton	10/12/1918	DD
	Edgar L. Maxam	Bryan	1/12/1919	DD
	Denver Miller	Montpelier	5/24/1918	DD
	William D. Norris	Montpelier	11/9/1918	DD
	Ernest Oxenrider	Bryan	9/28/1918	KIA
	Otis Schaffter	Edon	1/30/1918	DD
	Harry F. Seelig	Montpelier	7/18/18	KIA
		(entered service in Toledo, Lucas County.)		
	Thomas H. Shetler	Alvordton	2/09/1918	DD
	Glen D. Shinabarger	Pioneer	10/22/1918	DD
	Sheldon Skees	Stryker	10/06/1918	DD
	John D. Smith	Edgerton	10/24/1918	DW
	Otis Snyder	Bryan	10/10/1918	DD
	George L. Spake	Edon	7/01/1918	Accident
	Elsa O. Starr	Montpelier	10/14/1918	DD
	Boyd Stoneburner	Edon	11/07/1918	KIA
	Earl R. Stratton	Bryan	10/22/1918	DD
	Joseph J. Strong	Stryker	10/26/1918	DW
		(entered service in Toledo, Lucas County.)		
	Leroy Throne	Montpelier	10/25/1918	KIA
	Frank R. Vollmer	Bryan	10/27/1918	KIA
	George M. Weber	Bryan	1/19/1919	DD
	Earl L. Yackee	Stryker	8/20/1918	Drowned

WORLD WAR ONE

ROLL OF HONOR

VITAL STATISTICS:

The following data is taken from the Ohio WWI Roster and researching the National Battle Monuments Commission files for burial records. The order of the information is page/volume number of roster, name, rank, unit at time of death, hometown, date of death, category of death, overseas service or US service, place of burial.

ARMY

235/1 John H. Altaffer — Pvt, Co. I, 101 Inf., Montpelier, 10/24/18, KIA
AEF — Floral Grove Cemetery - Pioneer, Ohio

423/1 Charles E. Arnold — 1Lt, Co. E, 147 Inf., Bryan, 9/30/18, KIA
AEF — Brown Cemetery, Center Township, Williams County, Ohio

1243/2 Theron Betts — Pvt, Hq Co, 10 FA, Bryan, 7/28/18, DW
AEF — Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan, Ohio

1446/2 Carl F. Blosser — Pvt, Co. M, 333 Inf, Bryan, 10/20/18, DD
AEF — Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfauson, Meuse, France

1889/2 Fay Briner — Pvt, Co. K, 125 Inf, Montpelier, 3/18/18, DNB
AEF — Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia. Grave #376

4222/5 Roswell H. Dilworth — Pvt, Co. G, 334 Inf, Montpelier, 10/16/18, DD
AEF — Floral Grove Cemetery - Pioneer, Ohio

6483/7 Don C. Greggs — Pvt, Co. A, 363 Inf., Bridgewater, 11/12/18, DW
AEF — Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

6540/7 Kenneth K. Grim — Sgt, 631 Aero Sup Sq, Bryan, 3/14/18, DD
US — Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams County, Ohio

7853/8 George W. Hoover — Pvt, Co. A, 7 Inf., W. Unity, 7/15/18, KIA
AEF — Floral Grove Cemetery - West Unity, Ohio

7939/8 Owen M. Housman — Pvt, Co. A, 36 BN US Gds, Montpelier, 10/26/18, DD
US — Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

8940/9 Charles E. Kelly Pvt Co. F, 327 Inf. Montpelier 10/10/18 KIA
AEF St Peter & Paul Catholic Cemetery, Ionia, Michigan

9212/9 Harry A. Kitchen Pvt Co. A, 16 Inf. Edon 11/7/18 KIA
AEF Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfauson, Meuse, France

10056/10 William H. Lett Pvt Co. B, 11 Inf Alvordton 4/24/18 KIA
AEF Olive Branch Cemetery, Millcreek Township, Williams County, Ohio

10687/11 Carl F. Manweiler Pvt Btry F, 68 FA Edgerton 10/12/18 DD
US Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

10933/11 Edgar L. Maxam Pvt Camp Sherman, OH Bryan 1/12/19 DD
US Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan, Ohio

11685/12 Denver Miller Pvt Co. I, 103 Inf. Montpelier 3/14/18 DD
AEF Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

12663/13 William D. Norris Pvt Co. M, 335 Inf. Montpelier 11/9/18 DD
AEF Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

12962/13 Ernest Oxenrider Pvt 147 Inf. Bryan 9/28/18 KIA
AEF Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfauson, Meuse, France

15044/15 Otis Schaffter Pvt Co. E, 329 Inf. Edon 1/30/18 DD
US Edon-Florence Cemetery, Edon, Ohio

15423/15 Harry F. Seelig Pvt Co. I, 18 Inf. Montpelier 7/18/18 KIA
AEF Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

15697/16 Thomas H. Shetler Pvt Btry B, 10 FA Alvordton 2/09/18 DD
US Olive Branch Cemetery, Millcreek Township, Williams County, Ohio

15710/16 Glen D. Shinabarger Pvt Co. A, 308 Am Tn Pioneer 10/22/18 DD
AEF Floral Grove Cemetery - Pioneer, Ohio

3529411 Sheldon Skees Pvt Medical Dept. Cp. Sherman Stryker 10/06/18 DD
US Boynton Cemetery, Springfield Township, Williams Co., OH

16131/16 John D. Smith Pvt Co. I, 101 Inf. Edgerton 10/24/18 DW
AEF Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

16289/16 Otis Snyder Pvt 2 Co., 1 BN. 158 Dep. Brig. Bryan 10/10/18 DD
AEF Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan, Ohio

16361/16 George L. Spake Pvt 7 Aero Sq. Sig. C Edon 7/01/18 DNB
US Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

16552/16 Elsa O. Starr Pvt Co. F, 5 Prov. BN Montpelier 10/14/18 DD
US Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

16828/17 Boyd Stoneburner Pvt Co. B, 11 Inf. Edon 11/07/18 KIA
AEF Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfauson, Meuse, France

16866/17 Earl R. Stratton Pvt Co. M, 335 Inf Bryan 10/22/18 DD
AEF Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan, Ohio

16912/17 Joseph J. Strong Pvt Co. G, 104 Inf Stryker 10/26/18 DW
AEF St. Peters Catholic Cemetery, Archbold, Ohio

17403/17 Leroy Throne Pvt Co. I, 101 Inf. Montpelier 10/25/18 KIA
AEF Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfauson, Meuse, France

17932/18 Frank R. Vollmer Pvt Co. M, 358 Inf. Bryan 10/27/18 KIA
AEF Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery, Romagne-sous-Montfauson, Meuse, France

18315/18 George M. Weber Pvt Co. C, 357 Inf Bryan 11/09/19 DD
AEF Brown Cemetery, Center Township, Williams County, Ohio

19229/19 Earl L. Yackee Pvt Hq Co. 124 MG Bn Stryker 8/20/18 Drowned
AEF Oakwood Cemetery, Stryker, Ohio

NAVY

494/20 Lee A. Donze CBM Naval Hosp., Ft. Lyons, CO Bryan 2/18/20 DD
US Farmer Cemetery, Farmer Township, Defiance County, Ohio

1839/21 Ward E. Sewell S2c Naval Tng Cp, Charleston, SC Edgerton 3/14/18 Drowned
US West Buffalo Cemetery, Florence Township, Williams County, Ohio

MARINE

155/22 Donald H. Dailey Stationed New Orleans, LA Bryan 10/09/18 DD
US Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan, Ohio

WORLD WAR TWO

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WORLD WAR TWO
WILLIAMS COUNTY VETERANS
PROFILES OF ACTION

As you enter this section, I begin with a review of the part our men and women played in this period of the world's history.

Olen Walker, Bryan, was one of 18 men dropped into Normandy prior to the D-Day Invasion to mark the drop zones for their fellow paratroopers of the 82nd Airborne.

Lyle Zeiters, Montpelier, was one of the first ten men to reach the Remagen Bridge. He was a member of the 89th Cavalry, 9th Armored Division.

Ernest Gentit, Bryan, served with the 15th Army Air Force, 348th Squadron, 99th Bomb Group. He flew as a bombardier and made five trips to Ploesti, Rumania over the oil fields. Ernie was the lead bombardier for the Invasion of Southern France. He flew 51 missions. Ernie flew in a B-17 Flying Fortress named the "Glimmering Gal."

Lowell Bowers, Alvordton, was a member of the U.S. Navy serving on the USS English. This destroyer served in the Pacific Theater. Lowell was at the Invasion of Okinawa and said he would never forget the kamikaze planes and the massive pre-invasion barrage by all the ships on the landing beach. After Okinawa, his ship would be the first surface ship to re-enter Toyko Bay on a 'search and destroy' mission of a radar installation at the mouth of the bay in preparation for the Invasion of Japan.

David Howey, Bryan, was in the Army Air Force serving on Guam. He handled the first atomic bomb off the USS Indianapolis transferring it to the hanger in preparation for the loading of it in the Enola Gay. At the time, he had no knowledge what was in the wooden crates. Everything was top security and no loose talk was permitted.

Robert Greek, Montpelier, was in the 69th Infantry Division. They would be the first American troops to meet up with the Russian troops at the Elbe River in Germany in 1945. He was at the Buchenwald Concentration Camp.

Ralph Rigg, Bryan, was a pilot of a B-24 Liberator, based in Italy. He flew 35 missions. He flew four missions over the Ploesti oil fields. He would receive a Presidential Unit Citation for his efforts during his 12th mission.

Lester Huber, Bryan, fought in North Africa, Normandy, and the Ardennes Campaigns. His most memorable period was the Battle of the Bulge.

Tynni Hummel, West Unity, was a member of the Navy's WAVES program. She trained pilots in the LINK Pilot Trainer in Texas. This was the trainer that taught pilots how to fly by instruments only.

Eleanor Newcomer, Bryan, served with the WAVES as a commissioned Naval officer. She served with the communications office of the 13th Naval District in Seattle, Washington.

Mary Flightner, Bryan, was an Army Nurse serving at Camp Campbell, Kentucky. This was where they brought back the boys from the European theater who had served with the 5th Army Infantry to recuperate.

Mildred Howey, Bryan, was in the Army Nurses Corps and served with the 148th General Hospital on the Island of Saipan in the Pacific Theater. She recalled the numerous casualties that came in after the battles for Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

Hilda (Fox) Chadbourne, Edon, was an Army Nurse serving from May 1941 until March 1946. She would see action in the United States, North Africa, Europe, and the Pacific Theater.

Denver Lee and Kenneth Bowman, Montpelier, were both members of the 32nd Infantry Division in the South Pacific. They saw action in New Guinea and the Philippines. Ken was attached to the 126th Infantry Regiment and Denver was with the 127th Infantry Regiment. They never met one another during the war even though they fought within four miles of one another.

Harold Jones, Montpelier, was a Lighter than Air Aviator with the U.S. Navy. He flew blimps on submarine patrol and search and rescue missions along the North and South American coastlines as well as in the Caribbean.

Ted Smith, Edon, was also a Lighter than Air Aviator flying blimps in the European Theater of Operation.

Hilda Fox and Hillis Fox, Edon, were the first brother/sister combination to be in the service from the county during the war.

Hubert Hutchison, West Unity, was a Navy Seabee and participated in the Invasion of Tinian.

Grant Brown, Bryan, was a member of the 292nd Field Artillery Observation Battalion seeing action in the Central Europe and Rhineland Campaigns. He was at Dachau concentration camp just three days after liberation. He told of the thousands of dead, nude bodies, the filth, stench, and horror. It was beyond reason.

George Thielan, Bryan, and Louis Woodriff, Pioneer, were with the U.S. Marines on Iwo Jima. Louis was at the base of Mt. Suribachi and George was half way up the mountain, when the U.S. Flag was raised for the first time.

There is much more to learn. This is just the tip of the iceberg. We can be very proud of our local contribution to the war effort. We can be very proud of all of our local servicemen and women. Just read on...

AREA VETERANS SHARE MILITARY EXPERIENCE OF WORLD WAR TWO

"K-Rations and Navy Beans, A Look at Military Life during World War II" saw its second presentation on October 20, in West Unity. The local WWII Education Committee set up the program for the students of the Hilltop Junior and Senior High Schools. The assembly was conducted by area veterans, who shared their personal experiences with the young people.

HUBERT HUTCHISON enlisted with the U.S. Navy on August 21, 1943 and was sent to Camp Perry, Virginia to complete Boot Camp. After his basic training, he went to Camp Endicott near Providence, Rhode Island and here did additional advance training. He would next report to Gulf Port, Mississippi, where his training battalion was dismantled and he was assigned to the 593rd Construction Battalion Maintenance Unit. They were known generically as the "SEABEES".

Hubert's unit started with 312 men and officers and they shipped out to Port Hueneme near Oxnard, California. On April 22, 1944, his unit boarded ship for the trip to Honolulu, Hawaii.

They arrived at Pearl Harbor and remained here until June 18, 1944, when they would again board ship and rendezvoused at Eniwetok Atoll for the Invasion of Tinian on August 2, 1944. He would go over the side and down the hemp ladder into the landing craft and see combat action during the campaign.

He was based on Tinian Island, where he did maintenance work keeping the air strips in repair for the big B-29 Army Bombers. This was the field which would see the Enola Gay launch to carry the first atomic bomb to the city of Hiroshima in August, 1945.

As of January 7, 1945, his unit was sent to Arote Point, Guam, until the end of the war. He lived at Camp Baxter named after a fallen comrade killed in action. He was glad the war ended for his unit was slated to be involved in the invasion of the Japanese homeland. But, because of the dropping of the two atomic bombs, and the Japanese surrender, this became unnecessary.

Hubert then shipped back home via California, then by train to Chicago. He would finished out his tour of duty working shore patrol at the Great Lakes Naval Center from January 12, 1945 to April 5, 1946.

Mr. Hutchison was a Carpenter Mate 3rd Class and earned a monthly salary of $21 of which he sent half home. He shared the various mementos and artifact he had kept from his service time. He talked about the Navy uniform and its design as a personal flotation device. V-mail, and while still in high school of purchasing copies of the Toledo Blade and Bryan paper of the Pearl Harbor attack for three cents each. He showed the students these papers which are still in very good shape for being 53 years old. He completed his talk by stating how proud he was to have served his country and be part of the 593rd CBMU of which only about 50 of his unit now remain alive.

TYNNI HUMMEL was a member of the U. S. Navy WAVES. Her specific job was training Navy pilot cadets to fly blind, by this she meant to fly by instruments. The reason for this type of training was to allow American pilots to fly over the open ocean and in all weather conditions.

Tynni was a First Specialist Tech, 1st Class, by rank and her specific duty was LINK pilot trainer. She simply called herself a teacher and worked with many men who had to pass her course to move on to the next level of training. She earned $50 per month.

She enlisted in 1943 and after completing her basic training and advance courses was stationed at Camp Chase near Bieville, Texas until her discharge in 1945. She never served overseas she told the students, but many of the student cadets she taught she was sure saw overseas action.

She shared many pictures and personal mementos of those years of her life. She told of various activities she and her friends did on liberty. The USO Club was a favorite spot for many enlisted people. She also said that while there, she went to Corpus Christi, where she saw her first rodeo.

Tynni was born of Finnish parents in the Copper Country of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. She attended school in a small four room school house in which all twelve grades were taught. Upon her graduation, she attended Northern State Teachers College and graduated with a degree in Home Economics.

The war arrived in 1942, the WAVES were established to help alleviate the manpower shortages. She enlisted in 1943, taking advantage of the opportunity to use her education as

a teacher and help her country all at the same time.

She then went over various personal papers and other visual aids of her military experience. She answered questions and talked with the students after the assembly had finished.

ELEANOR NEWCOMER a native of Chicago, was teaching school when the U.S. Navy offered to train anyone with a college degree and could pass the very tough entrance exam to become a naval officer. So in December of 1942, Eleanor not only passed the women's exam, but; she also passed the men's as well. She then had to get her physical examination and when completed, she with seven other volunteers were sworn into the Naval Reserve.

She then went back home and was working at her civilian job until March of 1943, when she received orders to report to Holyoke, Massachusetts. She boarded the train and arrived at Mount Holyoke College, which had been taken over by the navy for the duration of the war.

Being Navy Reserve, they referred to them as "90 day wonders" and taught them naval history, the mysteries of when and when not to salute, marched them for miles and drilled them in formations as well as standing at attention for hours for the Captain's inspection. She recalled climbing the rope ladders, learning the navy lingo such as "deck" for floor, "ladder" for stairway, "Hold" for basement, "Head" for bathroom. She also learned the names of various types of ships and aircraft and the related data of their sizes, shapes, and navy abbreaviations. At the time, she did not realize that all this training would be vary useful when she would settle into her assignment in a code room translating lines of jibberish into plain English.

In the meantime, she recalled how their rooms and persons had to be groomed to a gnat's eyebrow. Hair just so, no jewelry, uniform in perfect condition. And on Saturday morning came the infamous inspection with the white glove treatment. Woe be the midshipman whose space housed DUST! That meant restrictions of your liberty time. But she admitted all this fussiness had a purpose. All sailors were treated alike and the purpose was to train all to be tidy. She related that being on board ship where lines, winches, gun mounts, and other assorted obstacles, anything that is out of place invites danger and accidents. Thus, stringent discipline was for the good of all.

Finally, ninety days had passed and she had not washed out of the program. She graduated and received her commission as Ensign and was sent to the 13th Naval District in Seattle, Washington to the communications office on the seventh deck of the large office building downtown. She recalled how the ports (windows) overlooked Puget Sound, which was full of ships, shipyards, and ferries coming and going, which fascinated her.

Eleanor's work consisted of decoding messages for her area, typing them up and encoding the answers, if any. Due to radio transmission difficulties and mistakes, the dispatches often did not make sense, so they had to be detectives at times to unscramble the garble, but they could not stray too far from the original. Sometimes hours were spent before they gave up and asked for a retransmission of the message.

Delivery of messages was generally no problem within the building, but just in case they ever had to make a delivery out of the building, all of the WAVES were taken down to the Seattle Police HQ's and taught how to fire a service revolver. Generally, men in the office would deliver the outside messages. But, one day she recalled there were no men available and she had to make an outside delivery. She strapped on her holster and tucked the "Top Secret" message to the Bremetton Navy Yard into the inside pocket of her uniform and headed

out on her mission. Navy personnel saluted her but workmen on many of the ships did not and instead she was serenaded with one chorus after another of a popular song at the time called "Pistol Packing Mama". Embarrassed as well as nervous, she finally located her target ship, an aircraft carrier, and completed her mission. She related how all of her friends thought her gun slinging episode was hilarious and later on so did she.

They worked rotating watches. First, for two days from 4 p.m. to midnight, the busiest watch of the day for messages. Then they were off duty for 24 hours before reporting again at midnight and working until eight in the morning for two days. Then they were off 24 hours to recover before reporting for two days of duty from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m. in the afternoon. This was followed by 48 hours off duty.

She said they always put their time off to good use going mushroom hunting, picking wild strawberries, learning to ski, or whatever came up. And she recalled sad times when reports came in of friends, brothers, fiances that were reported either lost or missing in action. But being with the group that understood the situation always helped in these matters. She recalled how glad and proud she was making a contribution and making friends for the rest of her life.

She then shared the story of attending a reunion with her husband Arthur, also a navy veteran. His destroyer crew (DD530-USS TRATHAN) had been engaged in many of the battles in the South Pacific. She said a kamikaze pilot nearly had got them in one of the engagements during the war. On their return trip home for repairs, they broke down. But, they improvised and adapted to get their ship home safely.

Eleanor was a member of the WAVES, Women Accepted for Voluntary Enlisted Service. They came from all walks of life and were 18 to 30 years of age. The purpose of the WAVES was to free up men for overseas or ship board duty. She was very glad she passed that exam back in 1942, for while the war was being fought, the service was the place to be. She ended on this point and answered questions from the student body.

WILLIAM 'TED' STIPE

received the request of his service from Uncle Sam on April 26, 1945. He graduated from Hilltop High School in 1944. His class had 15 members of which seven were boys and six served in the military during the war.

He would be sent to Ft. McClellan, Alabama, for his basic training. Here, he learned the "Army way" drilling and marching, marching, marching a little farther. He was qualified in using the M-1 Garand rifle, Browning Automatic rifle, mortar, bazooka and other basic skills of an infantryman.

Ted was ultimately sent to Hawaii and based near Honolulu at Fort Derussey. Ted was a Staff Sergeant and in the military police, where he acted as a installation guard patrolling the Army piers on Sand Island.

Ted recounted how being a rural country boy and suddenly being out in the world was quite a personal experience. You really came to realize just how big the world really was and various places that you only before read about, many Americans were now seeing first hand.

He commented on how important it was for all the support received from both the Home Front as well as the various special branches of the service to keep the men on the Front Lines supplied to complete their missions and win the war.

He shared the story of how when he looked out in the parking lot, there were over 60

vehicles today. When he graduated, there were only three vehicles in the parking lot, most of the teachers walked to school because of rationing of rubber and gasoline. It was really important to save your vehicle for important trips.

He encouraged the students to talk with their grandparents who served from the area. He mentioned two local veterans who had been shot down over Europe during bombing missions. Richard Oberlin and Victor Klopfenstein were both captured by the Germans and were POW's for nearly a year before being liberated. Ted returned home via San Francisco and by train to Chicago. Upon arriving at Ft. Sheridan, he was discharged December 29, 1946.

NORTH CENTRAL STUDENTS LEARN OF WORLD WAR TWO EXPERIENCES

North Central students learned personally the effort necessary to win the Second World War on Thursday, November 17, 1994. Area veterans attended the special program arranged by the WWII Education Committee and presented biographical sketches of their service during the war years. The students were also allowed to view a special commemorative poster exhibition covering the home front, women's recruiting posters, military artist viewpoints, and the European and Pacific Theater's of conflict.

MERVE DICK was a 1940 graduate of Pioneer High School. He was inducted with four other area men at the same time in October of 1940. They were Paul Case, Daniel Kuzmaul, Rex Rutledge, and Raymond Coon. They entered the service via Camp Atterbury, Indiana and were sent for basic training at Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky. They were to become members of the 83rd Infantry Division, 330 Infantry Regiment. Mr. Dick shared his account of the various campaigns that his unit fought through during his tour in Europe. He began with the Normandy Invasion, landing at Omaha Beach on June 15, 1944. He would then be in the Brittany, Central Europe, Ardennes (Battle of the Bulge) and Rhineland Campaigns. While fighting in Germany in the Huertgen Forest on December 18, 1944, Mr. Dick would perform beyond the call of duty and receive the Army's "Silver Star" for his action against the enemy.

As the war ended, Mr. Dick found his unit at Zerbst, Germany. Here is where his unit met up with the Russian Troops at the Elbe River. They were only about 45 miles out of Berlin at the time he said; but, they had orders not to move any further into Germany. Mr. Dick would then do "Occupation Duty" prior to being sent home and discharged from the service.

Mr. Dick mentioned the names of the boys from Pioneer High School that were "Killed in Action" during the war. They were Robert Munk, Daniel Kuzmaul, Maurice Kosier, Rex Rutledge, Raymond Coon, and Hal Converse. A memorial plaque has been erected at the new High School gym in their honor as a living memorial to their sacrifice.

LOWELL BOWERS was a West Unity High School graduate of 1944. At the time of his graduation, he was only 17 years old. He wasted no time and enlisted into the U.S. Navy. He would complete Boot Camp at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, Illinois. He was then sent west by train and loaded upon the Troop Ship U.S.S. Lamar (AP 47) and set off to an unknown future. He would end up at Eniwetok Island and be assigned as a replacement to the U.S.S. English (DD696). When aboard, the question was asked if any of them were high school grads, Lowell said he was and he was assigned to the Ships Office for his duty station.

His ship was a part of Task Force 38.5 and he was involved in the Invasion of Okinawa on April 1, 1945. He recalled the preinvasion bombardment of the group as they prepared the shore for the actual landing of the troops. It was quite a show he said with all of the shells exploding, the noise, the smoke, the fire. He recalled while engaged in the invasion of

Okinawa, the kamikaze plane attacks by the Japanese. He said that they shot most of them down but a few got through. He shared the story of the destruction of the aircraft carrier 'Bunker Hill'. The fire started from the Kamikaze hitting her which became terrific and many of the men jumped overboard. They began rescue operations and then assisted in fire suppression. The 'Bunker Hill' fire was finally put out but the ship sustained heavy damage and went back to Pearl Harbor for repairs.

As of July 19, 1945, he would find his ship moving into Tokyo Bay. He stated the the U.S.S. English was the first surface ship to return to the bay since the Pearl Harbor attack in 1941. His group was to destroy the radar station that was perched at the entrance of the bay in preparation for the ensuing invasion. This invasion would never take place as the Japanese surrendered after the second atomic bomb being dropped on Nagasaki. After the 'Peace Accords' were signed in Tokyo Bay, he did occupation duty in Japan before being sent back home. He was discharged from Boston on July 4, 1946.

GORDON GORRINGE

is a native of Memphis, Michigan and would graduate from Deckerville, Michigan in 1939. Upon graduating, he moved to Detroit and worked in the N.A. Woolworth Company defense plant. He was an inspector on aircraft engine parts being made for the Wright radial engine. When he started to work at the plant, there were only 70 employees. When he left in December of 1942, there were over 3000 employees.

On June 30, 1942, Gordon took his pre-induction physical to be drafted into the Armed Services. He decided he wanted to be a Naval Aviator, so he studied up and went down to the enlistment office and passed the mental test. He was then sworn into the Navy as an Aviation Cadet in the V-5 program on December 8, 1942. He would go into active duty on March 10, 1943 and received his flight training orders to Wenacthee, Washington. He would receive $75.00 a month pay as a flight cadet. Upon completing his basic, he reported to St. Mary's College near Oakland, California for preflight school. He would next report to the University of Oklahoma at Norman for flight training in N2S Yellow Perils. Here he learned navigation, airology, and communications techniques. After a short stint at the Naval Air Station in Corpus Christi to learn to fly by instrument and advance flight training, he graduated in September 1944 and received his commission as Ensign and his Naval Aviator Wings.

Gordon would see various other camps and stations to complete his operational training prior to picking up his PBM-5 Martin Mariner. His crew would fly to North Island Naval Air Station near San Diego, California before being ordered overseas to Kanehoe on the island of Hawaii. In February, 1945, his crew received orders to fly to the Philippine Islands by way of Johnson Island, Kwajalein, Saipan, and Ulithi. They joined squadron VPB 17 and immediately began operational duties. The would fly low level patrol duty over the China Sea to interdict and destroy any Japanese shipping.

In early July of 1945, he received orders to locate off Tawi Tawi in the southern Philippines to fly anti submarine patrols in the daylight to cover the Invasion of Borneo. The invasion force consisted of American ships and Australian troops. The Japanese fought fiercely to keep from being pushed into the jungle because the head hunters hated the Japanese. A week after the Japanese surrendered, his squadron was ordered to Shanghai, China to ferry in medical supplies and aid in the surrender of Japanese forces. Three weeks after arriving in Shanghai, his crew received orders for the United States. Gordon would do flying in the Naval Reserves until 1954. He would then become a permanent civilian.

MARY JUSTINE JOHNSON

known to most people around Bryan as Johnny Flightner, was a native of Ohio City, Van Wert County, Ohio. She would graduate from High School in the Spring of 1941 and would enter Nurses training in September at the Fort Wayne Methodist School of Nursing. After three years of year-round training, she graduated in September of

1944. She would then pass her board exams for RN status and talked with the military recruiters about possible service.

March 10, 1945, she reported to Baer Field, Fort Wayne, Indiana for her physical. After taking her Induction Oath, she was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Army Nurses Corps. She received orders to report to Ft. Knox, Kentucky for basic training along with 31 other nurses from the Fifth Service Command. Upon arrival, they received their identification card and dog tags, uniforms, immunizations, and orientation classes. She was 'In the Army Now!'

In the next 25 days, she learned everything that a nurse needed to know to survive wherever she would be assigned in the future. She commented on the ideas of courtesy, discipline, care of self and the uniform, honor, duty, and medical department organization. They learned their role in soldier care and morale development and how to rely on the Chaplain to keep all in good spirits.

Following graduation from basic, she was assigned to the 1580th Station Hospital at Camp Campbell, Kentucky. The 5th Infantry Division was being returned from the European Theater of the war to the camp and personnel were being increased to care for the men. While in the duty station, she was assigned to the burn facility as well as the surgery unit. Mary's various ward duties included the infected wound unit, medical, surgical, and psychiatric wards.

After several months of duty in Camp Campbell, she was advised that she was one of the nurses to be included in the formation of a general hospital for overseas duty. She was instructed to buy the equipment and overseas clothing, learn how to swim, and sent home for five days of leave. But with the end of the war in Europe on May 8, 1945, the formation of the hospital was canceled. They would now only be sent overseas on an individual basis as replacements. And with the ending of the war on August 15, 1945, a rapid reduction of military forces began and she received her orders for discharge. She was sent to Ft. Sheridan, Illinois for separation.

From the service, she returned to the Cameron Hospital in Bryan, Ohio before going to the Aro Corporation as their Occupational Health nurse for 33-1/2 year career. Even though her military service was limited, she always cherished the opportunity to serve her country and the many lasting relationships and friends she made.

EDON HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS GET A PERSONAL LOOK AT MILITARY LIFE

The World War Two Education Project was at Edon High School on January 26, 1995. Hilda Chadbourne and John Foster shared their personal exploits of overseas service during the war. Their theme was "K-Rations and Navy Beans, A Personal Look at Military Life during the Second World War.

HILDA CHADBOURNE was an Army nurse from May 1, 1941 to March 22, 1946. Born in Williams County, she would graduate with brother Hillis Fox from Edon High School in 1936. Hillis would enter the service and Hilda felt she had to so her part and followed by entering the Nurse's Corps. She would report to Ft. Hayes, Columbus, Ohio. She would then be sent to Ft. Knox, Kentucky for basic training and attached to the 1560th Hospital for the next year. Once, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, she was notified that she would be in for the duration. She was next sent to Camp Atterbury, Indiana and would assist in setting up the hospital for the camp. On July 17, 1943, the 118th Station Hospital was organized and immediately received orders to ship out by train at night for Camp Shanks, New Jersey. She would board the "George W. Goethals" troop ship and off she went to North Africa landing in

Algeria on September 2, 1943 and would spend the next 37 days there. By October 10, she was assigned to Naples, Italy and told of being assisted by GI's as they waded the surf through the mined beaches. She recalled her first meal being c-rations with the local ants. They set up their hospital in the vacated Catholic Hospital overlooking the city. She recalled Mt. Vesuvius erupting while stationed at Naples. After V-E Day, the 118th Station Hospital was closed down and Hilda reported to Marseille, France aboard the Hospital ship "Ernest Hinds". She would then embark on the "Admiral Coontz" and sailed for the Pacific theater via the Panama Canal.

She would arrive Pearl Harbor on August 12, 1945 and two days later the Japanese surrendered. But, she was ordered on to Okinawa after passing through the Marshall Islands, Saipan, Guam, and Ulithi in the Caroline group. She shared the story of the harsh conditions on Okinawa and surviving three typhoons which had wind speeds of up to 112 mph. By October 14, 1945, she boarded the "General Omar Bundy" and was homeward bound. She would be discharged from the Des Moines, Iowa separation center March 22, 1946. She spent two years, eight months, ten days stateside duty, and two years, two months, eleven days foreign service. A little over three months was spent on five different troop or hospital ships. She was very proud of her time serving her nation and concluded sharing personal mementos and war souvenirs.

JOHN FOSTER graduated from Edon High School in 1942 and would be drafted in May of 1943 at the age of 18. After some testing, he was placed into the Army Specialized Training Program. He was inducted at Camp Perry, Ohio and sent to Ft. Benning, Georgia for basic training. When he arrived at Ft. Benning, they found it the way it had been left during its WWI days. They had to rough it from day one. He would spend from May to October 1943 in basic infantry training. John was next sent to the Citadel Military College of South Carolina until March of 1944, when the basic engineering program was dropped. At this point, he was assigned to the 100th Infantry Division at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. He would be a member of the 2nd platoon, Company E, 398th Regiment and trained through September 1944. They would then be sent to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey to be readied for overseas duty in Europe. October 5, 1944, they sailed from New York City and arrived in Marseille, France after crossing the Atlantic in 15 days.

They would immediately be given orders to march 450 miles north and put into the front lines on November 1, 1944 to replace troops of the 45th Division. They would move through the Alsace-Lorraine region of France toward the fortress city of Bitche, the southern anchor city of the Maginot Line. He recalled it was cold and wet, they were never warm. All they had to eat at the time was c-rations until they were gone, then k-rations. He explained what they were and how used by the troops.

In December, they made a major push for Bitche, attacking following both an artillery and air bombardment to assist in softening the fortifications. The fighting was very hard and by December 24, they received orders to pull back to defensive positions because of the activity up north. The Battle of the Bulge was happening and troops were needed to fill in the lines. John said, his division became responsible for covering the front normally handled by two divisions. By this point in the fighting, his unit had gone from 42 men to just 19. He recalled the cold and the snow all winter long. Finally, they resumed offensive operations on March 1, 1945 and his company would enter Bitche on March 16th. They would cross the Rhine River and fought in Germany through Mannheim, Schorndorf, and ended up at Stuttgart by V-E Day.

John would then be sent back to Fountainbleu, France on May 12 to attend Officers Candidate School. He would complete the program and be commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant on July 14, 1945. He would be sent onto Le Havre, France for shipping home. John departed on August 18, 1945 and arrived in the U.S. on August 27. It was great to be back in America.

He would go on to Camp Blanding, Florida as training officer until the base was closed in December 1945. He would be reassigned to Ft. McClellan, Alabama as training officer until April 1946. At this time, he was sent home via Camp Atterbury, Indiana and discharged from the service. Mr. Foster shared personal souvenirs captured from German forces and also shared with the students the names of the men from Edon High School who lives were lost during the war. They were J.W. "Jay" Ingram, Burl J. Knapp, Ercil F. Eyster, Maurice R. Lovejoy, Robert L. Hake, and Walter Dirrim. A special memorial was erected shortly after the war on the northwest corner of the school grounds in their honor.

VETERANS RELATES WWII EXPERIENCES

The World War Two Education Project was at the Montpelier Middle School on December 8th to share the story of the contributions of Williams County veterans with the students. The fifth and sixth graders heard from Mrs. MILDRED HOWEY of Bryan. She was born in Wallen, Allen County, Indiana in 1915. She would come to graduate from Columbus City High School in 1933. She then attended Methodist Episcopal Hospital School of Nursing in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. graduating in 1937. She would work at the Elkhart Hospital prior to going to Brooklyn, New York in 1939.

She enlisted into the Army Nurses Corps on March 1, 1943 in New York. She would be sent initially to Walla Walla, Washington working in the general hospital. She was then transferred to Camp Stoneman near San Francisco and completed her basic training. She would ship out to Hawaii, stationed near Honolulu and here be assigned to the 148th General Hospital. Upon her units organization, she was sent to the island of Saipan in the Marianas group. Her she would take care of the critically injured soldiers and sailors from the various campaigns of the war. She spoke specifically of the casualties from Iwo Jima and Okinawa. She recalled how the men coming from the front had very serious injuries and working many 24 hour shifts. She likewise shared many anecdotal stories of her experiences overseas with the students.

Unknown to her at the time, her future husband was stationed on the island of Guam approximately 250 miles from Saipan. He was in the Air Force and after their marriage in 1945 and back home in the states, told of his experience hauling the atomic bomb off of the U.S.S. Indianapolis to its shore installation in preparation for the dropping of the bomb on Japan. Mrs. Howey would be discharged from the Army on February 3, 1946.

Upon her returning to the states, she would return to Bryan and begin her civilian career as the Bryan city nurse prior to starting her family. She would have two daughters, Patricia and Karen. She ultimately worked for the Ohio Art Company as their nurse for 20 years before retiring in 1980. She was proud of her accomplishments and time in the military and if need be prepared to do it again.

Speaking to the seventh and eighth graders was Mrs. Eleanor Newcomer, a member of the W.A.V.E.S. This was the female element of the U.S. Navy during the war to help allievate the manpower shortage and free up men for overseas and ship board duty. Mrs. Newcomer tested for the service in 1942 and upon her passing her exams, entered the Navy in 1943. She would graduate with her commission as Ensign and be assigned to the 13th Naval District in Seattle, Washington working in the communication room encoding and decoding messages. Please see October 27, 1994, Page six, "Bryan Times", for further insights on Mrs. Newcomer's military experiences. She had previously assisted with the Hilltop High School program in West Unity.

SELWYN 'BUD' CLARK was a native of Williams County and began his talk around what wasn't here during the 'war years'. No fast food restaurants, no super highways, just rural America. Mr. Clark would enlist into the service in May of 1941 in Toledo, Ohio. He was sent to

Ft. Hayes in Columbus and sworn into the service. He was to complete his basic training at Bowman Field in Louisville, Kentucky. Upon completing his training, he would be assigned to Baer Field in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. He would embark upon a three month convoy taking him to Louisiana, North Carolina, and back to Baer Field. He would be just home on leave, when news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor would occur. Naturally, orders were issued for all servicemen to get back to base.

He would see his group sent to what is today Edwards Air Force Base in California. By train, they would then go to San Francisco and shipped out by troop ship to Australia. Although at the time, their destination was unknown to the majority on the ship. Once in enemy waters, he told of the submarine attacks and the 27 days on the ocean and seeing nothing but water. Finally, they landed at Brisbane, where they got a short liberty before heading out again to Melbourne. Once here, they loaded onto trains which took them to their final base. They would ultimately convoy across the interior, which was nothing but barren, desolate wasteland.

He told the students about his host family he quartered with initially upon arriving in Australia. One day Mr. Hunter took him rabbit hunting and handed him a rifle. They traveled to where the rabbits were and he could not believe how many were there. Hundreds were in the area. They were so numerous, they were considered pest and hunted to control their numbers. He also told of the fly problem. They were so thick in various places that you had to wear a net screen to keep them out of your eyes and other body openings. Eating was especially fun trying to keep the flies out of your food.

Mr. Clark was assigned to the 5th Army Air Corp, 46th HQ Service Group. He was the HQ clerk during his overseas tour. Due to his frontline station, he would be sent home based on the point system, to Camp Stoneman, California. He would then receive 17 days liberty and went home for the first time in three years. From home, he would go to Miami Beach, Florida and then to Greensboro, North Carolina. He worked as a personnel clerk helping to process men being sent to the European theater. He would be discharged from Greensboro in September, 1945 and home in time for the Williams County Fair.

AREA VETERANS TELL of PERSONAL EXPERIENCES in PACIFIC THEATER

Students and faculty of Montpelier High School were the recipients of two area veterans personal experiences during their duty in the Pacific Theater. Grace Kennedy of Bryan and Denver Lee of Montpelier spoke as part of the World War Two Education Project.

GRACE KENNEDY

was a member of the Womens Army Corps and served as a cryptographer with the AF WEST PAC Signal Corp serving General Douglas MacArthur HQ's during her tour. Grace entered basic training at Daytona Beach, Florida and completed administration school in Texas. At Fort Olgothrope in Georgia, she learned the trade of signal cryptographer. She initially learned the codes for the European theater but was prepared for all situations. She then received orders to report to San Francisco and on to the Pacific Theater after a short stint of overseas duty training to prepare her for the rigors to come.

She would first land at Honolulu, Hawaii, where she shared the story of the destruction of the naval base at Pearl Harbor. While going over, she was ship board for 21 days and sea sick for many of these days. They would then leave for Brisbane, Australia before arriving at her first duty assignment at Port Moresby, New Guinea for six months. As the islands were secured, she would be based at Hollandia, New Guinea at MacArthur's HQ. From here, the Corp moved onto the Leyte Campaign in the Philippine Islands. She would finally end up based out of Manila, once the area had been secured by U.S. Forces.

She shared with the students the living conditions and weather they endured. Rain, it seemed all the time. While in the Philippines, she shared the story of scavenger hunting one day in the Manila Post Office. There she found Japanese occupation money which had been printed for New Guinea, Australia, the Philippines, and the United States. She showed this script to the students. The city, she recalled, was nothing but rubble and the stench of rotting flesh permeated the air.

She also shared her feelings to the students as the reports were being returned from the front lines during the Iwo Jima and Okinawa invasions. The casualties reported were enormous and many could not believe the reports. She told the students how she felt sick for two days after receiving the news because of the heavy losses. This was one of the important reasons the Atomic Bomb was used by the U.S. The estimates for casualties to invade the Japanese Homeland were set at nearly one million American lives.

Mrs. Kennedy was discharged from the service in January of 1946. She would use her GI Bill to obtain a college education. She was very proud of her tour and gained quite an education seeing many places of the Pacific.

DENVER LEE

was a 1938 graduate of Montpelier High School. He would serve with the 32nd Infantry Division, 127th Infantry Regiment, Company B during his overseas action. This was the famed Red Arrow Division. He would enter the service in 1941 completing his basic at Camp Walters, near Dallas, Texas. He would then report to Ft. Devens, Boston, Massachusetts because he thought they were going to Europe. Things were happening in the Pacific and orders were received for his unit to report instead to Camp Ord, near San Francisco. There destination was to be the South Pacific under General MacArthur's command. They boarded the troop ship "Mt. Vernon" on April 22, 1942. After 30 days at sea, they landed at Adelaide, Australia. They stayed at Sandy Creek and were issued leave and told how they were treated like movie stars by the locals. They were so happy to have help for fear of the Japanese invading soon. They would regroup and be assigned to Port Moresby, New Guinea. The first combat was fought at Buna on the other side of the island from their base. His regiment were the first troops to be flown into action over the Owen Stanley Mountains. The fighting was intense and the Japanese gave the unit the name of the "Bloody Butchers of Buna". Denver told the students, they went in with 180 men in his group and after the fighting only 19 walked out. The division was sent back to refit before more action in New Guinea at Finchaven, Ataipe, the Drinimor River, and the Hollandia perimeter.

The unit would next see action in the Philippines on Leyte killing over 8000 enemy soldiers before securing their mission. Their next assignment was on the island of Luzon, where they were part of the Lingayen Gulf landing on January 9, 1945. The Japanese would finally surrender and General Yamishita turned himself in to the 128th Regiment of the 32nd Division. General Yamishita was later tried for war crimes and hung to death. Denver would end up in Manila, when the first Atom Bomb was dropped. A week later, he was heading for home stopping at Pearl Harbor. As a foot soldier, he had traveled approximately 33,000 miles by water, 15,000 miles by rail, and 600 miles by air. His unit was to become MacArthur's Color Guard during the Japanese Occupation. His unit had 13,000 hours of combat, more time than any other division in the war spanning 543 days. Denver was discharged in August, 1945 and became a plumber serving the Montpelier area prior to his retirement.

A GRATEFUL NATION REMEMBERS

Students of the Bryan History Department learned first hand about the events and experiences of veterans during WWII. On Thursday, March 16, 1995, seven local vets gave talks on their military service. Speakers were ERNEST GENTIT, 1942-45, Army Air Force,

Bombardier of B-17 'Glittering Gal' based out of Tortorella, Italy. 51 Missions. Lead bombardier of the Invasion of Southern France. MILDRED HOWEY, 1943-46 Army Nurses Corps, 148th General Hospital on the island of Saipan. MARY FLIGHTNER, March 1945 until the end of the war served with the Army Nurses Corps. Ft. Knox, Kentucky and the 1580th Hospital at Ft. Campbell, Kentucky. HILDA (FOX) CHADBOURNE, 1941-46, Army Nurses Corps, Ft. Knox, Kentucky, Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Assigned to the 118th Station Hospital sent overseas. Oran, Algeria in North Africa, Naples, Italy, Marseille, France. Then ordered to Japan after V-E Day. She went via the Panama Canal to Pearl Harbor. She arrived August 12, 1945. Japan surrendered two days later but here orders were for Japan. Thus, via the Marshall Islands, Guam, Saipan, the Caroline Islands, finally arriving in Okinawa. New orders caught up with her and she was homeward bound being discharged from the Des Moines, Iowa separation center.

HAROLD JONES was a naval aviator during the war. He flew blimps all along the North American and South American coastlines as well as in the Caribbean. His primary duties were air search and rescue and submarine patrol. Harold entered the navy at the Chicago recruiting station in June, 1942. He would be accepted for flight training in the V-5 aviation cadet program. From August of '42 to June of '43, Harold completed all of his demanding training and was commissioned an Ensign in the U.S. Navy Air Corps at Moffet Field, California near San Francisco. He was ordered onto Lakehurst, New Jersey and here assigned his airship K-36. September of '43 saw him flying to Brazil for their first duty. In January of '44, the airship crashed in the fog as Cabo Frio, Brazil. He was injured and would not return to duty until March of '44. He would continue patrol duties until August of '44, when he was ordered back to Lakehurst, New Jersey to attend engineering training at the Hedron School. By November of '44, he was assigned to various special duties at Fisher Island in Long Island, New York, South Weymouth Naval Air Station in Massachusetts, and ended up in Memphis, Tennessee Naval Air Station in August of '45, when the war ended. Harold would be discharged from the navy via the Great Lakes Naval Center in January of 1946.

KENNETH BOWMAN was drafted in November of 1941. By December 10th, he was inducted at Ft. Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis. He was sent by train to Camp Roberts, California for basic and upon completion was assigned to the 32nd Division, 126th Infantry Regiment. They traveled to Sán Francisco and boarded the "Luraliner" troop ship headed for Hawaii. They arrived Pearl Harbor and got provisions before going to Adelaide, Australia arriving May of 1942. He would see various camps in Australia and received amphibious training at Sidney. They would then be ordered to New Guinea in November of 1942 arriving at Port Moresby. They moved out marching over the Owen Stanley mountains and eventually battle the Japanese at Buna. They would return to Australia in February of 1943 to refit the unit and returned to Saidor, New Guinea in January of 1944. By October of 1944, they had secured Hollandia and New Guinea was declared free. They next would see duty in the Philippines in November of 1944 at Leyte and by January of 1945 on the island of Luzon. This is where they would finish out the war, when the Japanese surrendered August 14, 1945. Mr. Bowman told many stories about what life was like as a combat infantryman in the jungle. They lived in the jungle environment with the leeches, mosquitoes, and all the other dangerous plants and animals in addition to the Japanese soldier. Their foxhole was their only home and area of protection. They ate only "C" and "K-rations" and when they entered a village, they might find some fresh food. He shared his various duties while with the division in the field. He was the message center chief responsible for the codes for field operations. He also carried the browning automatic rifle for a while. On the conclusion of the war, Mr. Bowman had accumulated enough points to be sent home and in November of 1945 was discharged from Camp Atterbury, Indiana.

GRANT BROWN

was working at the Citizen National Bank, when in March of 1944 "Uncle Sam" sent his greetings. He was 33 years old and had a family, but did not take a deferment. He stated, "It was the hardest thing I ever did to leave my wife and children". He went to Camp Atterbury, Indiana for induction and completed basic at Camp Bowie in Texas, near Ft. Worth. In November of 1944, he went overseas to England landing at Bournemouth. Then by army truck to Swanage, a little town on the southern coast. By January of 1945, he was sent to France, landing at Le Harve and went to Camp Luckey Strike for staging to the front. Grant was assigned to serve with the 292nd Field Artillery Observation Battalion. They were immediately pushed forward to take part in the Battle of the Bulge. His unit arrived in the area of Saarbrucken, Germany and they operated from here for a short time. The Germans began to retreat rapidly and the U.S. troops pushed forward taking up to 30 miles a day.

His unit would enter Augsburg, Germany and here Grant would experience the Dachau Concentration Camp. It had been liberated three days prior and he described the site for the students as horrible as it was to all present. Piles of dead bodies, the filth, stench, it was beyond reason. The war ended and Grant and a few buddies got a 10 day leave. They went to the Austrian Alps and visited Berstesgarten, Hitler's hide out. Grant shared how he collected the wall handle from the bathroom Hitler used to get in and out of his tub. After leave was over, Grant completed his guard duty in Germany prior to being returned home and discharged from Ft. Bragg, North Carolina in December of 1945.

'I COULD FEEL THE CONCUSSION...'

EXPLOSION JOLTS SAILOR'S MORNING

Max Wheeler was standing on the deck of the USS Cummings, peeling an orange, when he heard a buzzing sound overhead. It was three or four minutes before 8 a.m., and Max had just come up from breakfast in the ship's forward mess hall.

"I thought our own planes were coming in for a practice run,"

he said. But looking up he saw three Japanese aircraft descending at a 35 degree angle.

"They just come out and dropped down. One of them had to square his plane to drop where he wanted to drop."

First one bomb, then two others fell on the Pearl Harbor dry docks area near the Cummings, where the Japanese planes had targeted three World War I destroyers.

"I could have thrown an apple onto where they hit. When they exploded, I could feel the concussion on my pant legs into my shin bones."

A stint in the U.S. Navy that began in January 1940 brought Max to Pearl Harbor for the infamous December 7, 1941 attack. Born and raised northeast of Pioneer, Max had moved to Bryan in 1933 and attended Bryan High School before joining the Navy.

In 1940, Max had served aboard the USS Noah patrolling the Caribbean. From May to September 1941, he attended radio school in San Diego, California. He then was sent to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, where he was stationed aboard the USS Cummings, a destroyer armed with five one gun turrets. The Cummings was so close to the Pearl Harbor dry docks when the

Japanese attacked, Max said that,

"it was scary to see the bombs go off and the smoke come off."

Max said a young ensign - one of only two officers on board the Cummings that morning - looked at him and said,

"This is pretty realistic, isn't it?" "I told him, 'I think this is very serious, sir,' and headed for the bridge."

Although Max and the ensign took different routes, they got to the bridge at about the same time. They sounded all the ship's alarms, Max said.

"Anything that would make a noise, we turned it on." "The Japs were just like flies on sugar, from that point on."

Attacking airplanes came right out of the sun, Max explained.

"The torpedo planes of the Japs were hard to see. The sun wasn't up to high. They had all the advantage there."

"I saw the Oklahoma when she went over,"

Max said. The battleship listed to one side, then sustained more hits and flipped to the other side.

"It had been hit hard, though. They sent six, seven, maybe eight torpedoes into her. The Arizona also sank, but the battleship's guns and superstructure remained above the surface of the shallow water. Those battleships were just furiously burning, columns of smoke were going up. It got to the point that Ford Island was nearly obscured."

A bomb went off underwater near the Cummings, blowing the ship's stabilizer keels about halfway off, Max said. Max and a shipmate, Fred Ott, went out to mount the Cummings' radio antennas.

"We knew we wanted to get them up at that time, rather than get them up after we got out to sea. Of course we were exposing ourselves to shrapnel, but so was everyone else."

Nearby was a young sailor in the harness of a 50-caliber machine gun shooting at the attacking aircraft. He hit one plane, which caught fire and crashed in the shallow harbor.

"He stood there in that gun and jumped up and down and said, ' I got him! I got him!' Then he sobered up and got back at them."

"We finally got our antennas up,"

Max explained.

"The damage they had done to us wasn't all that great - we could get under way. We backed down. We had to be pretty careful, there were a lot of men in the water."

Because of those drifting sailors, the Cummings had to shut down its engines and drift back slowly.

"All those fellows, we tried to get them away from the ship, because we wanted to turn the screws forward, and get out of there. We went slow, so we wouldn't catch someone and pull them into the propellers."

"We got into the channel, just behind another destroyer that was the first one out," Max said. The Cummings sonar detected a Japanese submarine about 200 feet outside the channel gate. As the Cummings passed over, the ship released 300 and 600 pound depth charges.

"We didn't even stop. We just kept going...We sank the sub. They gave us credit for that. Had we not sunk the sub, he could have gotten one of our cruisers...that would have been another derelict in our way."

The Cummings stood by until the other ships came out. Of the nine destroyers in the Cummings squadron, Max said, four were damaged too seriously to leave harbor - the Shaw, Tucker, Downes and Cassin. On board the Cummings, Max said,

"One guy got the nose of a three inch shell behind his shoulder blade. He was sitting up - he hadn't fainted or anything."

Shrapnel injured two others sailors on the Cummings, one who was burned on the thigh and another who

"got hit right in the ass."

Besides the damaged stabilizer keels, the Cummings also had one of its five inch guns jammed from an oversized cork on the nose of a powder charge. Once the seaworthy cruisers and destroyers were gathered outside the harbor,

"We didn't have a viable battleship."

Max recalled - the ships headed north by northwest in search of the Japanese fleet.

"We didn't meet up with anybody. It's probably a good thing we didn't meet up with anyone...We had no air cover whatsoever, just about everything we had was in ruins."

After a day and a half of searching, the ships turned around and returned to the harbor. A nervous shore battery fired on the Cummings, but the shots fell wide of the mark. Max

remained with the Cummings until October 1942. During that time, the ship escorted convoys, sinking a Japanese submarine on one mission. Later he served on the USS Doyle in the Atlantic fleet. His final ship was the destroyer Earhart, which was destined for the invasion of Japan that was called off after the Japanese surrender.

After his discharge from the Navy in 1946, Max returned to Bryan where he still resides.

"Pearl Harbor would not necessarily have had to have happened,"

Max said.

"We just took a beating that never would have had to have been. I question and have questioned for decades, why we were sitting ducks. About 6:05 p.m. the night before Pearl Harbor,"

he said,

"Every ship in the fleet copied an urgent contact report."

Such a report, he said, indicates that the originator of the message has sighted or contacted a potential enemy force. When the message was received by the Cummings, Max said,

"I watched it being copied by a buddy of mine. He turned to me and pointed at it, and I nodded my head several times."

Had forces been placed on alert following this message - or after radar sighted approaching aircraft at 7 a.m. the following morning - U.S. planes could have been aloft to meet the Japanese attack, Max maintains,

"With all the aircraft we had there, we could have made the Japs pay fearfully." U.S. aviators, he said, "could have tore those torpedo planes up one side and down the other. But you have to look at the situation,"

he continued.

"We weren't at war yet. If Japan had declared war, we would have been trigger happy all over the place."

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, December 6, 1991

BRYAN MAN WAS KILLED IN PEARL HARBOR ATTACK

Bryan's shock over the December 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor was intensified when word arrived tht the fighting claimed the life of a Bryan man, Clyde Ridenour. Mr. Ridenour was on board the USS Oklahoma which capsized. Another Williams county man aboard the Oklahoma, Lyle Kirk of Montpelier, was able to swim for safety. Also present at the attack was Mrs. E.R. Dathy, formerly of Bryan, whose husband was a civilian machinist at Pearl Harbor.

A number of other area men were at Pearl Harbor or the Pacific war zone that day, among them Norman Carroll, Arnold Mignery, Gerald Rosendaul, Earl Clark, Clifton Grim, Max Wheeler and Bruce Lyon of Bryan; Robert Snyder and Lem Johnson of Edgerton; Olin Coblentz of rural Montpelier; Harry Miller of Pioneer; and G.W. Richardson of near Ney.

Locally, the war's opening provided a boost to the Bryan economy. According to the December 8 Bryan Democrat, the Aro Equipment Corporation reported a backlog of war orders totaling $3 million with negotiations pending for another $1 million.

The Bryan Democrat, in that same December 8 issue, was quick to speak out against Japan's aggression:

United States has been attacked by Japan in a most dastardly fashion that leaves Japan without one shred of honor or decency. Even while their peace envoy was on its way for friendly conversations with this government, Japan was preparing for a widespread blitzkrieg.

Yesterday morning the United States was far from being a United nation; today the country is truly united with one purpose, and that to inflict complete defeat upon Japan and that as quickly as possible...

The Axis powers were clever in their trickery; too clever, for they have aroused the wrath of the United States and of other nations who place a value on integrity and honor. The United States will strike, and will strike with a force and fury that will help to wipe this venomous thing from the face of the earth.

POSTSCRIPT: The following citation was published from the December 8, 1941 Bryan Democrat and was attached with the Max Wheeler article .

CLYDE RIDENOUR ON MISSING LIST AT PEARL HARBOR

Navy Advises Parents of Son Missing With Oklahoma

A telegram stating that their son Clyde F. Ridenour, Jr., is missing was received Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Clyde F. Ridenour, 428 South Cherry. The telegram came from the U.S. Navy Department.

The young man has been stationed as a radio operator on the battleship Oklahoma, which was reported by the navy as capsizing during the initial attack on Pearl Harbor.

He is the first native of this county to be definitely reported missing in action. The navy telegram gave no details, according to the family, and there exists a hope that he may have been picked up by another ship which was putting out to sea and had not yet reported. However, members of the family believe that as he was a radio operator, he probably would stay with the ship as long as anyone. He enlisted in the navy several years ago. He has an uncle also in the navy. Mr. Ridenour's brother, who informed the family he was at San Diego, California, when Hawaii was attacked.

After the family was notified Congressman Cliff Clevenger telegraphed to the navy department at Washington to clear up a first statement from the navy that Ridenour was on the Arizona. Tuesday, he received the following telegram from the navy department: "Clyde Ridenour was assigned to the Oklahoma and is still reported missing. When further information is received, we will inform the next of kin."

CORP. MIGNERY TELLS OF RAID

The Japanese raid on Hawaii Sunday, December 7 came just after his unit had breakfast, Corp. Mignery told his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Mignery, in a letter received here.

In the letter, which was passed by a government censor, Corporal Mignery said his group of soldiers had just finished breakfast and were loitering in front of their barracks when they saw airplanes very high in the sky. At first, they thought the planes were U.S. army ships, but soon some dropped so low that they could see the rising sun emblem on them. The first they realized it was an attack was when they began to see dirt and flames rising from an army pursuit air field three miles away.

After the first attack, a defense was hastily organized to fight off succeeding waves of Japanese bombers. Corporal Mignery wrote that he was assigned to an ammunition loading party whose job was to load on trucks shells that were stored in a shed on an open field.

"DON'T WORRY" NORM CARROLL

"I'm all right and don't worry" was the gist of a short letter received Monday by Mr. and Mrs. N.W. Carroll from their son, Norman Carroll, who is in Hawaii. He has been stationed at Fort DeRussy near Honolulu with his unit of the army. The letter was written a week before it was received in Bryan and was the first word Mr. and Mrs. Carroll received from their son since the attack on Hawaii. Local post office employees noticed the letter when it came in with the flood of Christmas mail and delivered it to the family immediately.

The Bryan Press, December 25, 1941, Front Page

OKLAHOMA'S ELECTRICIAN VISITS PARENTS ON FURLOUGH

"I'll have to admit that I was pretty nervous when those Japs began dropping bombs in Pearl Harbor,"

said Lyle Kirk on his visit at his parents' home last week. Lyle was an electrician on the U.S.S. Oklahoma in Pearl Harbor when the attack began. The Oklahoma was one of the ships receiving a direct hit and sinking.

"I was in the electrical work shop on the third deck when the attack started,"

he said,

"and being below the water line we could not hear the explosions. When the order came over the loud speakers to man gun stations we thought it was just another drill, but when the order came over a second time we could tell by the tone of voice that this was the real thing."

Lyle was electrician on number 3 gun turret. He says that just a few minutes after the men were in firing position a torpedo hit the Oklahoma, destroying the communication system. The

ship began to list but the men held their positions.

"In fact,"

he continued,

> "one side of the ship was nearly under the water and the deck tipped pretty badly before orders were given to abandon ship. We tried to cut loose a life raft, but didn't have time, so we jumped. Evidently, some of the bombs had struck fuel oil because the entire surface of the harbor was completely covered with a thick coating of oil."

> "I kicked off my clothes and swam to a piece of wreckage and floated until I was picked up. I don't know just how long we were fighting on the ship or how long I was in the water; we weren't thinking much about time right then."

There were about 1200 men on the Oklahoma, of which 700 or 800 escaped. The others are believed to be causalities. Included in this list is Clyde Ridenour, Jr. of Bryan. Young Kirk, who is just completing six years in the Navy says the Japs claim of destroying an aircraft carrier was all bunk because there weren't any carriers in the harbor at the time.

> "The Utah, a ship which we had been using for bombing practice, was anchored in a carrier position and from the air it may have looked like a carrier."

Because of the military secrecy enveloping Army and Navy activity at the Harbor, Kirk was unable to tell much about the extent of damage done during the raid.

"That information must be released by the government,"

he said. Three days after the attack, he was assigned to the Honolulu and remained with that ship until his return to the states.

LOCAL BOYS ABOARD BATTLESHIP OKLAHOMA BOMBED IN HAWAII.
Lyle Kirk Member Of Crew For 6 Years; No Report.

Lyle Kirk, son of Mr. and Mrs. L.D. Kirk of Montpelier, is a crew member of the U.S.S. Oklahoma, American Battleship which was hit as Japanese airships launched a surprise attack early Sunday morning on American defenses at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Seriousness of the hit on the battleship was not indicated by wireless and radio reports, although three warships attacked at the time are said to have fought back and shot down a number of Japanese planes. There were no casualty reports. Lyle has been in the Navy for 6 years having entered the service after graduation from Montpelier High School in 1935. He was assigned to the Oklahoma and was stationed with the vessel at Long Beach, California until the battleship was ordered to Hawaii as part of the Pacific patrol.

NOTE: The above articles are taken from the Bessie Van Fossen WWII Scrapbook compiled by Jacquelyn Whetro, 1997.

'IT WAS COMPLETELY A SURPRISE ATTACK...'
Survivor remembers a day of infamy.

For Lyle Kirk, the morning of December 7, 1941, began not much differently than many others he spent aboard the U.S.S. Oklahoma.

"I was up early that morning-I had the 4 to 8 (a.m.) watch,"

he recalled. After being relieved early so he could eat breakfast, Kirk said, he went below deck as he had done many times before. But it turned out he would never make that trip again.

Shortly, before 8 a.m. Kirk found his routine interrupted when an excited voice came over the ship's loudspeaker.

"He came over and said 'Air attack! Air attack! This is no shit, this is the real thing!"

Kirk said.

"We really started scooting then. It was completely a surprise attack that did it,"

he said.

"They really caught us with everything opened up."

The Japanese blitzkrieg of Pearl Harbor took little time to dispose of the Oklahoma, Kirk remembered.

"I think we got three torpedoes right in a row. I was just a few minutes getting off--it was already going over when I got off. It didn't last long. I got off just as it turned over,"

he continued, pausing as he looked away,

"and I swam off into the harbor to get away from it...I was in the water when the Arizona blew up. An armor-piercing shell came down and went into the magazines and she blew up. I was picked up by the U.S.S. Louisville 'Gig' - the captain's motorboat, really. They called it a gig,"

Kirk said.

"All I had on was my skivvy shorts. They took us over to what they called the receiving station on the mainland at Pearl,"

Kirk continued. He said, he and the others plucked from the water were covered with a thick, black, greasy fuel oil. They were given kerosene to use in washing off the oil, and after a

shower they were taken out to the Navy yard.

"The Japs were still overhead,"

he said.

"Then they started strafing us."

At this point, Kirk said he and the other men dove for cover. Pearl Harbor was the scene of mass confusion for a while after the attack.

"At night our guns started firing on our own planes trying to land,"

he said recalling that a couple of the planes were shot down.

"Everyone was trigger happy for quite a while there."

The night following the attack Kirk slept in a bunk in a building at the base. He didn't know whose bed it was, he said.

"I saw an empty bunk, and got on it."

The next day the Americans, thrust so quickly into war, began assessing the damage left in the wake of the Japanese attack. The battleship Arizona was a total loss, the battleships Oklahoma, Nevada, California and West Virginia and several other ships were severely damaged and a number of others were hit to a lesser degree. Planes and facilities also suffered destruction.

In human terms, the battle left 2,343, American servicemen killed, 1,276 wounded and 960 missing. The Oklahoma, Kirk's home for the last four years and seven months was bottom up with its mast resting against the bottom of Pearl Harbor. A 130-foot gash was torn in the ship's port side. Of it's 1,379-man crew, 443 were dead--many trapped inside the hull.

Kirk was first stationed aboard the Oklahoma on February 10, 1937, at Long Beach, California before the battle fleet was moved to Hawaii. A Montpelier native, Kirk joined the Navy in 1936, shortly after he was graduated from high school. At the time of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he was an electrician mate 2nd class.

Three days after the attack, Kirk said,

"I went on board the U.S.S. Honolulu, which was a light cruiser."

He served aboard the Honolulu, seeing some combat, until he later requested submarine service. His submarine training brought him briefly back to the United States, and then he was off to Australia. From there he was stationed aboard the U.S.S. Gar, a submarine, and served for the rest of the war. As a part of the submarine crew, he was involved in yet more combat in the Pacific.

"I didn't see it, but I was a part of it,"

Kirk explained.

"I was in the Navy for 10 years and 19 days, and then I came back to Montpelier,"

Kirk said. Waiting for him was his wartime bride, Bea. Since the war, they raised two sons, Fred of Wayne, Michigan and Tom of Montpelier, and now have four grandchildren.

Before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Kirk said, he and his shipmates had no inkling such an event would happen. Even though fighting was already underway in both Europe and Asia, he said, they didn't expect America to enter the war.

"It was just completely a surprise,"

he said.

"Now they're our friends,"

he continued, shaking his head.

" I don't know."

"We was mad,"

Kirk said of is reaction following the bombing.

"Sure we was mad about it. We lost quite a few men on the ship."

Among those killed was 23-year old Clyde Ridenour of Bryan, a radioman 3rd class aboard the Oklahoma.

"I knew this boy from Bryan real well,"

he said, explaining that he later spoke with Ridenour's parents about the incident. Although Ridenour was unable to escape before the ship capsized, Kirk said he was able to get away because,

"my battle station was just at the right spot. I had some real good friends,"

Kirk said of his Oklahoma shipmates.

"I had a friend from Albany, Georgia, we used to go ashore together. He got killed. When he got killed, I wrote to his mother and asked if she wanted his clothes sent back, and she said no, do what you want with them."

Eighteen months after the Pearl Harbor attack, the Oklahoma was righted and the gash in her side was repaired. But the ship was not returned to active duty, and was instead decommissioned and sold for scrap metal.

"An attempt was made to tow the Oklahoma from Hawaii to the mainland,

Kirk said,

"but the battleship never got there. After running into a storm,"

he said,

"They cut the tow line and it sank between Pearl Harbor and the States."

Each year the Oklahoma crew has a reunion at a different part of the country, Kirk, now 70, said. Among the reunions he had attended was the one at Pearl Harbor on the 25th anniversary of the Oklahoma's sinking.

"I think back about it once in a while...,"

Kirk said the Pearl Harbor attack.

"I lost a lot of good friends that day. I think of them once in a while."

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, December 6, 1986

AIRBORNE PATHFINDER SHARES D-DAY EXPERIENCE

They lay low in the predawn darkness, only 18 of them behind the German lines, waiting for their comrades to land. When the sun's first rays showed no other Americans around, all they could do was hide and hope.

Olen Walker had already experienced two invasions before a parachute jump brought him to Normandy that June 5, 1944 morning. Yet some of the fiercest fighting of the war was still ahead.

Only 19, when he entered the service in November 1942, the Montpelier native left behind his bride of only a month, the former Anita Smith. Although he volunteered to be a medic, he explained,

"I didn't volunteer for the airborne."

That didn't matter, as the Army assigned him to the 82nd Airborne Division, 2nd Battalion, Medical Detachment, 325th Glider Infantry.

By D-Day, Walker had been in Africa, the Invasion of Sicily and at Solerno Beach, Italy. In late 1943, after stints near Naples and in Ireland, Walker and his unit arrived in England for training to prepare for their flight into France.

"We were briefed for two or three days before we took off. They just told us that our mission was to take and hold the crossroads at St. Mere Eglise, and the bridges, so they couldn't get supplies to the beaches."

Walker volunteered to serve with the Pathfinders, the small group that went in after 1 a.m., June 5 to mark the way for the paratroopers and glider men to follow.

" Despite the potential hazards - I always worried I would straddle a damn power line, that or fences,"

said Walker - all 18 men of the group landed safely.

"We ended up in a field where we were supposed to,"

he explained.

"It was dark, you needed these little crickets to know if you were facing a German or an American."

The soldiers used small clickers - actually prizes from a crackerjack box - to locate each other in the dark.

"They gave them to us just before we took off."

They said,

"Guard them with your life." "If another soldier clicked his cricket once, you better have yours and snap it twice, or you were a dead duck."

Once they assembled, the Pathfinders' job was to post small lights, visible only from above, to guide paratroopers and troop-bearing gliders to a landing. But when the other troops failed to arrive, the Pathfinders pulled the lights.

"We buried them and buried our chutes and buried ourselves and stayed hid,"

All they could do, he said, was

"just hope they didn't find us."

"What to do if no one came was up to the Captain,"

Walker said. We just trusted them. There wasn't any plan to withdraw. It was only later they learned the invasion had been postponed one day.

"Good thing it didn't happen, because the Germans had a practice jump that night."

Walker said his Captain saw the paratroopers, thought they were Americans, and went out to take a look. He came back and said,

"That's all Germans."

Fortunately, Walker and the other Pathfinders escaped detection and about 1 a.m. the following morning, they posted the lights again and this time their comrades came. Many men were injured before the fighting began, hurt when their gliders struck trees or obstructions placed in the fields by the Germans.

Scattered across a 35 mile area, the paratroopers and soldiers from the gliders assembled in the dark and headed for their objective, the village of St. Mere Eglise and its nearby bridges.

"They had the American flag up when dawn broke,"

Walker said.

While other Allied soldiers struck the deadly beaches of Normandy, the inland airborne units held on as the Germans struck hard, trying to recapture the critical crossroads and bridges. According to Walker, the worst part of this battle was the German "88" artillery guns. Those 88's were something else.

Walker's role in the D-Day fighting - and in other combat he experiences - was to assist the wounded. Sometimes he would carry a litter, taking the injured to the battalion aid station. Other times, he helped the wounded the best he could until litter bearers arrived. Walker didn't carry a rifle.

"I just had a red cross on my arm and medic pouches. Of course that red cross made a good target."

"A lot of them,"

he said of the wounded,

"you wondered if they made it or not. You never knew."

The 82nd Airborne held off the Germans until joined by Allied troops driving in from the Normandy beaches.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, June 6, 1994

CHARLIE MATTHEWS REMEMBERED
1944 Corporal Matthews' Glider Group Survives

Charlie Matthews was an Edon boy who should have graduated during the Depression from Edon High School. He wasn't able to since the school made him leave because he and a friend built a still in the chemistry lab according to a relative. The friend returned to finish school, but Charlie went on to become a painter and excavator and didn't finish his formal education.

But in 1944, when he was about 33 years old, he found himself involved in one of the biggest adventures - one that the world will never forget.

Charles D. Matthews was a corporal in the 82nd Airborne's 325th Glider Infantry regiment. According to a niece, Carol Matthews Motter of Edgerton, he had been drafted into the army

since he was single, having been divorced and there were no children. He was the son of Tom and Emma Knapp Matthews and they lived on a farm about a half-mile east of County Road 6 on the north side of SR 107.

According to this account printed in the June 8, 1944 issue of the The Edon Commercial:

"While American, English, and Canadian soldiers were wading to the beaches of France on D-Day, glider troops of the 82nd Airborne Infantry Division who had landed hours before were holding off two full German divisions which were trying to break through to stop the landings.

To stop the rush of German reserve, the glider troops captured the town of St. Mere Eglise and fought for and held four bridges over the Merderet River at LaFiers and at Chef du Pont and over the Douve River at Pont l'Abbe and at Beuzeville la Bastille.

In successfully completing their assignments in the plan for the invasion of the continent, the members of the division, many of them veterans of landings in Sicily and Italy, then fought some of the greatest battles in the history of the war. One-fourth of the members of one regiment of the division were awarded Bronze Stars for individual acts of bravery.

The unit fought for 33 days without relief or replacements; they accomplished every mission assigned to them and no ground they gained was ever relinquished. Though casualties were heavy, noting could stop their relentless drive or break their tenacious hold.

The regiment landed south of St. Mere Eglise in the midst of heavy machine-gun fire. Several of their gliders crashed into trees and hedge rows bordering the narrow French fields. Some fell into water and swamps. Many of the men were engaged in hand-to-hand fighting immediately, yet within five hours, most of the regiment had assembled and forced crossings of both rivers.

The regiment was part of the force which drove the enemy northeast of St. Mere Eglise. After joining in the coordinated crossing of the Douve River at Pont l'Abbe, the regiment became part of the mighty drive toward La Haye du Puits, called the "Battle of the Hills and Ridge" and including the heavy fighting for Hill 131.

During one stage of the fighting, a squad of six men under Sgt. Clarence Rohrbacker, Columbus, Ohio, captured 42 Germans who had taken shelter in a French farmhouse. The French women occupant had told Rohrbacker there were two wounded and able Nazi in the house, but he had suspected her story and fired on the house with a bazooka.

On another occasion, Sgt. Rohrbacker's squad staged a feint which drew a German force from its strong point and enabled an entire American battalion to bypass the place and later capture the Germans."

Corporal Charles D. Matthews was a member of the glider unit who survived. His niece says that she remembers his describing the experience with horror. Few walked away, many were crippled and only one in each glider load on the average was fit to fight. Charlie was not seriously wounded. He remained in the service for three years total and then returned to this area to resume his career as a painter.

On September 15, 1975, Charlie Matthews, 64, died at the Veterans Hospital in Fort Wayne. He was buried in the Montpelier cemetery.

The Edon Commercial, June 1, 1994

FRED WILLIAM NARCROSS

enlisted into the U.S. Army on May 29, 1943 from Hillsboro, Ohio. He would be ultimately assigned to Company E., 1st Squad, 1st. Platoon, 13th Inf. Regt. 8th Division. He would reach the rank of Sergeant. He was a combat infantryman and carried his M-1 Garand as his primary assigned weapon.

He would see combat in the European Theater. He saw action from June of 1944 through November of 1944. He was in France, Luxembourg, and Belgium and would remain in the field until wounded in action from an "88" tree burst.

Here is his story in his own words, "I began as a Scout and after combat, we lost so many men, I was advanced to a Squad Leader as Sergeant. When we were attacking a small village to take a hill on the other side of the town (It turned out to be the German MLR instead of just a token town). We attacked at 12 noon with me as the Scout of the lead attack of Company E. We encountered heavy "88" fire and were pinned down for a short while till we could work our way through the town via hedge rows. There were double apron barbed wires on the front side of the hill (Hill 88) and eight foot trenches we had to take. Finally, about 1 A.M., we occupied the hill and then about 7 A.M., the Germans counterattacked with hand grenades tossed back and forth to both sides of the hedge rows. We beat off the attack and occupied the objective we had. The outfit on our right didn't take their objective and we were cutoff (surrounded, for about three days with no water - but a bunker which was used as Company H.Q. had mineral water bottled so we used this till relieved.

After the Hill "88" action around Brest and then the Crozon Peninsula, we took a train after Rennes was taken by us. We were on a holding action in November of 1944 after moving through the armored vehicles which ran out of gas through the Siegfried Line. I took scouting patrols out at night to try and determine how much heavy equipment the Germans were moving up. We knew they were moving up a lot. I was hit by a heavy "88" barrage the last part of November, 1944 by a tree burst and was evacuated on a stretcher atop a jeep when the barrage was lifted. A shattered femur got me out of action. Jesus protected me and saved my leg."

I was called "Rabbit" for winning the two mile Regimental race in Ireland. Ennisgillan was where we were taking Invasion training from December of 1943 through June 1944. I was a runner for messages beside a scout and squad leader. When we were not in combat or training, we would spend time taking care of our weapons. He also was responsible for the squad's weapons. He said that they then would relax as much as possible and keep peace among the men.

After being wounded, he eventually made his way back to the United States. On V-E Day, he was healing at the Vaughn General Hospital in Hines, Illinois near Chicago. He was on crutches at the hospital getting ready to get a pass to the Chicago Loop. Finally, he would be sent home after spending nine months in recovery at the Vaughn General Hospital.

His primary rations in the field were K rations. He said that they tried to warm up their rations, when possible. They never foraged for food. They might get a real hot meal maybe twice a week.

They wore fatigues while in the field. When they were not engaged with the enemy, they were cleaning weapons and digging foxholes. When they stopped, they talked about home. When they were in the field there was no real grooming being done by him or the men. When mother nature called, they dug a slit trench. Their helmet would be used for the times they did wash up and some times, if needed, used as a potty. The helmet also served as a source to carry letters, photos, pay book, even toilet paper. They only repaired their uniforms when absolutely necessary. They would replace them with new from supply when available. There

only real I.D. was their dog tags. When they were paid, they received $50.00 per month and $5.00 combat pay.

Bearing in mind rank insignia was a target for gunfire, they seldom had rank or divisional patches on them. While he was engaged in combat, he never received any passes. When they did get a chance to let down, it was only rest and relaxation in the field, no towns were handy for them to visit.

He recalled snickers and Juicy Fruit gum were popular items with the men. The men would read the Stars & Stripes military paper. Comic book were popular with Sad Sack being one of his favorite. They never had access to books except the Bible.

When he was released from the service, he would receive the following decorations: Purple Heart, European-African-Middle East Campaign Medal, Good Conduct Medal, and a Presidential Unit Citation for action at Hill 88 near Brest.

DON E. KAYS

was born on July 20, 1924 in Bryan. He would graduate (age 17) from Bryan High School. As a senior, at the time of the Pearl Harbor attack (December 7, 1941), the first comment he recalled was, "Where's Hawaii?" The whole nation quickly learned and Don would complete his schooling and receive his diploma in May of '42.

He would take a job at the ARO Corporation earning 50 cents an hour. The company was at maximum war time production, he recalled. Don would in July of 42, upon reaching his 18th birthday, register with the local draft board. In February of '43, Don got his initial letter to report with his group for physical and screening. They left by bus for Toledo and returned home to wait for call up to active duty. He did not have to wait long for his induction notice came in March of '43. He reported to the Bryan Depot and the men would take the train to Camp Perry, outside of Toledo. Here, he said he was transferred from civilian to military life! He would receive his inoculations, issued his clothing (wool) and given his initial orders for deployment to his Basic training camp. He was headed for Camp Roberts, California. The wool winter clothes were replaced with warm weather clothes and his training begun.

Camp Roberts was an infantry and artillery training facility. Don would receive infantry training as all men did and he would specialize as a gun mechanic. He could, upon graduation, repair all weapons from small arms to the 105 mm howitzer. After 13 weeks of Basic, Don would receive immediate orders for deployment overseas. He was sent to Oakland, California and boarded a Dutch ship leased by the U.S. Navy as a troop ship. The "Klip Fontein" was manned by a Hindu crew and by U.S. naval personnel, who manned the guns to protect the ship. Don remarked that he would travel across the Pacific theater on 10 different ship during his tour until he got back to the States.

His trip across the Pacific would take 18 days and all this time they never knew where they were headed. This would be the case throughout their time overseas, you received order to move and you found out where you were going once you got there.They would arrive during he night at Brisbane, Australia. He noted that they did not know where they had arrived until the next day, when they put into port. After unloading, they were transferred to Camp Cable, thirty miles outside of Brisbane in a replacement camp for the 32nd Division. Here, he received his assignment to Battery B, 126th Field Artillery. He noted that the 32nd Division had been the Wisconsin/Michigan National Guard unit prior to being federalized for service.

September of '43, Don is sent into the field initially being ferried by train to Townsville, Australia. This was the final staging area for him prior to boarding the HMS Tarwana and taken

to Milne Bay, New Guinea. He was now in the war. Upon final preparations, his unit was sent on to Finchhafen. This was a German missionary site prior to Japanese occupation on the east coast of N.G. MacArthur had decided on a leap-frogging program to take key positions and isolate the Japanese in the jungles. The Americans never moved inland further than 40 miles. They simply secured the coastal areas keeping the Japanese tied up inland.

Don's unit would next head for Aitape in April of '44. But during the initial phases of this action, Don would remain at Finchhafen recovering from surgery. He would return to his unit in May. Upon securing Aitape, the entire division would reunite at Hollandia. This was the major town with a good coastal harbor. Upon its capture and security rendered, MacArthur would move his HQ's from Brisbane to Hollandia in September of '44. This was the period of wrapping up the N.G. Campaign and the 32nd Division would now receive orders to join in the Philippine Campaign. They would be sent to Morotoi in September of '44. At this point, Don's unit was sent in to support forces fighting on the island of Leyte in November of '44. They landed about one month after the initial invasion had occurred. They would relieve the 24th Division, two days after landing on shore.

By January of '45, they were issued new orders and sent to the big island of Luzon. They landed in the Lingayen Gulf, North of Manila. They would proceed north up the Villa Verde trail fighting the Japanese in the Caraballo mountains. They would end up securing the summer Philippine capitol city of Baguio from the Japanese. And, they would end up their operations in assisting in the capturing of General Yamashito, head of the Japanese forces in the Philippines. He would ultimately be tried by military tribunal and executed for war crimes committed in the Philippines.

In the process of the troops being sent from Leyte to Luzon, Don would come down with a case of Yellow Jaundice and was sent back by hospital ship to the General Hospital in Hollandia to receive medical care. Upon getting a "clean bill of health" again, he was immediately returned to his unit; where he found his unit heavily involved in the fighting for Baguio. By August of '45, his unit had no idea that two atomic bombs had been dropped on Japan. He said that they really had no contact with the outside world except what came by word of mouth. The war had concluded on August 14 and yet they received no official word or received orders to stand down until late August. And, even after they got orders to stand down, they had to stay alert, for their were still many Japanese troops in the jungle and mountains that had to be brought out.

Don would receive orders to report back to the Lingayen Gulf landing site. His unit was ordered to Japan to do occupation duty. He would ship out to Sacebo on the island of Kyushu in October of '45. The army was now quickly shipping men home as they obtained enough points and Don completed one month of duty in Japan before he got orders to report to Nagoya on the big island of Honshu. Don had now also earned enough points to be rotated home. It was November of '45, and he was boarding the U.S.S. Adm. E.W. Eberle and heading for the States. They set a record in crossing the Pacific at the time accomplishing it in just 11 days. They met with a number of storms and ended up in making port in the Los Angeles harbor.

Don's stay here was only long enough to get some food and paperwork processed before being sent by train to Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Don recalled that they were fed by a crew of German POW's and that the food was really good. Upon arrival at Camp Atterbury, he was processed and received his discharge. They gave the men traveling money and he headed for Indianapolis and got a bus to Fort Wayne. In Fort Wayne, he again got a bus to Bryan and begun civilian life again.

WORLD WAR TWO

DECEMBER 7, 1941 to DECEMBER 31, 1946

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Back at the base on about April 15, we were given our orders. Four days leave in route to Newport News, Virginia. I rode the train to Bryan, Ohio. When I got home, my brother-in-law was on leave from the Navy Boot Camp, Marshall Landis. He was to report to Norfolk, Virginia. He cut his leave short one day so we could ride the train together. We were on the train about 20 hours. We were there two or three days getting our shots. We packed winter clothing in our duffel bag, it was heavy. About 80 pounds. The long overcoat would not fit in the bag. We had to carry it in the other hand.

We all went to a big building. They called our names over a loudspeaker and were given a ship name and number. Ours was the last one on the dock. We walked a good half mile. It was called S.S. Stevens, a liberty ship. We all got aboard. They untied the ropes and the tugs pulled the ship away from the dock. We were pushed out into the channel. The ships were diesel powered. We had about 1500 G.I.'s on the ship. Time was 21 April, 1944. Destination: Oran, Africa. Date of arrival: 11 May, 1944.

A lot of the guys got seasick. They lined up along the rails everyday. I never did. I stayed up on the main deck on the nose of the ship in the day time. Our canvas bunks were three decks down. They were stacked five high tied at both ends to a iron post. The heat was unbearable. We never took our clothes off in case we had to abandon ship. We took a shower with salt water soap maybe two times a week. You had to be careful where you walked because of all the sick G.I.'s. We ate two times a day. You held onto your tray so it wouldn't slide off the table.

There was 100 ships in our convoy. They kept the troop ships in the center to protect us from the German U-Boats. We only run five or six knots. One day, I saw two whales and a lot of porpoises. Some flying fish, too. They were a pink and blue color. You could see right through there wings. They would go 200 feet then hit the water.

We ran into one bad storm. The waves were 40 feet high. We had to go below deck and close all the doors and lock them. The water was coming over the deck. The props were out of the water sometimes.

One guy played a mandolin. Some rolled dice or played cards. We had fire drills, abandon ship drills. We had one 90 mm gun on the bow where I sat most of the time.

The ocean was a beautiful blue. You could see 40 or 50 feet down. Everybody was getting a little edgy after 15 days on the water. Our ship passed through the Straits of Gibraltar on the 10th day of May and arrived at Oran, Algeria (North Africa) on the 11th. It was hot.

We got on Army trucks and went east one mile to a base overlooking the bay. They took our winter clothes and gave us suntans. We got our rifles too. We stayed in large tents with cots. The other half of the convoy went to Salerno, Italy.

May 12th, we went on a 15 mile hike on a blacktop road. It must have been 120 degrees. We wore boxer shorts. We sweat so much they rolled up between my legs till they bled. I still have the scars.

The local kids called all G.I.'s "Johnny" begging for our cigarettes and cigars. We give them our food, we had left over at chow time.

We were here about a week then we got on a British troop ship bound for Salerno, Italy. 1000 miles. It was a three day trip. The first meal they gave us was a chunk of mutton fat, hard bread and tea. No way we was going to eat this stuff. So a few of the guys took their rifles and went down to the supply room an relieved the guard. We ate our own rations after that.

We unloaded at Salerno and put our gear on trucks. They took us to a camp about 20 miles northeast of Naples. It was on Mussolini's brother-in-laws dairy farm. We were there till about the 26th of June. Rome was taken on the 5th of June by the 36th Division. The one, I joined after they were pulled off the line along with the 3rd and the 45th Divisions. They were at Piombino.

We had amphibious training along the coast of Italy. Churchill wanted us to invade Yugoslavia, but Eisenhower said no way my troops are going. The final orders were to invade the South of France

We had a division parade for General Walker at Salerno as he was sent back to the United States. He was from Ohio. He was with the 36th Division for three years. He was a two star. The 36th, 3rd. and 45th Divisions were all with the 7th Army on August 12.

We boarded a troop ship on the 13th with an invasion force of 1000 ships. We sailed from Naples, Italy. We passed through the Sardinia-Corsica Straits and arrived offshore of the French Riviera beaches at dawn of the 15th.

The Navy hung a rope net on the side of ship and lowered the landing craft into the water. We went over the side, climbed down into the craft. 25 men in each one. We moved away from the ship about 500 feet and formed a circle of six craft.

The Air Force B-17's and B-25's bombed the beach. Big Naval guns pounded the coastline. Clusters of rockets hit the beaches. Volcanic ash dust rose 300 feet high. We had an artillery spotter from the battleship Arkansas in our L.C.I.

My regiments landing area was called Camel Blue, a narrow channel 300 yards wide and 900 yards long with rugged hills on three sides. Only room for two L.C.I.'s at a time. Colonel John Harmony, our Regimental Commander of 141st.

August 15, 1944

As we circled, nobody said a word, no body looked at each other. Our minds raced a mile a minute. This was what we trained for, time was drawing near. As we crouched down on one knee holding our rifle, the water slapping the door and the little diesel engine in the back running at half speed.

At 0800, as a crisp sun melted the haze, our LCI and the one on our left broke out of the circle with engines at full speed. We made our run for the beach, a mile away. As we drew closer, several anti-tank guns opened up on us. But, we didn't take any hits.

We hit the beach and I ran about 300 feet to a road that ran along the coast. I took a quick look around while I threw some stuff away I didn't want to carry with me. I looked up and a two winged observation plane was right overhead about 300 feet high. The anti-tank guns started firing at him. He left in a hurry. The Colonel, John Harmony, rounded up about 50 of us guys. With him in the lead, we spread out single file on both sides of the road. We headed for Cannes. He kept the Navy radioman in the back so he wouldn't get shot.

My 1st Battalion won a Presidential Unit Citation for taking the high ground and 1200 German prisoners. We walked by some houses close to the road. I heard some noise in the garage. I told them to come out. Nobody came out so I tossed a hand grenade in. Guess what? I killed somebodies goat. Sorry about that.

We walked a half mile. A German 88mm cannon fired right down the middle of the road. We pulled back around a bend in the road. Our Navy radioman called the battleship. It wasn't very long, we heard two "two thousand pound" shells hit up front a little way off the road. No more

gun.

We walked another two miles to a sharp curve in the road. We heard some tanks coming. We didn't have time to run for cover. Lucky for us, they were ours.

There was four of them. Our Colonel Harmony stopped the first tank and asked the Captain, "Where the hell are you guys going?" The Captain said, "We got fired at back there." The Colonel said, "Turn the tanks around or I'll court martial every dam one of you guys right here." They turned around and left. The Colonel said, "We better not follow the road any more, it's too dangerous."

We started to climb up a steep hill to our left, when 15 Germans on top started firing at us. We took cover at the bottom of the hill. The 60 mm mortar squad set up there two mortars and walked 14 shells across the top of the hill. We charged up the hill (200 feet high), they were all dead.

It was ruff going cross country. The railroad and the road followed the coast line. We walked about 10 miles to a town called Theoule-Sur-Mer. Nice green grass and a few trees, it was a good place to take a break. We hadn't eaten all day. Just as I sat down by a tree, I heard some artillery shells coming our way. German 88's. The first one hit a half mile behind us at the railroad tunnel. I and 15 GI's run for the railroad about 300 feet. I ran into some thorn bushes and cut my arm on the way to the ditch. The rest of the guys went for the town about 300 feet.

The railroad ditches were made out of concrete about two feet wide and one and one-half feet deep. There were four guns on a hill about four or five miles away. I think they were near the town of Cannes. A German artillery radioman was in a house near us. We laid in the ditch all night long. The shells were hitting the railroad about eight feet from us. One man got hit. I told the guys, "Don't make a run for the tunnel, you will never make it." We didn't eat or sleep for 24 hours. The shells stopped at sunrise.

AUGUST 16-20, 1944

We had artillery observation planes like the Piper Cub transported to Southern France on LST 525, "Baby Flattop". We set up road blocks in the Cannes area. The 141st Regiment with the 142nd and 143rd went north to Guillestre and Grenoble to cut off the retreat of the German 19th Army and any help from the north and east. The German 19th Army was retreating up the Rhone Valley as a route back to Germany. Major General Truscott ordered the 36th, my division to block them. All three regiments headed for the Rhone Valley.

AUGUST 21, 1944

We loaded onto trucks. We have no idea where we were going. After about eight hours, we got off the trucks. It was late in the day. We had been going west most of the time. The roads were two lane blacktop. The rain was coming down pretty good as we started walking east. Two hours later, we came to a town called Montpellier. I told the guys I was almost home. Back in Ohio, I was born three miles east of Montpelier. This was a large town.

The French put us up for the night, six GI's in each house. They fed us hot soup and bread in front of the fireplace. We dried our clothes there too. We kept our shorts on, the family was there. We had a glass of wine also, that went down so good.

AUGUST 22, 1944

Montpellier is 40 miles west of the Rhone River and five miles from the Mediterranean Sea. We thanked the French family and started walking northeast. It stopped raining and the sun was out. There was a convoy going by. I checked the sky for aircraft. Four P-47's were looking us over about 4000 feet high. One peeled off and came screaming in crosswise ten feet off the ground, all eight 50's firing. He missed me by 100 feet. He got one truck pulling a howitzer. We put identification markers on the ground. The other three stayed put.

About two miles out of town, some trucks stopped and picked us up. That was nice of them. We went east, back across the Rhone River and headed north. They dropped us off at a big stone house in a heavy wooded area late in the day. A British Spitfire strafed the house. He didn't hit anybody. I said, "Holy Cow, were going to get killed by our own air force!" Two or three guys joined our outfit that evening. They dug a couple of foxholes 300 feet from the house along a dirt road.

AUGUST 23-24 1944 (Suicide Mission)

The next morning, we came under mortar fire. A shell hit a new guy right on his head in the foxhole. I didn't know his name. Eight tanks came to the house that morning to join us for a special mission. What I am writing is the truth. In the night, I had a bad dream that we would not complete our mission and had to retreat under fire. The Army never told us anytime in the war where we were going. Big Secret. I was carrying the bazooka and Harold Siebert, two shells. About 25 infantrymen and the eight tanks moved out. We walked 20 miles. I looked for land marks on the way. We came to a place called, "The DROME BOWL," next to and above the town of Montelimar. I said to Harold, "Let's look around to see what's up here." We spaced our tanks around the edge of the one mile wide bowl.

A dry creek ran down to the Rhone River that ran through the middle of town. I told Harold that's where we go when the fireworks start. One tank parked on the north bank. The sun was low in the sky. Harold and I walked up between two brick buildings at the end of a street. I saw a German tank beside a house, three blocks away. I said "load a shell in my bazooka, I'll see if I can get him." I fired, no explosion. We were in full view standing there. I said, "we better get out of here before they see us." We headed for the dry creek. Then a heavy barrage of mortar fire came in. It lasted about a half hour. We were about 300 feet behind a four foot creek bank from the two brick buildings. Then there was dead silence. It was dark by then, no moon. About 10:00 o'clock, we heard a flare go up. The whole place lit up. I said to my buddy from Richmond, California, "now the fireworks are going to start."

They must have got a tank up between the two brick buildings while they were firing the mortars. They started picking off our tanks right to left. One flare, one tank. Like they say at a ball game, we had the best seat in the place. One tank started up and made a run for it. Not one tank fired. They were afraid of the German Tanks with the 88's. The Sherman's were no match against them. The crews got out of their tanks and ran.

Back at the creek, we talked about firing our last bazooka shell. But, if we missed again, we were history. The German's would know right where we were. The tank crew on the bank behind us got out and run. We stayed in the creek. The Germans got to tank number seven. They put three shells through it. Guess where we were right in line with the 88 gun. The shells were three feet above our heads. The tank was on fire, flames 20 feet high, ammunition on the outside of the tank was exploding, singing past our heads. I said to Harold, "We best get out of here, I think everybody's left." We started back the way we came. In about 300 feet, we were on open ground, no cover for a mile. I didn't think we would get out of there alive. I guess they didn't see us.

We went a little way and there we saw out lieutenant and sergeant, who got hit but could walk, and about 15 GI's. They were lost. The lieutenant said, "which way did we come?" I said, "follow us, we will get you out of here." We came to a barn on the east side of the Drome Bowl. We had run out of K-rations and our canteens were empty. We tried to drink some water that was in a horse tank. It was to bitter and had green stuff in it. We stayed at the barn till sun up. I told my buddy, "when the sun comes up, we get up." Sure enough, the Germans spotted us and were trying to get the range with the heavy mortars. I told the guys, its time to go.

There were big hills in the area. There was brush and weeds higher than our heads. The terrain was very ruff. We had just walked out of the 'Gates of Hell'. We found a dirt road and headed south. About 12:00 o'clock, we came to a road block, one of ours. They gave us some k-rations and water. We rested a little while and left. We got back to the stone house about 10:00 p.m. We were dog tired.

AUGUST 25, 1944

Today, they moved us five miles north of Montelimar on a hill. Overlooking Route 7. The scrub bush was 15 feet high and dense. You could only see about 40 feet. Harold and I dug two foxholes. The B.A.R. man (Wesley Garrison) dug in 50 yards in front of us. We couldn't see him at all. One guy got hit in the shoulder. He went down the hill to the CP. Then the B.A.R. man came by with a prisoner. The B.A.R. jammed but the German gave up. One of our sergeants had a nervous break down, so they took him off the line. Things quieted down a bit.

Then, my buddy give me his six hand grenades and went down to the CP. About ten minutes later, I heard some Germans talking. They were coming up the hill. I was all alone and I said to myself, "What the hell am I going to do now? " I got to stop them. I didn't want them to get to the CP and kill everybody there. My mouth got dry. My tongue and lips swelled up. It was hot up there, too. I threw six hand grenades around the top of the hill. Then it got quiet, I must have got them. About five minutes later, out of the corner of my eye, I saw two Germans behind me. About 40 feet away, I shot the one. The other one shot at me. I ducked down in the hole. He missed me by one inch. About 10 seconds, I came up out of the hole, he was gone.

My buddy didn't come back so I went down to the CP to check. They were all sitting around talking. I was out of water. My mouth was so dry, I couldn't talk. I drank water and cooled down a bit. In the evening, we joined the rest of the battalion. We attacked Highway 7 and set up a road block. The Germans came back in force and about midnight, we had to pull out.

AUGUST 26, 1944

Then, we went south about two miles, where the 3rd Division joined us at the Rubion River. Our two divisions set up a line of defense. On the 29th, the 142nd took Livron. The 143rd took Loriol, about nine miles north of Highway 7. This battle lasted eight days. It was the artillery that swayed the tide of battle. The 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 155th fired over 37,000 rounds. The 141st, 977th, 93rd Armored 50,000 rounds. They had Highway 7 covered for sixteen miles. Our Air Force done a number on them also. On the 31st of August, the battle was over.

The Germans lost! 11,000 casualties, 2,100 vehicles, 1,500 horses dead, they used them to pull the artillery guns. The artillery pieces of two divisions were destroyed. Six 380mm railroad guns. The 19th Army was virtually destroyed.

SEPTEMBER, 1944

We left Montelimar and headed north (36th Div.). We went 80 miles in three days to Lyons, largest silk manufacturing center in the world. The Maqui (Free French) had everything under control. We crossed the Rhone River and went northeast. We passed through Amberieu on the

3rd, Bourgand, Macon on the 4th, Louhans, Lons-Le-Saunier, Bletterans, and Poligney on September 5th.

I had caught diarrhea and we were walking through one of these towns. I was leaning on a back yard gate. A woman came out and give me a cup of hot goats milk. How did she know that's what I needed. Lucky me. I thanked her and moved on.

We rode on top of Sherman tanks for two days and trucks or whatever came along. We came to Besancon on the Dubs River. All the bridges were blown. They found one only half blown. The 11th engineers built a 120 span in 22 hours. 1000 prisoners were taken that day.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1944

Pressing north to Visual, heavy resistance was met. Our Battalion commander was wounded. After nine hours of house to house fighting, the town was ours. On the 15th, we came to Luxeuil. The 143rd and 142nd, ran into a flock of flak wagons out by the airport. They went around them and cut off the roads on the east side. The enemy pulled out in the night. Intense fighting continued in the forests east and north of the city on the 16th. Luxeuil, with its hot sulphur spas, was a welcome break. Hot showers for everybody.

In World War One, a group of American pilots called "L'Escadrille-La-Fayette," were based in Luxeuil. A plaque in honor of the WWI and WWII GI's hangs on the town hall wall. The capture of Luxeuil marked the end of the pursuit of the 19th German Army.

New orders came down. We had a regrouping of four divisions. The 36th found itself well in front of the remainder of the Corps. Just one day from the Moselle River, about 25 miles. The Fall rains had begun. September 19, General Truscott ordered the 36th to move out without delay up to the Moselle in preparation for a crossing. We left on the morning of the 20th.

The recon outfit found the road from Luxeuil to Plombieres was open. The 142nd and 143rd regiments encountered bitter fighting on the way. They used a different road. My 141st regiment, with a fast march, reached the wooded hills between Remiremont and Eloyes, at 1900 that night. No roads led from the assembly area to the river, only small trails. The terrain was extremely rugged and heavily wooded. A guide had to be found.

The 70 year old mayor of Raon-Aux-Bois, a retired French Naval officer, offered to help. Starting at midnight, he led us across the hills through the forest to a place on the flats opposite a bend in the river where the ford was suppose to be. The 2nd Battalion went two miles downstream opposite the town of Eloyes to feint an attack. The 3rd Battalion got lost one and one-half miles upstream from the ford.

With daylight about to break, Major Hanson decided that he would have to cross where he was. They got across the river. They were hit by the fire of eight machine guns. Captain Sentiles and several guys were killed. Only four survived.

Back at the ford, an engineer, Corporal Lindsay swam the icy river with a rope tied to his belt. Upon getting across, he tied the rope to a tree. The water was shoulder deep. I was the second man to cross. We held onto the rope with one hand, held the rifle high out of the water. The river was one hundred feet wide. This was before day break.

We ran up a steep hill and took cover. We had to wait on the rest of the guys. The 143rd regiment came over behind us. We moved upstream two miles and captured St. Etienne, the town opposite Remiremont. We stayed in a house that night.

My throat started to get sore on the left side. The next day, the other side, too. By noon, I

had trouble drinking water. I told my sergeant I better have it checked. A guy went with me to the first aid station. The medic checked me and said you aren't going anywhere. The man took my rifle and gear back to the house. The medic tied a red tag on my shirt. He said, "You will have to stay here tonight." There is no bridge across the river yet (September 22).

SEPTEMBER 23, 1944

In the night while I was sleeping on the floor, my sinus drained. I could hardly get my breath. My throat was almost swelled shut. I could not talk or walk or drink water. There were two other guys there. The ambulance came. They put me on a stretcher and we left. I was tied down so I wouldn't fall off.

It was still raining. Mud was a foot deep. After a little while, we stopped at a tent medic hospital. I was put on a cot. A medic officer looked at me. He wrote some thing down and they put me back in the ambulance. They did this two more times. I thought if I don't get help pretty soon, I'm going to die.

Late in the afternoon, we stopped. We were at the 7th Army hospital in Besancon, France, about 30 miles from Switzerland on the Dubs River. We had went 80 miles. It was a large building in the center of town. They carried me inside and sat me on a chair. The doctor gave me a cup of hot salt water which made me vomit. It cleared my lungs out. They took me up to the second floor in a large room and put me in bed. Then they hung white sheets around my bed. They said I had acute diphtheria. I was isolated for 10 weeks. I got a shot of penicillin every 12 hours for a total of 84 shots. After about a week, I started feeling better.

OCTOBER, 1944

A pretty little nurse from St. Louis, Missouri gave me an alcohol rub down every day. I thought I had died and went to heaven. Three square meals, a nice bed and a nurse to take care of me. What more could you want. Then one day the nurse brought me a sheet of paper and a pencil. She said, "You better write home, your families worried about you." I hadn't wrote since the August 15th invasion. We didn't have the time or pencil or paper. We were on the move 24 hours a day. There were a large number of wounded coming into the hospital. So I asked the nurse, "Where are all these guys coming from?" She said, "Some outfit up in the Vosges Mountains got trapped by the Germans." It was my 141st Battalion. 275 guys from Companies A and B and parts of C and D. The 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 141st Regiment.

The 2nd Battalion of the Japanese American 442nd Regiment were sent in to rescue my "Lost Battalion". They broke through on the 30th. There were 211 men left. They were on the hill six days. They had run out of food and water and were short on ammunition. P-47 fighters dropped supplies from their belly tanks. Back in the hospital, I was reading about all this in the Army's newspaper (the Stars and Stripes).

NOVEMBER, 1944.

I was still getting my shots and rub downs every day. Two guinea pigs were sent over to the hospital from the United States. Swabs of my throat were given to the pigs to see if I was a carrier, about three days before Thanksgiving. They took me out of isolation. I had been in bed all this time. I was put in a room with a lot of other guys. When I stood up, I couldn't walk. I was so weak in the legs. The nurses had to help me.

Thanksgiving Day, the Mess Hall on the first floor cooked the turkey and all the fixings. I said, "I'm going to the Mess Hall for dinner." The stairway had twenty steps. I held on to the

railing, I could hardly stand up. I made it. After dinner, I had to go back up. I didn't think I would ever get to the top. Every day, I got a little stronger. In a few days, I would be back in the war again. I got use to the good life back here. I had to much time to think about the past. Then I thought, I've been lucky so far, maybe luck is still with me.

DECEMBER, 1944

On December 12th, the doctors released me from the hospital. A driver, with a jeep, picked me up at the door. We drove the 100 miles with no trouble arriving in the evening. We were in a small town called Riquewuhr, about 20 miles from the Rhine River and 60 miles south of Strasbourg. My platoon was in the basement of a house one block off main street. It was safer and the wine was there too. We were in wine country. Guess what was in our canteens. Good stuff. I got a rifle and the rest of the stuff I needed. We had a good nights sleep. Just after day break, somebody started pounding on our door.

DECEMBER, 1944 (Crisis at Riquewihr)

He said, "The Germans got the CP and they're all over town. Guard your house and the other houses that you can see down the street." In this town were two mortar squads of the 83rd Chemical Battalion. They were overrun. My company, about 80 men composed of 40 men from another company (that's all that was left when they came off the line). A normal company is 200 men. Two tanks were with us. All hell broke loose. About 250 Germans lay dead in the streets. It took three trucks to haul them out.

Henrich Himmler, the SS Commander, along with 6800 infantry had come across the Rhine River to wipe out my 36th Division. No prisoners were taken. The fight lasted one and one-half hours. We then went house to house to clear the town. While we were doing this, the Germans shelled the town with their 88's. One shell hit the corner of a house that I had just gone by seconds earlier. In the Alsace area fighting, Himmler had seven battalions of young and well trained officer candidates and SS non-com troops plus his own escort battalion. By December 15th, they had 1300 casualties in three days of fighting. The best the Germans had was not good enough.

DECEMBER 19, 1944 (Relief from the Line)

The 36th Division was on the line 133 days since the August 15 invasion. We were in the Strasbourg sector for five days. We were in a large domed pill box overlooking the Rhine River, about a mile wide.

DECEMBER, 1944 - JANUARY, 1945

Sometimes, the Germans lobed a few shells over. Didn't hurt anything because the walls were concrete, six feet thick. We patrolled the streets of Strasbourg. I saw the big Gothic Cathedral in the center of town.

On Christmas day, my 36th Division started moving to a rest and training area near Sarrebourg, fifty miles to the rear through Saverne Gap. Some of our units of the Seventh Army went up to help out in the Belgium battle. Our lines were thin. The Germans seized the opportunity to stage a major attack.

At midnight, New Year's Eve, they attacked just south of Bitche in the center of the line. No more rest. We packed our gear, loaded onto trucks, drove forty miles on icy roads (141st

Regiment) and moved up to the right of the 100th Division to close the gap. We formed an eight kilometer arc to protect the towns of Enchen-Berg, Lemberg, and Goetzenbruck with Montbronn at the center of communications.

The Germans threw a battalion against Lemberg on January 8, but were driven off under heavy artillery fire. On January 11, there was a heavy shelling of Lemberg by the Germans. They gave up in the Bitche area.

The weather was very cold. The snow was two feet deep in the hills. We stayed in this area till about the first of February. Things quieted down a bit. We moved over to Haguenau, 20 miles north of Strasbourg. We had a pocket of Germans in a five square mile area by the Rhine River.

FEBRUARY, 1945

There was heavy fighting in this area as we tried to clear the Germans out on the west side of the Rhine. We had an early Spring thaw. The snow melted and all the rivers overflowed. Mud all over the place. It was a mess. We walked in water hip deep.

The Germans torched all the towns along the Rhine River so we wouldn't have any place to hide. It was house to house fighting. They hung tuff.

Sometime in January, we got a four day rest in the French village of Bains-Les-Bains. We stayed in one of the five hotels there. The hot sulphur spring pool was great. I sat in it for two hours a day. After a hot shower, we shed our muddy clothes for a new uniform. Supper followed prepared by French chefs with china plates and waitresses to serve. We had hot roast beef with mashed potatoes and gravy.

I went up to my room for a good nights sleep. About 10:00 o'clock, I started getting a few gas pains. I tried to ignore them. They got worse. I put on my clothes in a hurry. I didn't tie my shoes, no coat. I ran down the stairs, the john was outside. Two feet of snow and very cold. I was very sick at both ends. I sat there sweating about an hour. I went back to my room and went of bed. I was so tired, I slept till about noon. I got dressed and went to dinner. I was O.K. then.

MARCH 15, 1945 (7th and 3rd Army - Major Attack)

My regiment (141st) cleared Haguenau and then opened the road to Soultz. Early on the morning of the 17th, my 1st Battalion was loaded on trucks and left Haguenau moving through Mertzwiller to make an end run around the forest and attack the last road block in the woods from the flank and rear.

That night, we crossed the Sauer River and took the town of Surboug opening the main road to Soultz. We moved into Soultz and started reconnaissance for the Lauter River, the last obstacle before the Siegfried Line.

On March 19, we crossed the Lauter River. On the 20th, we attacked over open terrain but were pinned down by heavy concentrations of rifle and machine gun fire. We withdrew and moved into the hills and circled around behind the Siegfried Line. We taped 12 pounds of TNT on a tree branch and put a cap and fuse cord in. Then, we lit the fuse and rammed it in the gun opening. We captured 54 pill boxes.

By April 1, everything was clear west of the Rhine River. My division was assigned the

occupation of the Kaiserslautern-Zweibrucken area. On April 24, we left the area and traveled 150 miles to the assembly area of Heilbronn, to rejoin the 7th Army. We relieved the 63rd Division at Landsberg, mopping up the area. Moving east, my 141st Regiment captured Badtolz, engaging German stragglers. Attacking south from Badtolz, we moved into the Bavarian alps to capture Tegernsee, Hohenburg, Lendgries and Wolligan. Huge snow drifts slowed us down but on the morning of the 5th, we entered the Inn River Valley, 25 miles east of Innsbruck.

At 1830 hours, May 5, we had orders to stop. (Hey Joe, THE WARS OVER!)

PRIZE CATCH by the 36th DIVISION

Reichs Marshal Herman Goering - Luftwaffe Chief
Field Marshal Gerd Von Rundstedt - Military Strategist
Dr. Hans Frank - Perpetrator of Jewish Extermination
Admiral Nicolas Horthy - Consorted with Hitler
Maxamann - Nazi Publicist
Ritter Von Greim - Air Marshal
Hugo Sperrle - Air Marshal
SS General Sepp Dietrich
19 lesser Generals

Rundstedt surrendered to 2nd Lieutenant Joseph E. Burke and a ten man patrol from Company A, 141st Infantry on May 1, 1945 during the Battle for Badtolz. That was my company.

From September 9th, 1943 on the beaches of Salerno, Italy to May 8th, 1945 in the Austrian Tyrol, the 36th Division finished 20 months in combat in Italy, France, and Germany. Over 6000 comrades gave their lives for their nation and for the world. There is not one among us who has not lost cherished and dear friends. We cannot, so long as we live, forget these men because we lived with them and fought with them. They are in fact, a part of us. We know, therefore, that our cause was just and that our honored dead did not die in vain.

1945 - 1946

I did not have enough points to come home when the war ended, so they sent me to Cherbourg, France, located on the west coast across the channel from England. I was a labor foreman along with four other guys at a German POW camp of 200 men. We had a POW driver and Mechanic, POW cooks and a regular Army Captain from Texas. This guy was O.K.

We were issued one carton of cigarettes a week, one bottle of whiskey a month and all free and good food. We had a jeep, weapons carrier and a two and one-half ton truck. The POW mechanic made a plywood top for the jeep. It would go 75 MPH. The POW painted (LIZ) just below the windshield. I have a picture of it at home. We also had a POW Brass Swing Band, they played on Saturday nights, every week. They were good. Every Friday, I would pick up the Captain's girlfriend with the jeep and take her back on Sunday.

One of the guys left a J.A.P. English motorcycle there, So I rode it once in a while. The Captain asked me if I had a military drivers license. I said, "no." He asked me if I could drive. I said, "yes, Sir." So, he typed one up for me. Sometimes, I would just sit in a chair and sun myself and let the world go by. When your geared up for the war, it's hard to get back to normal.

One day, two of us took the jeep and drove 80 miles south of Cherbourg along the Normandy coast to see the Mont-St-Michel Monastery. It's about 300 feet high and sits on

solid granite, a half mile off the coast. At high tide, it is an island. It dates back to the 11th century. It's like a small town. We stayed there Saturday night and came back on Sunday. I bought two post cards. This is a big tourist attraction in France today.

Then my orders came down (I'm going home). I was in Europe 26 months and two weeks. I was so excited I could hardly pack my stuff. One of the guy's drove me up to Le Harve, France in the jeep. This was the last troop ship out of this harbor. We left on the 9th of July, 1946. Arrived in New York on July 17, 1946.

We got off the ship the next morning. We waited for customs but they never came. We loaded out gear on a ferry boat, went by the Statue of Liberty to New Jersey. Then went to Fort Meade, Maryland. The date of separation was 22 July, 1946. We got new clothes and a train ticket and $465.68. We switched trains in D.C. and headed for Toledo coming up from the south. I was sitting with a Marine and the train was slow, so we got off the train, walked about 100 feet and a car stopped and asked where we were going. We said, "Toledo." He said, "Hop in." The Marine was from Toledo. We got out of the car at the train station. I asked a taxi cab driver if he would take me home. He said he usually stay's in Toledo, but since I was a soldier, he would for only $5.00. He took me right to my house. What a day that was!

Note:

This sketch was prepared by Merle Altaffer of Bryan, Ohio as his personal auto-biographical account of his service experience in Europe. He used as a reference the division's history entitled, "The Fighting 36th".

LYLE J. BOYER, Lt. Colonel
Transportation Corps
U.S. Army Retired.

After graduation from Montpelier High School in 1935, I worked for the Wabash Railroad as a Clerk and Switchman. At the age of 24, I was called in for the draft on the 3rd of February, 1941.

I left Bryan, Ohio on a train at 8:00 a.m. I was headed for Toledo with 38 others for a physical examination. I departed by train that night for Camp Shelby, Mississippi. I was assigned to B Company, 145th infantry, 37th Division. After six months of Basic Training ($21.00 a month), I was transferred to 711th Railyard Operating Battalion at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana.

This was the first Railyard Operation Battalion activated. The Battalion Personnel makeup corresponds with a Civilian Railroad Division. Nearly all of the railroads sponsored Railyard Battalions and most of the officers were from that railroad.

A railyard battalion is made up of four companies of a thousand men. The first company was Headquarters and Supply, which consisted of dispatchers, operators and clerks. A Company was Section and Maintenance people. B Company was Roundhouse and Car Department. C Company, which I was assigned to, was the biggest company and included 328 men. The Trainmaster was a Captain, the General Yardmaster was a 1st Lieutenant and the Road Foreman of Engines was also a 1st Lieutenant.

There were 52 train crews. The Engineer was a T-4. The fireman was a T-5. The conductor was a Sergeant. The Flagman was a Corporal. The Head Man was a PFC. The Yardmasters were Staff Sergeants. The Assistant to the Trainmaster was a Tech Sergeant. The Assistant to the Road Foreman of Engines was a Tech Sergeant.

I was with the 711th ROB until April 1942 as a Freight and Passenger Conductor, a Sergeant, making $78.00 a month. I was transferred to the 730th ROB as Assistant Trainmaster, Tech. Sergeant, in Fort Wayne, Indiana in April 1942.

In September 1942, Major General Carl Grey, Commanding General of all Railyard Service, gave me a direct commission to First Lieutenant. He transferred me to 715th ROB, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Then to the 759th ROB, as Detachment Commanding Officer and General Yardmaster at Little Rock, Arkansas and Wagner, Oklahoma. I was than sent to New Orleans as Commanding Officer of Second Provisional Company.

In May 1943, I was transferred overseas by way of the Queen Mary from Camp Harrihan, New York to England. I was assigned General Yardmaster and Detachment Commander G47 at Westbury, England.

I was then assigned to 728th ROB in May 1944. I was on the Texas Sea Train with 38 Steam 2-80 Locomotives shortly after D-Day. As there was no place to land in France until Cherbourg was taken, we were on the English Channel for 30 days.

Shortly after arriving in France, I was sent to Cooville, France, six miles out of Cherbourg. There was a new yard built there by the 347th Engineer's and 1000 German POW's in a week's time. A 32 track yard with four switching leads 3/4 of a mile long were also built. Cars were loaded at the Cherbourg docks and brought to Cooville, where they were classified by commodity and service. We would receive phone calls which informed us of commodities needed for the front. This yard was only open 30 days, but in that time we ran 720 trains, a train an hour for thirty days. This was quite a feat even though all the young men had worked on the railroad but a very short time. I was Detachment Commander and General Yardmaster. I received a Presidential Citation for my work there.

I was then transferred to a very large yard in Sottovast, France, 15 miles from Cherbourg. I lived in a converted caboose which also served as my office. This train yard was used only for empty railroad cars. They would call for them to be sent to Cherbourg to be loaded. I went on special assignment with 40 oil trains from Cherbourg to St. Lo, where they fueled Patton's tanks so they could make the streak to Paris. I also went with 12 hospital trains to Bastogne, Belgium to get wounded from the Battle of the Bulge.

After V-E Day, I was sent to Munich, Germany. I was a Terminal Trainmaster (Captain). In September 1945, I flew home from Munich via Luxembourg, Casa Blanca, DeKar, South Africa; Natel, Brazil; Miami, Florida and by train to Indian Gap, Pennsylvania. I was separated September 10, 1945.

In 1950, I took a Mobilization Assignment as Assistant Superintendent at Fort Meade, Maryland and was promoted to Major. During the winter of 1953, I went to school at Toledo University, in 1956 to the University of Wisconsin, in 1959 to Duquesne University, and in 1962 to The University of Dayton. In 1960, I was promoted to Superintendent, 1st Army Headquarters. I was also promoted to Lieutenant Colonel.

I was in the Army Reserve from 1945 until 1969. In this time, I went to 2087th USAR school at Toledo University one night a week. I was called to active duty on short tours two or three times a year. I was awarded the Presidential Citation, four Bronze Stars and a Liberty Medal from the French Government for the D-Day Invasion, and seven ribbons.

I think every young man should spend a least one year in the service. I retired in 1976 after 28 years as a Yardmaster on the B&O Railroad in Rossford, Ohio. I have been married 60 years, with three girls and two boys. We now live in West Unity, Ohio. I am 84 years old and glad to be able to tell my story. Thank you for asking me to do so.

LLOYD E. GERIG

Sgt. Lloyd Gerig (35853666) was drafted and left Bryan by train to Cleveland on November 24, 1944. Lloyd was inducted into the Army infantry and was sent by train to Macon, Georgia to Camp Wheeler, where he completed his basic training. It was the only winter in his life that he did not see any snow. He finished basic training on March 12, 1945. He was then assigned to a camp in Baltimore, Maryland. He received a delay in route to come home on leave and was to report to Baltimore on March 28. His orders at Baltimore were to be shipped out to the European Theater of War. While he was waiting on orders, He spent the weekend in Washington, D.C. The next weekend, he spent in New York with Darrel Koch (West Unity) and Sonny Wyse (from Archbold) who were in the Coast Guard.

On April 12, he arrived in Boston, Massachusetts to be shipped to Europe. He was to leave Boston Harbor on April 15, but due to the death of President Roosevelt, the ships in his convoy did not leave until April 16. The ship he boarded was not very big. The Atlantic Ocean was not very kind with a couple of bad storms. The ship would rock so bad that it was hard to keep your plate from sliding off the table in the mess hall. It seemed like everyone was throwing up from seasickness except me. We had many drills on the ship and some of them in the middle of the night. The drills were simulations of being attacked. Sometimes, we had to get in the lifeboats. I was very happy to get my feet on land again.

I arrived at Le Harve, France on April 28. We were loaded on 40 x 8 box cars (40 people or 8 mules) with duffel bags to an area inland to be processed. I soon found myself on a train going to Germany to the front lines. I was assigned to Company E, 423rd Infantry Regiment, 106th Division. The Company received two battle stars just before the war ended.

The war with Germany had just ended so I was sent back to France to a large tent city. We guarded German prison camps until the prisoners were processed and released. I was then sent back to Germany for training to go to the Pacific Theater of war. I spent the next two months living in pup tents in a large woods and the training was very memorable! Sometime in the middle of July my brother, Lawrence Gerig, along with a buddy, traveled 200 miles to visit me. They were in the Army Quartermaster Corps. Little did I know that would be the last time I would see my brother.

I completed training the first part of August. I was given a furlough to Paris, France. While I was there, the war in the Pacific ended. How lucky can I get!! With the war over in the Pacific, I was sent to Military Police School in September. After Military Police School, I did traffic control in Rhemes, France and other guard duty.

The first part of November, I was sent to Berlin, Germany and was assigned to the 822nd Military Police Squadron Berlin Headquarters. Our job was to guard General Clay's offices and the surrounding area. While I was there, I was promoted to corporal and then to sergeant. It was my job to see that my squadron of ten men were taken to their post. I had to check on them and take coffee to them. I was in Berlin until April 15, 1946.

My brother Lawrence was killed in an auto accident on February 19, 1946 after having spent four years in the Army. He was killed by a truck driver on Route 20 west of Fayette. He had just been discharged two weeks earlier.

My parents were farmers and in failing health and needed help. I received an early out with a dependable discharge. I got to fly from Berlin to Paris and then by train to Le Harve, France to leave Europe. I left on April 19 and arrived in New York on April 28. I will never forget the sight in New York Harbor of the "big lady" (Statue of Liberty). I was back in the GOOD OLD USA!! I went by train to Indianapolis, Indiana and was discharged on May 4, 1946. I hitched hiked home and arrived back in West Unity on May 5, 1946 (AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!).
I would marry Helen Notestine on February 8, 1948. We had four children, Cathie Batt,

(baby boy, deceased), Melanie Calvin, and Tom Gerig. We have six grandchildren and reside at 21515 County Road M-50, West Unity, Ohio.

MELVIN (Kelly) CALENDER

was 30 years old and the manager of the Calender Dairy and Produce in Edgerton when World War II was in full swing. He and his wife Virginia Sweet had celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary when Kelly received one of the ubiquitous government post cards. The instructions on the card were simple. He was to report on March 24, 1944 to Toledo for induction into the military.

Two other men from Edgerton, Lewis Gerry and Kenneth Suffel, also received their notices to report the same day. "The man behind the desk made the decision in which branch of the service we would be placed,' recalls Kelly. All three were assigned to the U.S. Navy. "We were happy with that decision," says Kelly, "but we went our separate ways that day." All three were sent to different training bases.

Kelly boarded a train and for the next four weeks was stationed at Camp Perry, Virginia. He returned to Edgerton on a 10 day leave to be with his wife Virginia, and made preparations for overseas duty.

He left the states from Long Island, New York, and was on the ship for 21 days as they crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Kelly was stationed in the European theater of the war. "I was at Marseilles, France the longest," says Kelly. He refers to himself as a land base sailor.

His exact rank was SK3c Melvin Callender, which translates to Store Keeper Third Class. His duties were varied, depending on the Navy's needs.

Once, before returning to the states, his unit was placed on a work detail guarding 51 prisoners of war in Germany. That was an interesting experience for Kelly, since none of the prisoners spoke any English.

Rather than returning on one of the 'big ships,' as he did on his first trip across the Atlantic, the homeward bound Callender was berthed on a L.S.T. boat. "This is a much, much smaller ship," said Kelly.

His honorable discharge was received at Dover, New Jersey on February 8, 1946 after 23 months in the Navy. He returned by train to Edgerton, to resume his pre-war life. Kelly went back to the Callender Dairy business with his wife Virginia assisting with the operation. The business progressed from delivering door to door for area residents, then to groceries and to the schools. Callender Dairy closed its doors in October of 1981. Kelly always remained busy and involved in the affairs of the community and township. He was a charter member of the Edgerton Rotary, a volunteer fireman, Mayor of the village in 1950-51, and was St. Joseph Township Clerk for many years.

ELDEN W. WARNER

Many young men were being drafted, and 18 year old Elden Warner was among them. He left for the service on September 30, 1944 for the U.S. Army. He served in the infantry during World War II.

His six weeks of basic training was held at Camp Croft, South Carolina. From there he was sent to New York Harbor, sailing over the Atlantic on the USS Queen Elizabeth to England. He was later stationed in France, Austria, and Germany.

Private First Class Warner joined the 5th Ranger Battalion and was with them for the next 18 months. At the conclusion of the war, they were assigned to patrol the autobahn, a system of freeways and expressways built during the 1930's. This road system covered all of the miles of roads and highways between the cities and towns of West Germany. The battalion also was assigned as guards of German prisoners of war.

During his enlistment, Elden had many opportunities to travel and do sight seeing. He made his way through West Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. "That was the highlight of my Army career," says Elden. He also traveled near the Alps, the great mountain system of central Europe. "The towering alpine peaks are considered the most magnificent sight in all of Europe." Elden also made sure to visit the Berchtesgaden and the Reich Chancellery, the hideout of Adolph Hitler.

His unit was brought back to the states and stationed near Houston, Texas. He was a caterpillar tractor driver, maneuvering 155 MM (Long Tom) howitzer field guns into position, during his three months there. He received his discharge on June 30, 1946.

Once back in Edgerton, he worked at Fisher Implement Company for a number of years, and then at Hays-Albion Corporation in Bryan. He retired in 1988 after 34 years as a Tool and Die Maker.

ROBERT B. RICHARDSON

In January of 1943, a 17 year old young fellow and a classmate living in Toledo decided in their senior year to join the U.S. Navy. If one joined at that time it was a mandatory four year enlistment.

Robert and his friend were sent to boot camp at Great Lakes, Illinois. Following those weeks of training, they were separated and didn't see each other again until they returned home four years later.

From boot camp, Bob was sent to the Solomon Island, Maryland for three months training to become a Diesel Motor Mechanic. From here, he was sent to Barbara, New Jersey, where his unit commissioned the LCI637, a landing craft. Bob was among the 32 crew men, with 150 Army and Marine Infantry troops, to disembark in enemy territory later.

They traveled down the coast to Key West, Florida through the Panama Canal, on to Midway Island, and then into the Philippines. Troops were transferred into the Lingayen Gulf area near the island of Luzon.

Bob's ship was scheduled to take part in another invasion, but one of the engines broke down, forcing a return to the Philippines. They were next sent to Northern Japan. Bob served on the ship a total of three years. At the end of the war, Acting First Class Petty Officer Robert Richardson was transferred to a Tanker, which delivered aviation fuel.

There are two sights Bob recalls as being the most important to him. The first was seeing the Statue of Liberty in the New York Harbor. "The most welcome sight was the Golden Gate Bridge as we were coming back into the states," says Bob. He was stationed at Mair Island, near San Francisco, on a patrol craft.

He returned to Toledo for a 90 day leave, the number of days he had accumulated during his tour of duty. "I received my honorable discharge and my three months pay in the mail in February, 1947.

Richardson came to Edgerton and stayed with cousins, Marvin and John Lundy, on the

farm, and later went to work for Shearer Plumbing and Heating in Bryan. He met Carol Krill, and after a two year courtship, they married in 1949. Bob worked for 10 years at Dana, in Fort Wayne. In 1956, he opened Bob's Dairy Bar, and for nearly 40 years that was the family workplace. A long time staple of the Edgerton downtown, Bob cold be found working behind the counter, over the stove, or at the "Round Table" talking with friends.

Ruth Kimpel, The Edgerton Earth, May 21, 1998

HARRY SANDERS

served as a Seabee in World War II. Harry and his wife, Betty attended a reunion of the building and maintenance units of the Seabees 527-564-565 companies of World War II, at a convention center near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. A Memorial service to honor their departed comrades started the day of gathering and reminiscing.

Harry and Betty have visited the Seebee Monument at Fisherman's Park in North Tonwanda, New York, a few miles from Buffalo. It was dedicated in honor of Seabees - Past and Present, who have carried the "can do" spirit around the world in war and peace. He found his name on a plaque on that wall. In front of the monument is an original bulldozer tractor used in operations for clearing the land, establishing beach heads, building roads and runways for airplanes.

"We Build - We Fight" is the motto of the Navy Seabees. The first battalion was officially organized on December 28, 1941. Most of these men were experienced carpenters, bricklayers, and building engineers. The Seabees are now a permanent part of the naval organization.

Harry tried to join the Seabees when he was only 17, but regulations forced him to wait. He was officially sworn in on July 26, 1943 in the fighting and building unit of the U.S. Navy, when he was 18. He attended boot camp at Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Virginia and then for advance training at a fort near Los Angeles, California.

On December 26, 1943 his unit left by boat for Pearl Harbor. In January of 1944, his unit constructed a runway on the Palmyra Islands. His unit moved forward several times in the island hopping strategy to retake the Pacific from the Japanese. Several times, when the island was not completely secured; the men would work with their carbines strapped to their backs to be ready at any moment for an attack.

Third Class Petty Officer Harry Sanders served his full tour of duty in the Pacific Theater. He received his discharge on March 20, 1946. His brother Richard was also in the Navy. He had two sisters who also served their country. Theresa (Lamantia) was in the Army Nurse's Corps and Donelda (Ziglow) was a member of the WAVES during the war.

Ruth Kimpel, The Edgerton Earth, November 5, 1998

TOMMY ROBERTS LAST LETTER HOME

Classes the Japs No Better Than Animals; Extremely Cruel

By special request the Alliance is publishing the following letter from Tommy Roberts, son of Mr. and Mrs. E.E. Roberts of Montpelier, the last letter written just two days before he was reported missing in action.

The Roberts family were residents of Pioneer some fifteen years ago when Mr. Roberts was pastor of the Liberal U.B. church of the village. Because of the amazing story, it is published complete as written.

"I an finally getting a chance to write, after many amazing adventures. On about December 22, I was detailed for liaison duty with the Australian ground forces of the Seventh Division Airborne Infantry. My Christmas was spent about 400 yards from the enemy lines on a high spur of the Finisttere Mountains. All Christmas night, the artillery whined overhead hurling explosives into enemy positions and the chatter of hidden Vickers was incessant, interrupted by the dry cackle of resultory rifle fire. The enemy position was on a sharp spur on the ridge, which was very narrow, one to four feet wide and about 3,000 down.

On the 27th, our aircraft dive bombed the enemy position. It was a beautiful sight - you could see the bombs growing larger and larger, whistling as they came - then the terrible concussions. They were broken and tossed like jack straws. The tents in the forward areas fell down. Then a heavy artillery barrage - the continuous roar of heavy guns in the distance, the screaming shells passing over, and the continuous thunder of bursting shells. The spur was completely hidden in the pall of smoke. Then the barrage lifted and here came the airplanes, strafing with heavy machines. Under cover of this aircraft and the constant hammering Vickers, we attacked carrying ladders to aid our ascent. However, these were discarded because of the impenetrable bamboos, I was in the first wave of five men leading the attacking platoon. We crawled up to the steep slope on our stomachs. I threw away my shoes for they were slipping in the mud. Behind every rock and boulder, we could utilize for cover, advancing slowly. About 20 minutes passed. Overhead, Vickers kept their covering fire and 100 yards ahead, the artillery kept their rolling barrage.

We came to a huge boulder, about six feet high, six feet across, the top and six feet down on the other side. Three of the boys went around the left side and one crawled over the top. I started to follow the three then stepped back to go over the top, because it offered better cover. At that instant a grenade landed on the spot I'd been standing on a moment before. In rapid succession about five grenades landed among the three on the left. Something zipped past my head and clipped the tree ahead - a bullet - that flattened me against the rock. A chatter of machine gun fire and the nipper sniper was no more.

George came around the rock - arm ripped by grenade wounds. I gave him sulfa and bound his wounds. The man on top of the rock lay still as death, his head protected by a tree trunk, grenades landing on each side of him. His feet were about six inches away and level with my eyes. Machine-gun bullets were chipping the tree trunk, like mad, and the steady Vickers over all.

I knew by now that the nest was six feet away on the far of the rock. I thought the sergeant was dead, so grasped his foot to pull him off so that I could crawl into his place and utilize the tree, for cover, throw in a grenade. As I touched him, he moved, hands flashing down to his belt, and with an oath he hurled a grenade into the nest - boom. He leaped up an over and I leaped, too; glanced into the hole at the bomb-shattered bodies of the little animal like yellow men. They were torn and mangled incredibly and their hole smelled of filth and vermin. I ran on up the hill.

Our own artillery was breaking 20 yards ahead and we were forced to cover from our own shrapnel. They raised it and the advance continued. Little Danny Loos came back walking alone, a bullet through his right breast. "How are you doing Yankee?" he asked as he passed.

We started to dig a trench around the knoll to grenade the pill-boxes. At this point, saw a man sliding down the slope 80 yards away. His uniform of the Rising Sun. I raised my rifle and killed him with four neat shots. Two more of our men had been shot through the head at the

forward pill-boxes and the trail was jammed with stretchers atop the precipitous ridge.

I guess that's enough history for this letter. I'll start a new one. That was the first of my Japs. I killed three more on the following day of battle. I hope you will not condemn me for this. I have no remorse whatsoever. These people are not men, but animals incredibly filthy and degenerate, who at times, even eat human flesh. We have the proof of this.

They crawl with venereal disease and the rape and killing of women is their common practice. Will tell you more later. Your son, Tommy. You can take off your hats to these Aussies."

The Tri-State Alliance, February 24, 1944, Page 1

DENVER LEE

MY WAR IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

Each and every one of us who was in the service had a war of his own. Mine took place in the South Pacific. I went into the service late in 1941. I completed my basic training at Camp Walters, Texas, west of Dallas. My training was with mostly 60 millimeter mortar, rifle and machine gun.

After Pearl Harbor, we moved by rail to Ft. Devens near Boston, Massachusetts, where we joined the 32nd Infantry Division. At once, we loaded ships to take part in the European Theater.

MacArthur, who was on Bataan in the Philippines needed help immediately. We left our equipment and railed it to the west coast arriving at Ft. Ord near San Francisco. We equipped again and took on more troops, then sailed out under the Golden Gate Bridge on the ship Mt. Vernon with approximately 10,000 troops on board.

The first night out, we ran into a terrific storm and we ran into the Monterey. The Monterey was one of the three large ships in our convoy being escorted by submarines on each side. At that date of April 22, 1942, we were the first army division to embark in overseas service in one convoy after December 7, 1941.

After about 20 days out, we approached Port Moresby on lower New Guinea. We ran into the large Coral Sea Naval battle and could not land. So we turned back and traveled 10 days south to southern Australia and landed at Adelaid. We went inland about thirty miles to Sandy Creek. There, I recall waking up the next morning with four inches of snow over my blankets.

Here we regrouped and came north to the city of Brisbane by rail and again set up camp about 20 miles out of Brisbane at our camp named Camp Cable, a camp named after the first soldier of our outfit killed in action. It was the first night at this camp that a large kangaroo ran over me and my pup tent.

From Camp Cable, we traveled by ship through the Coral Sea to Port Moresby, New Guinea. The Coral Sea was beautiful with coral growing like white trees beneath us. The Japanese had a large force at the town of Buna on the other side of the Owen Stanley Mountains, which was a mountain range approximately two miles high. Buna and area was pretty much owned by the Palmolive Soap Company. It was in a grove of Coconut trees in which they made soap.

The 126th Regiment of our outfit hiked over the Owen Stanley Mountains to Buna. This was a very treacherous march as they encountered some Japanese as they were trying to reach

Port Moresby to set up a base for their attack on Northern Australia.

The 128th and 127th Regiments, we flew over the Owen Stanley Mountains to become the first troops ever flown into action. We landed on a sod runway to take up fighting the next day. It turned out to be the worst, as we had to learn jungle fighting and live in water and mud. Our shoes rotted and some had maggots under their armpits and in clothes. It seemed to rain everyday.

From this fighting, the Japanese later called us the "Bloody Butchers of Buna." Our company took no prisoners. I was part of rushing two Japanese pill boxes. There were logs layered and buried in the sand. At the first one for me, seven of us rushed it. Four were killed, two were wounded and I was the lucky one, as I was only out of breath outrunning the bullets. We were not successful in capturing the second one either. It was here where I got my field glasses off a Japanese soldier on the beach that they later called maggot beach. There were piles of dead soldiers from the fighting.

Buna eventually fell and of our company of 180 men, only 19 of us walked out on our own. The rest had been wounded, had malaria or been killed. I weighed about 80 pounds. It was for this campaign, we were to get a Presidential Citation.

We then flew back to Port Moresby and sailed back to Brisbane to regroup, get replacements and get into shape. I had my first attack of malaria in which I had eight trips to the field hospitals in the next three years. A couple times, I stayed on to be a ward boy.

We sailed again from Brisbane to Finchaven in Northern New Guinea from which we would make a beach landing at Ataipe. There was little resistance here.

We then moved down to the Drinimor River to head off 25,000 Japanese who were trying to get to Hollandia. We had many up close contacts with the Japanese here. This is where I got my sabre, when a major with two companions came upon our fox hole. He was the highest ranking officer taken up to this time with many important maps and papers on him.

We then sailed and landed on Leyte Beach in the Philippines. After beating the Japanese here killing over 8,000. After much fighting and mopping up, we crossed Leyte to Ormac Valley. Here the biscuit bombers had to drop in rations. We then regrouped to go north to Linguyen Gulf, where we again landed on the beaches. Some of our troops went south toward Manila and we went up the Vera Verde Trail. This was a mountainous area and the artillery had to clear the mountainside to make it somewhat safer for the infantry to move up. This is where I got my Japanese flag and earned my Purple Heart.

The Japanese were dug in deep. As we made our fox holes on the mountainside, we had our fox hole beside a Japanese communication wire. That night three Japanese came through to see why their phones weren't working. They fell into our fox holes as our guns went off. Soon after this action ended and again I came down with malaria, I was flown out in a piper cub to the field hospital.

While fighting in the Philippines, I saw many ugly scenes where the Japanese had raped and cut up women and castrated or beheaded out troops. It was my lot with a buddy from Columbus, Ohio to gather up the remains of our buddies and put them in a bag - some in pieces, others much decayed. One thing I didn't have to do was to help carry them back to be buried along the trail.

Later General Yamishita surrendered to our 128th regiment. He was chief commander of all Japanese forces on the Philippines. He was later tried by a military tribunal for having violated the "Articles of War" and committing numerous war crimes. He was sentenced to death and hung after the war was over.

I rejoined the outfit again after serving as a supply sergeant for the 1st Corps for a month. In the meantime, my Company was training replacements who were getting ready for the strike on Japan proper. Here it came my time to return to the United States by the point system. There were only six of us left of the original outfit. We were asked if we would stay. If we did, we would receive an officer's commission. We all unanimously decided it was time to go home. We were trucked to Manila. While here the first Atom Bomb was dropped on Japan. A week later, we sailed for home stopping at Pearl Harbor, where we saw the destruction there.

As an infantryman, a foot soldier, I traveled approximately 33,000 miles by water, 15,000 by rail, and 600 miles by air. Our outfit was later to become MacArthur's color guard in the Japanese mainland. We had 13,030 hours of combat, more time than any other division in World War II spanning 543 days. I was discharged in August of 1945 and returned home. My unit has company reunions each year.

CHARLES SICKMILLER - PACIFIC BOUND.

My name is Charles Sickmiller. I was born in Bryan and lived in West Unity when WWII broke out. I had a wife and a small son at the time.

I don't remember my draft number, but rather than go into a branch of service I didn't care for, I enlisted in the U.S. Navy in December 1942. I enlisted in Toledo and had to report for duty on December 26, 1942. I rode the train from Toledo to Chicago, sitting on my suitcase, on the platform between coaches, because all seats were occupied by service men.

I entered boot camp at Great Lakes Naval Base, north of Chicago. Boot camp was for eight weeks at that time. The first and second thing I learned in boot camp was one; you don't drop anything on the deck(ground) and when you enter a building, you uncover (take off your cap). That was the beginning of some stiff training. I learned, too, if one person made a mistake, the entire company paid for it. On our first barracks inspection, I mistakenly had an end of a lace hanging from my mattress. Result? The entire company was marked off. This encourages one to be very cautious about making errors that result in everyone paying for it.

In boot camp, we marched to the dining hall and after we entered we were not allowed to talk except in a whispering voice. Food - pretty good. Tradition in the Navy was baked beans for breakfast two days per week. Wednesday and Saturday. Then, on Saturday evening it was bean soup and cold cuts.

I had pretty good duty in boot camp. I became mail clerk for the company and that permitted me to ride a bus to another part of the base to pick up mail. There was a base restaurant in that area and that permitted me to stop and buy some bacon and eggs before returning to the barracks.

In boot camp, we were tested for a vocation. I chose diesel mechanic school and was accepted.

After boot camp, I was sent to Chicago Navy Pier for eight weeks of diesel training. Boot camp was behind me then. Most of the restrictions in boot camp no longer existed, other than throwing things on the ground and taking off one's cap when entering a building. It is interesting that those rules still are with me today.

From Navy Pier, I was sent to Detroit to Grey Marine Engine Diesel School. After several weeks there, I was transferred to Little Creek Amphibious Base, Norfolk, Virginia. It was at Little Creek, where I was assigned to an LCC craft. This craft was 60 feet long, and carried a crew of about fourteen, including two junior grade officers. The craft carried three 50 caliber

gun turrets, sonar, radio and other, what was at that time classified. The craft was powered with two Gray Marine engines. Another sailor and I had the responsibility of keeping these engines in operating condition. More about our LCC later.

After several weeks in Little Creek, I was shipped to Hawaii aboard a Coast Guard ship named the USS Centurous. This was a cargo ship that carried war supplies and the LCC of which I was a crew member.

Life aboard ship was far different from living on land. It was more confining and one had to get one's "sea legs" to move about. The Navy's operation was very traditional during my service years. For example, you didn't smoke any time you wanted to, if you smoked. An announcement would come over the PA system like this: "Now hear this. The smoking lamp is lit." After a period of time, again, "Now hear this. The smoking lamp is out." That custom harked back to the days when lamps were used for light. Speaking of light, traveling in convoy during the war, no light of any kind was permitted on deck at night. Not even a light from a cigarette. Any kind of a light could be seen for many miles at sea.

We had many interesting experiences at sea. One of the ships in our convoy reported a "man overboard". The convoy kept a straight ahead zig zag course while a destroyer circled, and I assume, rescued him.

My LCC being sixty feet long was transported aboard a cargo ship. The task of the LCC was to assist in invasion landings. When an amphibious assault took place the beach to be invaded was divided into sections, each section identified by a color, for example, red beach, green beach, yellow beach, etc. Our responsibility was to assist the landing assault craft by guiding them to the beach assigned to them. Two LCC's would flank the assault landing craft, one LCC on each side, and guide them to the beach. When the assault craft made the landing, we would return to a ship assigned to us and guide the next wave to the beach. This would go until a beach head was obtained. After a beach head was secured, we would remain off the beach waiting orders to operate where ever needed. I well remember in the Saipan invasion, we were in that position when a shell was fired at us from the beach. It fell short but the next shot fell beyond us. That was a signal for us to move for we were being bracketed, and move we did.

I was involved in two invasion campaigns, one in the Marshall Islands and the other at Saipan. The only casualty on our craft was a signalman who was hit by shrapnel that came from a Japanese shore battery. In these two invasions, we were carried aboard the USS Monrovia to the Marshall Islands and the USS Thuban to Saipan. These were both cargo ships, although some troops were aboard. Whenever we were at sea, we sailed in convoys that consisted of aircraft carriers, destroyers, destroyers escorts, heavy cruisers, troop ships and sometimes, submarines. Some convoys consisted of 50 ships or more.

An interesting experience, at least to me, took place when were ordered back to Pearl Harbor after the Saipan invasion. Up to this time, there weren't too many prisoners being taken, but aboard the Thuban, we had perhaps 18 to 20 Japanese prisoners of war. They were held in a hold on the ship. They would be allowed to come up each day to sit on the hold and sun themselves. We also had some Marines aboard who had fought in Saipan and these two groups were not compatible. When ever the prisoners were brought up on deck to sun themselves, the word would go out over the loud speaker for all Marines to proceed forward to the bow of the ship. These prisoners were fed rice and some of the crew would deliver it in large dishpans heaped high in the pan.

One interesting side light of this affair was that we learned these prisoners would paint pictures on handkerchiefs for a couple of cigarettes. Somehow, we got the paint to them and they would paint pictures of aerial dogfights. The interesting thing was, they always painted

the Jap Zero being shot down. I have a hankie one of them painted for me.

So many sailors were asking for a painting, and for a couple of cigarettes, the prisoners were obliging, but they were losing so much sleep the ship's executive officer ordered it to stop.

I was ordered back to Pearl Harbor after the Saipan campaign and spent my time standing guard duty and doing whatever else sailors were supposed to do while on base. President Truman ordered the Atom Bomb to be dropped on Japan and that ended the war. I was rotated back to the States on earned points. I returned to the States aboard a destroyer and was discharged from Camp Bradford, Virginia on October 23, 1945.

I was given $200 and a train ticket to Bryan, Ohio. I thought the train was traveling too slow, so I got off in Cincinnati, Ohio against the advice of the conductor and hitch hiked to Bryan, and on home to West Unity, and my wife and son. Hitch hiking in uniform was a simple matter in those days. I never will know if I beat the train to Bryan.

One interesting note should be added. I do not know if this is a record for Williams County, but from my family, six of us were in the service during war time. Two of us were in the Navy, three were in the Army and one was in the Marines. Five of us served in WWII, all saw action in the south Pacific and in Europe, and the other brother served in the Korean War. Only one brother was injured by sniper fire while taking part in an operation in Europe. In addition to this, we are all living today. When all of us used to get together, we would spend a lot of time trying to convince one another which branch won the war. In our hearts, we all agree, it was the Army, Navy and Marines working together as a team. The freedom we enjoy today has come at the high cost of men and women in all branches of service who willingly sacrificed their lives for us to be free. Let's protect and respect that freedom.

Three years were taken out of the lives of my wife, son, and I. Years that can never be replaced. However, I hope today they were not wasted years for freedom is a precious thing. Even now as I write this, our freedom is being threatened again. God Bless America!

MARVIN SICKMILLER

Marvin was a graduate of West Unity High School, Class of 1938. He told that his selective service card stated that he was duly registered the 15th day of February 1942. He would be inducted into the military June 22, 1942. He was sworn into the U. S. Army and after basic would be assigned to the 79th Infantry Division, Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 314th Infantry Regiment. He would serve as a radio operator with a Tech 4 rating.

Some of the camps that he was stationed at prior to being sent overseas were Camp Pickett, Virginia; Camp Blanding, Florida; Ft. Benning, Georgia; and also in the desert in tents in Arizona. He departed for overseas duty in April 1944 and would quickly join the fighting in France during the Normandy campaign. He would also see action in the Northern France and Rhineland campaigns. He would then be shipped home in April 1945 having been overseas just a little over a year. His total time in the service was around 40 months before being finally discharged from the service through Camp Atterbury, Indiana on October 20, 1945.

Marvin received the European, Africa, Middle East Campaign Medal with three bronze stars, Army Good Conduct, the Bronze Star, and WWII Victory Medals for his service.

'IT IS WITH GREAT SORROW...'

CASUALTY OF WAR: A LIFE CUT SHORT.

My Dear Mrs. Allison,

It is with great sorrow that I, as commanding officer of the USS Little, write to you concerning your husband, Donald Willis Allison, Machinist Mate Second Class, USNR, who following the sinking of the USS Little on May 3, 1945, was listed as missing in action...

Estella knew.

She didn't have to read the small handwritten letter any further. The telegram she received earlier said there was no hope for Don's survival. The telegram, like the ones received by more than 400,000 other American families embroiled in World War II. And now the letter...

I regret to say that a careful review of the known facts has led to the sad conclusion that he was killed in action...

It was the beginning of the end of World War II. By June 1945, when Estella received final word of her husband's fate, Germany had surrendered in Europe and the United States was beginning to turn its full force toward wrapping up the struggle with Japan.

Don was one of four Allison brothers serving in the World War II armed forces. Rusty was an Army officer, and Herbert and Edgar - like Don - were in the Navy. Earlier in the war, Don had been lucky. He survived the sinking of the USS Maddox, which went down off the coast of Sicily in July 1943 at a cost of 210 lives. But he returned to battle, this time in the Pacific.

After the war, Rusty, Herb and Ed came back to Bryan. But for Don, the war's end didn't come quite soon enough. The letter explained it...

While the USS Little was operating about seventy miles west of Okinawa, she was attacked by many groups of Japanese planes, which created such terrific damage that she sank in a few minutes. Your husband was last seen at his station in the after engine room which was wrecked and flooded...

In some ways, Don lived a hard life. He was born in 1910 on a farm southwest of Stryker, part of a homestead that had belonged to his family for generations. A year or so later the family moved to Bryan to a wood framed home at 420 N. Williams Street. When Don was only six years old his father, Willis died. His mother, Ellen kept the family together - Don and his five brother and two sisters. To help support the struggling family, Don's older brothers left school and went to work.

The family didn't have much, but they got by. Eventually Ellen remarried, and Don and the other younger siblings were able to finish high school. But it was sports, not academics, in which the Allison's excelled - especially baseball, football, and bowling. Don's specialty was baseball. Those who remember say he was an excellent pitcher with a commanding curve.

"I hated to bat against him,"

recalled Don's younger brother, Rusty, who was an accomplished athlete in his own right.

"He usually struck me out with his curve."

Family members said if it weren't for Don's fondness for the night life - and sometimes the bottle - he might have made a career as a professional pitcher. He did well in semi-pro ball, the Twilight League in Bryan.

"Allison Allows No Hits, Grocers Beat Doves 2-0."

proclaims a headline in the July 11, 1932 Bryan Democrat.

"Don Allison hurled a no run, no hit game Friday night giving the Grocers a 2-0 victory over the Doves in their tie game playoff at Easterly Field,"

the story says.

In 1933 Don was enticed to switch teams, for more pay perhaps, in the final stretch of the season. His love of fun may have precluded a baseball career, but it made Don popular with those who knew him.

"He was liked by everyone,"

said Virginia Hilton, who attended Bryan High School with Don.

"He was jovial and just into everything that anybody else wanted to do to have fun."

Don's niece, Alice Marie Zwayer, said he seemed to be friends with everybody.

"Whenever I was with him, he knew everyone. That really impressed me."

When Alice Marie was five years old a neighbor boy playing barber shop had cut off most of her hair and to fix things, her mother had given her a short haircut. Don came to the house as Alice Marie sulked in her bedroom.

"I remember him coming down, and telling me 'Don't worry, your hair will grow back. Let's go downtown and get a sundae.' "

I was down in the dumps, and he said

"Let's go get a sundae."

That was his approach to life.

"He just enjoyed life."

Two long and careful searches were made for all possible survivors, but due to the known ocean current and the fact that the ship was sunk about twenty-five miles from the nearest land, I honestly feel that there is no hope for Donald's survival. I fully realize the inadequacy of anything I can say to lighten the burden of grief which must be yours at this time. I do hope you may receive some comfort and courage in the knowledge of your husband's brave devotion and splendid service...

Words of comfort, perhaps, but comfortless. Estella received $691.20 as a gratuity from the government, equal to six months of Don's pay and $10,000 in National Service Life Insurance. Helpful, perhaps, but scant compensation for loss of her husband.

Ellen Allison, who proudly displayed four flags in her window signifying her son's in the military service, was devastated by Don's death. Some in the family said she never quite got over it. Was Don killed instantly when debris from the suicide plane exploded the Little's boilers? Did he burn, or drown, or suffer? No one knows. Estella wondered, and sent an inquiry to be published in the U.S. Navy magazine. In April 1946, she received a response from Frank Mohar, then stationed in California.

"What information you probably desire,"

he wrote,

["would undoubtedly be if I seen your husband when our ship was sunk. I am sorry to be of such little help to you for you see your husband was an engineer and was below decks when we were hit. I knew your husband, now that I stop and think back for soon it shall be a whole year since that memorable day in May. It seems now that the loss of the ship is terribly ironic, for the war ended so shortly after the invasion of Okinawa...

"As for the incident that took your husband's life, I remember it very distinctly and shall probably remember it the rest of my life. It happened approximately at seven o'clock in the evening of 3 May. We were called to battle stations and it so appears to me that the entire crew felt that this general quarters would not be mock routine.

"The ship was patrolling approximately 70 miles south of Okinawa and 200 miles east of the China coast. We were patrolling with a ship by the name of the USS Aaron Ward. Well, after reporting to general quarters, a formation of suicide planes, which was was approximated at 30 planes, was spotted approaching the two ships on our starboard side.

"When the planes came to within seven or eight miles of us they broke formation and completely encircled the two ships. Both ships commenced firing and I have learned since than that approximattely 12 of the planes were shot out of the air. At this time, we were approximately at a speed of 30 knots and then the planes started to hit us.

"Four planes made direct hits and within 10 minutes the word was passed to abandon ship. I was at this time on the gun director directly above the bridge and by the time I had gotten to the main deck and made ready to get into the water, sights I seen and witnessed I shall never forget, and yet are too grim to talk about. The entire incident happened too fast for anyone to really know what had actually happened."]

Estella and Don had no children. She remarried to Eugene Roe and with her new husband raised a son. Estella died in 1992. Don's body was not recovered and he was honored with a funeral. About 10 years ago, through efforts of his brother Rusty and other family members, a bronze memorial plaque was placed at Shiffler cemetery. Otherwise, all that remains of Don's life are fading memories and photos. And that yellowing handwritten letter...

Your husband was a fine shipmate and a good sailor. He was warmly liked for his good fellowship and courage and was regarded by the officers of the USS Little as one who could be relied upon at all times. He was always a credit to his family and to this country.

With my heartfelt sympathy, I am, very sincerely,

Madison Hall, Jr.
Commander, U.S. Navy
Commanding USS Little

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, May 27, 1995

LEO MANSFIELD

was born and raised on the farm in Williams County and would remain here until drafted in January of 1945. His draft classification of 2C (man deferred by reason of his agricultural occupation or endeavor); would change when manpower needs by late 1944 and into 1945 saw his status changed to 1A. Upon receiving his notice from "Uncle Sam", he chose to go into the U.S. Navy.

He processed into the Navy in Cleveland, Ohio and on February 1, 1945 was sworn into the service. He would then be sent to Great Lakes Naval Training Station for the next five weeks of "Boot Camp." After his initial training, he volunteered for the SEABEES. Leo would then be sent on to Camp Endicott, which was located at Davisville, Rhode Island for his advanced SEABEE training.

Upon arriving at Camp Endicott, he received a 10 day "boot leave" as soon as he got there. His training while there consisted of close order drill plus hand combat training. He was taken to Sun Valley for one week of rifle marksmanship training. He would spend four weeks training at Camp Endicott before receiving orders to be sent to Gulfport, Mississippi.

He only spent about three days in Gulfport before being boarded on a troop transport and heading for overseas duty. He was heading for the Panama Canal and the war in Europe ended. He and his shipmates thought maybe they would end up going back home but no such luck. They traveled via the Panama Canal and ended up shipping out to Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands. Leo was stationed at Camp Aiea for about two weeks being assigned to minor cleaning details.

He would again be shipped to the island of Guam and temporarily assigned to the 2nd Special Naval Construction Battalion. Once everything settled out, he was to serve with the 34th Special Naval Construction Battalion. This was a stevedore outfit that unloaded ships. The ships that he went to Guam on were sister ships APA 114 and APA 116. One was named the USS Hanover, he couldn't recall the other.

While on Guam, all we did was unload ships. There was no liberty time or leaves. He handled everything from ship store stock (tooth paste, shaving supplies, candy, peanuts) to tons of cement, trucks, bombs, even a screw propeller for a cruiser waiting in the harbor.

After the war was over, sometime around October, they needed someone in the dispersing

office and I was assigned to this duty. It sure was easier than unloading ships. Shortly thereafter though, the 34th Special Naval Construction Battalion was deactivated. I would be sent on to Camp Pitti as Company Clerk. I was there over Christmas and in the first part of 1946, I and two other men were sent back to the area formally occupied by the 34th Spec. NCB as security guards. Actually, the two men were SK3c's, (storekeepers) and were frozen and could not go home and Leo didn't have enough points yet to rotate home.

Finally by May, I was on call to go home. My orders came and I boarded the General Billy Mitchell troopship. We headed out from Guam and landed on Treasure Island, California and spent a few days here. Finally, we were told we were headed home on leave. I arrived in Chicago, Illinois in the middle of the afternoon and by 5:00 p.m. was headed for Bryan. I got into Bryan and then home around midnight. It was Saturday and the next day was Sunday, June 15 (Father's Day).

My 30 day leave went fast and I reported back to Great Lakes. I was given various details until July 18, 1946 at about 2:00 p.m. This was when I received my discharge from the Navy.

While I was in the dispersing office, I tried to obtain a SK3c rating, but they said there were no opening and I did not get it. My points of interest was everywhere I had been. It was a real learning experience. I did not do anything spectacular but answered my call for service. There is not enough money to buy my experience. I would do it again, if I had too. I was never in any real danger but did have a good scare a couple of times.

MAYNARD EUGENE SHORT

served with the U.S. Army during the Second World War. Maynard was born on September 19, 1918 in Henry, County. He would attend the Tubbs Country School, located south and east of Archbold, Ohio. After Uncle Sam sent his greetings, his journey began by leaving for Camp Perry in February of 1943 by bus. Upon arriving at Camp Perry, he went through his physical check up and was given his various shots and vaccines. He would be officially inducted into the service in March, 1943.

Maynard would then be sent by train to Camp Grant for his basic training. Camp Grant was located at Rockford, Illinois. Here, he received the initial military training soldiers get as they prepare for their duty. He recalled the process of transforming him from a civilian to a soldier, through the hours of marching, drilling and the related skills learned in this initial phase of his service life.

In June of 1943, he heads for New Orleans, Louisiana. By September of 1943, he is ordered to Camp Barkley located at Abilene, Texas. His ultimate destination would be Fort Sill in Lawton, Oklahoma after a 15 day furlough. At Fort Sill, he would receive the training as a hospital corpsman. When he finished his schooling, he was ready for his first assignment in the field.

He would receive his orders in February of 1944 for duty overseas. He was headed for the Pacific theater. He went from Fort Sill to the west coast and loaded aboard the troop ship, U.S.S. Monterey. He was headed for New Guinea in the South Pacific.

Upon arriving at his new duty station, he would be assigned to work with the 35th General Hospital in the cast room. This would be his primary duty throughout his period of service. In his free time, he took care of a little garden, whittled things out of wood, made picture frames and letter openers from the metal scrap and bullets, to occupy his time.

Once New Guinea was secured from the Japanese, he would be reassigned to the Philippines. He initially was stationed on the island of Luzon. He would follow the combat

action serving on Leyte and ending up on the island of Cebu. He would remain in the Philippines through the conclusion of the war against the Japanese.

Finally, on December 24, 1945, he would be ordered back to the U.S. and left Leyte by ship headed for Los Angeles, California. He arrived back at the port of Los Angeles on January 19, 1946. He would then be sent to Camp Atterbury, Indiana and processed for separation. He was discharged from the U.S. Army and arrived home on January 22, 1946. He remarked, "I was glad to get home".

WILLARD D. MILLER

I enlisted in the Navy April 11, 1944, a day before my 18th birthday. Left for active duty on April 21st at Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Arrived April 22nd and started boot camp in Company 887, 46th Battalion, 27th Regiment. My serial number was 723-62-87. Training lasted only one month and four days. Had 11 day boot leave and then reported back to Great Lakes.

On June 9th, I started for Camp Shoemaker, California by troop train. Arrived June 12th. I had several liberties that I took to San Francisco, just waiting to be shipped somewhere. On July 1, 1944, I was headed for the South Pacific on the U.S.S. Extavia with 5000 other troops.

We crossed the equator on July 10th and were all initiated into the shellbacks. Among other things, we stripped down only to shorts and went on our hands and knees on a very hot deck, through two lines of seven men each with large wooden clubs to hit you on the way. I didn't realize I could go 20 MPH on my hands and knees. I was sore for a week.

We arrived at Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides on July 16th. Slept in tents and did mostly guard duty. Saw the Bob Hope show there. There were thousands and thousands of us there. I received orders August 19th for Guadalcanal. I arrived on August 21st and was assigned to ASA (aviation supply annex). I worked in the warehouse with aeronautical instruments. I would receive the rating of Aviation Storekeeper 3rd class. Some of my other duties were guarding Jap prisoners.

On January 26 at 11:15 P.M., a Jap submarine got inside our harbor and hit the USS Serpent, which was loaded with ammunition. The sky lit up like day light for about 15 seconds. We thought it was an air raid. The next morning we found a large piece of twisted iron about 300 feet from the hut where we slept. There was one survivor and about 300 casualties. Two days later, Tokyo Rose announced that she heard you guys on Guadalcanal had a little excitement the other night!! We listened to her through short wave radio.

We showered outside from a lister bay. Trucks would fill them each morning and by evening solar heat would usually have the water warm. Our warehouse would issue instruments to any organization - Army - Navy - Marines - Coast Guard, whoever needed them. I took several pictures of sunken Jap ships off the coast. On time off, we would go swimming in the Lunga River. And we washed the Lieutenant's jeep there.

On March 28th, I left Guadalcanal on a draft to Guam. Stopped at Eniwetok on the way. The trip was on LST-223. We arrived at the harbor at Arote Point, Guam on April 10th, 1945. We went ashore on the 12th. I was assigned to ASD (aviation supply depot). I worked in a warehouse issuing flight gear and airplane parts. The next day, we heard that President Roosevelt had died.

We had to be careful on guard duty on the base as there were a few Japs coming down from the hills. A brighter day, when we heard that Germany surrendered on May 8th. We could see wave after wave of B-29s headed for Japan and then coming back. Some were damaged from Jap fire. We had eight air raid alerts the first three months there. We never got hit. A buddy of

mine and I took a test ride on a repaired B-29. It was a thrill and I took pictures from the air. I received my rating of SKV2/c.

On August 15th, the Japanese surrendered. It was a day of celebration. They brought a truck load of beer for everyone to have. In the harbor were depth charges exploding. I took pictures.

I received my 18 months rotation orders and left Guam on January 20, 1946 aboard the USS Menard. We hit a tremendous storm a few days later. It lasted for 18 hours. We had to hang onto our mess tray with one hand and eat with the other. Some of the tables collapsed. I thought the ship would break in two. But we made it to Seattle on February 5, 1946.

It was good to see the States after 19 months and five days overseas. I got on a train from Seattle to Toledo on February 9. It was a three day trip with my arriving in Toledo on February 12th. Home for 30 days of leave, rest, and relaxation.

I would report back to Grosse Isle, Michigan on March 15th. They sent me onto Norfolk, Virginia on March 17th. I was assigned to SOSU #3 at the Naval Air Station. I had liberty most every weekend. We would go into town and once in a while, we would see a burlesque show. Something sailors seemed to enjoy. I was again working in the aviation parts warehouse. I would be discharged at Norfolk on June 8, 1946.

There was never a thought to not go into the service. Just a matter of when. I enlisted in the Navy just a day before my 18th birthday. At the time, they were taking everyone in the Army infantry. It turned out I had good duty. At the end of the war, there were rumors that we were to get carrier duty. We didn't know it then, but the Allies were planning an invasion of Japan (Toyko) in November of 1945. I have no regrets about going. It could have been a lot worse. It would do a lot of young men good to go in the service and learn the discipline there.

STANLEY LAW ON SHIP IN BATTLE WITH JAPS AT LEYTE

Story Tells How Nips Couldn't "Stand The Gaff"

Stanley Law, WT3/c, son of Mr. and Mrs. W.J. Law, Pioneer, was aboard the U.S.S. Leray Wilson, in the battles centering about Leyte, according to word sent home recently.

An account of the battle follows:

On 25 October 1944 our Naval forces in Leyte Gulf and off the Eastern coast of Samar were attacked by strong Japanese naval forces. The action in Leyte Gulf took place in the early morning of 25 October between our Bombardment Group consisting of heavy ships with lighter supporting groups and strong Japanese forces which approached from the Southwest. The attacking Japanese force was all but completely annihilated by our accurate torpedo and gun fire. Only several smaller enemy units managed to escape. The LERAY WILSON was not present at this action.

Shortly after the Leyte Gulf action, the Air Support Group off the Eastern coast of Samar Island was engaged by another force from the Northwest. Our forces consisted of Baby Flattops, destroyers, and destroyer escorts divided into three groups, while the Japanese force was composed of battleships, heavy cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers in two attacking groups, plus heavy land-based air support. One of the enemy attack groups engaged the Northern units of our force. It was driven off by our combined air and surface counter attacks after having inflicted some damage to our units. The other enemy attack group attempted to engage the central units of our forces off the coast of Samar. Our carriers tried to retire out of the range of the enemy's heavy guns and the enemy gave chase. The

escorts of which we were a part, were brought under heavy fire by enemy cruisers who evidently felt we might attempt to launch a torpedo attack upon them. The enemy suddenly turned and retired leaving us undamaged. If they had continued on, our fate might have been different, and we feel that theirs might also have been different. At the same time, the Southern units of our Air Support Group were placed under attack by enemy land based planes and suffered damages.

The whole day's action was the long expected attempt by the enemy to bring his fleet into action again with hopes of seriously damaging or breaking our naval power in the Pacific. But the powerful enemy force was turned back and forced to retire under the repeated, aggressive attacks of our Escort Carrier aircraft and "the short-lived but heroic attacks of our smaller surface craft who engaged the enemy fleet at close quarters although hopelessly outnumbered."

Front page, The Leader-Enterprise, November 30, 1944

GORDON GORRINGE

PBM Naval Aviator

I first wish to thank the teachers and staff of the North Central School System for time allotted to us Veterans. My first name is Gordon and my last name is Gorringe. I live in Alvordton with my wife Dorothy. I was born in Memphis, Michigan in 1922. I graduated from high school at Deckerville, Michigan in 1939. After graduating, I moved to Detroit, Michigan and worked in a defense plant. The name of this plant was N. A. Woolworth Company. I was an inspector on aircraft engine parts being made for Wright radial engines. At the time, I was hired in, there were about 70 employees. When I left in December of 1942, there were over 3000 employees, both men and women. We worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week. This plant had its own beauty shop, dress shop, barber shop and cafeteria.

On June 30, 1942, I took my pre-induction physical in order to be drafted into the Armed Forces. My weight was about 130 pounds and I didn't like the thought of being in the infantry and carrying a 50 or 60 pound pack. I wanted to be a Naval Aviator, so I bought two or three books on aviation, spent hours studying them and went down to the enlistment office in Detroit and passed the mental test. However, I was five pounds underweight. I drank malted milk, ate bananas, stuffed myself eating but couldn't gain but only three pounds. I remember of someone telling me to drink lots of water, which weighs eight pounds to the gallon. This I did and just passed the minimum weight limit. I was sworn into the navy as an Aviation Cadet in the V 5 program on December 8, 1942. I was called up to active duty on March 10, 1943 and received orders to report for flight training at Wenatchee, Washington. At Wenatchee, we flew Piper Cubs and Waco aircraft and studied the basics of flying. Our uniforms at Wenatchee were from the CCC program, which is the Civilian Conservation Corps. We were paid $75.00 a month as an aviation cadet. We were at Wenatchee eight weeks.

From Wenatchee, we were transferred to St. Mary's College near Oakland, California and were issued our Navy Cadet uniforms, which were dress blues, dress whites and Khakis. This was preflight school at St. Mary's with four hours academics and four hours of athletics six days a week. At five each morning, we ran two miles before breakfast, then showered, dressed and mustered at the dining hall for breakfast. After breakfast, depending on which wing you were attached to, you reported for classes in academics or athletics. We were not allowed off the base during the stay of eight weeks at St. Mary's.

After completing preflight, I received orders to report to the University of Oklahoma at Norman for primary training in N2S Yellow Perils. We learned how to make Navy carrier type landings, aerobatics, which is stalls, spins, both level and inverted, Immelmann splits, slow

rolls and snap rolls. We were instructed on navigation, airology, and communication via radio.

After completing training at Norman, Oklahoma, I was ordered to report to the Naval Air Station at Corpus Christy, Texas for basic instrument and advance flight training. At Corpus Christi, I flew SNV's, twin Beechcraft and the PBY Catalina flying boat, which is also twin engine. At Corpus Christi was my first training in night take offs and landings. On a lighted runway, this is not as difficult as in the water with no lights.

I graduated in September 1944, received my commission and wings as a Naval Aviator and immediately was ordered to operational training at the Banana River Naval Air Station, where we flew PBM-3 Martin Mariner sea planes. Our combat crew was formed at Banana River and consisted of three flight officers and eight crew men. We again made daylight and night take offs and landings, navigation flights to some of the Caribbean Islands. After ten weeks of training at Banana River, we were ordered as a crew to be flown to Corpus Christi, Texas to pick up a new PBM-5 Martin Mariner. Two days later, we took off and flew this new plane to North Island Naval Air Station at San Diego, California.

At North Island Naval Air Station, we flew daylight and night bombing runs on simulated targets and extended navigation flights. Another ten weeks at San Diego and we flew to Kaneohe, on the island of Hawaii. At Kaneohe, I lost two of my room mates, Al Cole and Jim Whitaker in the crash of their PBM-5 on a night search for Japanese submarines. All eleven men were lost when this plane went down. I was ordered to collect their personal belongings, box them and ship them with letters to their homes. This was not an easy thing to do! After an extensive search for their plane, we only found a small amount of debris and never knew what causes the crash of their PBM Mariner.

I must mentioned that I married my wife, Dorothy in February of 1944 and I missed being with her during my tour of duty.

In February of 1945, our crew of three pilots and eight enlisted men were ordered to fly to the Philippine Islands by way of Kwajalein, Saipan and Ulithi. We joined squadron VPB 17 at Leyte and were immediately ordered to rescue five Army Rangers from a search party off a small island. We received some fire from the hills and returned fire with our 50 caliber machine guns. All five Rangers were picked up and we received no damage.

We were ordered as a squadron, which is 15 planes, to report for night patrol duty at Lingayen Gulf. We flew every third night from dusk till dawn, from the Philippines, north to Formosa, now called Taiwan, across the China Sea to the east coast of China, then south to Hong Kong, then return to the Philippines. The purpose of our mission was to intercept and destroy any and all Japanese shipping in the China Sea. We flew at 200 feet over the water all night, as long as we could control our altitude. There were nights, when the weather was real severe that we flew at a higher altitude. There were times, when the sea was so rough, it appeared mostly white from the ocean swells.

Our plane again is called a PBM-5 Martin Mariner. There were over 1300 built during the war and to my knowledge, there is only one now at Tucson, Arizona at the Pima Museum. The PBM-5 carried eight fifty caliber machine guns, three turrets with two guns and one gun each side of the waist hatch. Our bomb load was 4000 pounds with a flying range of approximately 2700 miles. The PBM was equipped with Jato bottles (total of four) and could be mounted on racks at the after station, two on each side, for extra power to take off in case we had to land in the open ocean. There was a galley below the pilots compartment to prepare meals for these long patrols of 12 to 14 hours.

The PBM-5 weighed 64,000 pounds fully loaded with 2700 gallons of aviation fuel. The Wing span was 118 feet and a length of 79 feet. It was 28 feet high. It was the largest twin engine plane in WWII. At this time, our plane was equipped with the most advanced radar available.

Most of our navigating, during these night patrols, was by radar. At night, your eyes do adjust to the darkness, and you are able to see buildings, ships and many things you don't expect to see.

On one night patrol, we spotted a Japanese PC boat just outside of Hong Kong harbor and made a run on it, firing our forward turret machine guns. We chased it into the harbor, still firing, when the lights in one third of Hong Kong went out, then the rest of the lights went out and search lights came on trying to focus on us. I decided it was time to get out of this area as there was considerable anti-aircraft fire starting up at us. We flew back out into the China Sea and picked up our heading for Lingayen Gulf, our home base.

On another night patrol, south of Hong Kong, we were intercepted by five Japanese night fighters. We could locate them on our radar and prepared for an attack. They were within three miles of our position or even closer as we lost them in the sea return on our radar. Sea return is an area of three miles from your plane, where no signal could be received. We flew into a large rain squall and eventually lost them. On another flight, we intercepted a radio message of an unidentified aircraft approximately 75 miles northwest of Luzon. An air force P-61 Black Widow night fighter picked us up as we were the unidentified aircraft. Our IFF transmitter was out.

I have not mentioned yet that our squadron was attached to the Sea Plane tender Tangier and their crew supplied us with fuel, ammunition, food, medical supplies and was our main radio contact. We ate our meals and slept on board the Tangier. As an officer, we were served our meals in the officers mess by stewards. I never complained about the food even though we were served either bully beef or spam for two weeks straight. I still like spam.

On one night search for enemy shipping, our squadron executive officer, Lt. Commander Laser and his crew attacked and sank four Japanese freighters. They apparently were carrying fuel in drums, as the first ship blew up and the fire it caused lit up the area and they set fire to the other three ships with machine gun fire.

Another of our planes was shot down in the China Sea by a Japanese Destroyer. They attacked at 200 feet and the destroyer hit them with heavy fire. They went over the destroyer, crashed into the ocean and exploded. Out of eleven men on board, only two survived, the pilot and co-pilot, Fred Forman and Bob Bunge. One of my good friends, Dutch Lingrani was killed. He was the other pilot. Bob Bunge came to the surface into burning fuel, he went down and swam out from it. He was luckey and found one of the two life rafts and later located Fred Forman. They drifted five days in the China Sea and were picked up by a Chinese Junk. They were turned over to American undercover agents in China. The Chinese received $25,000.00 for each pilot rescued.

In early July of 1945, we received orders for our squadron to locate off Tawi Tawi, in the southern Philippines, to fly anti-submarine patrols in the daylight hours to cover the invasion of Borneo. Our invasion force consisted of American warships and Australian troops. The Japanese fought fiercely to keep from being pushed into the jungle because the head hunters hated the Japanese.

One of our planes attacked a Japanese freighter and had one of their engines knocked out. They couldn't make it back to base from the southern Makassar Straits, so they landed and beached their plane on the shore of the Celebes Island. Some natives came to where they were beached and then they left. Before long, Japanese soldiers arrived and captured eight of the crew. Three enlisted men hid in some bull rushes and were later rescued. Their plane was set a fire by strafing and destroyed so that the Japanese could not salvage guns and parts from it. An Australian commando was put ashore a few miles from where they beached their plane to try and find out what happened to the eight men. When he was picked up, he reported that they were all beheaded by the Japanese. The Japanese garrison commander was tried

and convicted, after the war, of war crimes and was hung.

I forgot to mention that each officer carried a Smith & Wesson 38 caliber revolver and each enlisted man was issued a M-1 carbine.

A week after the Japanese surrendered, our squadron was ordered to Shanghai, China. There, we were attached to the seaplane tender Norton Sound on the Huang Pu River. Our mission there was to ferry in medical supplies and aid in the surrender of Japanese forces. Three weeks later, we were ordered as a crew to fly back to the United States, as we had enough combat points to be relieved.

I did serve again during the Korean War from 1952 till 1954 at Grosse Ile Naval Air Station near Detroit, Michigan. Patrol Squadron VPB 731 was called up for active duty and sent to Korea. My squadron VPB 732 was not called for active duty. I quit flying in 1954 and was placed on inactive duty with the Navy. During WWII, as a flight officer, I was paid $382.00 per month total.

At Grosse Ile, I flew PV2 twin engine land based bombers. My license to fly was unlimited land and sea. My total flight hours was 2987. I also had flight time in the Lockheed P2V Neptune patrol bomber, which had two jet engines, in addition to the two propeller engines, while attached to VPB 732 during a tour at Brunswick, Maine.

AL McCORD
A-20 Gunner in the South Pacific.

Al McCord of Bryan would be drafted into the service. He was inducted at Camp Perry on September 8, 1942. The U.S. Army Air Force would then send him to complete his basic training at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. He completed basic in November and then attended Park Air College located at East St. Louis, Missouri. He attended school here to become an airplane mechanic. The men attended school at night since this was a civilian facility which was still in operation during the day. Al would be stationed here until June of 1943 when he graduated from the school.

His next duty station, beginning in July, was at the Army Air Force repair depot at Kelly Field, Texas. His primary responsibility was to repair airplane engines. He did this work until October 1943, when he would be transferred to Aerial Gunner School at McCarron Field, Nevada. Here, he learned how to operate and maintain all types of guns used in airplanes. Once this schooling was completed, Al was assigned in December 1943 to a plane and pilot for combat training in Florence, South Carolina.

By January 1944, Al would be given orders to Hamilton Field, outside of San Francisco, California. He would board a C-54 troop transport and headed for Australia. This would be a 37 hour flight via Hawaii, Figi Islands, and New Caledonia, before finally landing at Brisbane.

From the time of arriving in Australia in January of 1944, Al would fly practice missions from the following bases in country. The purpose of this training was to learn combat tactics. He would be stationed in Brisbane, Townsville and Charters Tower. These towns were all located on the eastern side of the continent in the province of Queensland.

During his training as an aerial gunner, his job was to do the following:

1.) operate the turret machine guns,
2.) load and clean the guns,
3.) arm the bombs to make them live before a mission which was to remove the special safety pin. If the bomb was dropped with this pin in, the bomb would not GO OFF.

During the mission, his responsibilities were:

1.) operate guns if attacked,
2.) operate the remote camera,
3.) observe ground activity,
4.) observe the airplanes tail parts,
5.) report any damage from ack ack,
6.) keep track of other planes in his formation,
7.) report any gas or oil leaks, and
8.) report any smoke or fire from his plane or planes in the formation.

After the mission, the duties included checking over the plane for damage and report them. And attend the mission debriefing and report what he did and saw during the mission. Such things reported were observation of enemy troops, ships, building damage, fires, or any changes of target from their last mission.

Al would train in Australia until February 16, 1944. At this time, he received his orders to move to the front. He was assigned to the 417th Bomb Group, 673rd Bomb Squadron, 5th Army Air Force in Dobodura, New Guinea. The job of the 417th Bomb Group was to isolate the Japs by flying missions with special targets assigned. The long range objective was to get to the Japanese homeland and end the war. Specific priorities were:

1.) bomb Jap supply ships and supply dumps,
2.) bomb Jap living quarters,
3.) bomb Jap air strips and fields
4.) bomb any army car, trucks, tanks, and gun emplacement, and
5.) support our ground troops.

On April 17, '44, Al moves with his unit from Dobodura to Saidor, New Guinea as his new base of operation. He would remain here until September 9, except for a one month detached duty assignment at Hollandia, New Guinea. While stationed at Saidor, he would fly 30 missions to various points throughout the New Guinea combat sector. Al shared at the time, when stationed at Saidor, they thought they were based in a relatively safe and secure forward location. But after the war, he learned that their were approximately 40,000 Japanese troops located just to the south of his location.

By September 9, 1944, his unit would move to Noemfoor Island. This was a part of Dutch New Guinea. This would allow them to be able to conduct missions bombing the Japs in Indonesia. This was an important region to the Japs because of the natural resources they got from the area such as oil. Al would fly 20 missions in this combat sector.

At the conclusion of his 50th mission, they were previously told that they would be rotated back home. But things at that point in time in Europe were not going well. The Battle of the Bulge was being fought and manpower needs were critical. And, they were ordered to remain in the theater and fly an additional 10 missions.

On December 15, 1944, the unit would move to Mindoro in the Philippine Islands. Here he would fly his final missions of his tour. Up to January 17, they flew missions to assist in the preparation of the landing of troops on the west coast of the islands. Then on January 17, 1945, they supported a large scale amphibious landing on the west coast of the Philippines. Al would fly his final mission on January 19, 1945 after 59 missions. He would be grounded because of flying fatigue.

He would be reassigned to Biak Island in February and sent home on March 10, 1945. He

boarded a captured German ship and would head for San Francisco. The trip lasted 24 days and after arriving in the U.S.A., (April 3), Al would would receive a two week leave before reporting to Santa Anna, California distribution center and sent to Chanute Field, located outside of Champaign-Urbana, Illinois. Here, he would attend airplane electrical school. After a short stint here, he was transferred to the 3030th AAF Base in Roswell, New Mexico. He completed his tour of service as an aircraft electrician until his discharge on October 1, 1945.

Al kept an unofficial diary of his missions he flew in the South Pacific. He also has obtained his official personnel file which had his combat profile listed. As stated before, Al arrived in the theater on January 17, 1944 in Brisbane, Australia. He would be moved to his first forward base on February 16th. He is assigned to be a gunner aboard an A-20 Attack Bomber they called "Peg "O" My Hart" He is assigned to the 417th Bb Gp., 673 Bb Sq. His squadron is called the "Flyin Cowboys." His pilot was Lt. Norman L. Olsen who was from Wisconsin.

Al said that they came to be called "Coconut Bombers" because they would conduct their bomb runs at tree top level going in at between 300 and 400 m.p.h. They had 12 crews per mission and flew pretty tight formation to and from their target. Upon arriving at their target, they would break formation and go in groups of three planes per strike. A mission might last up to five hours, but actual time over a target might only be less than 1 minutes. Then, they head for home.

Al's mission log is as follows:

March 30	Saidor	New Guinea	Targets to strafe and bomb
March 30	Aitape/Saidor	New Guinea	Targets to strafe and bomb
April 17	Saidor	New Guinea	Moved from Dobodura to new base location at Saidor
April 18	Palas Point	New Guinea	Targets to strafe and bomb
April 20	Mandis Island	New Guinea	Bombing mission
April 21	Bunabun	New Guinea	Targets to strafe and bomb
April 22	Wewak	New Guinea	Targets to strafe and bomb
April 23	Mossenbar	New Guinea	Targets to strafe and bomb
April 28	Wewak/Hansa Bay	New Guinea	Hot Anti-aircraft artillery
May 2	Uligan Point	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
May 3	Hansa Bay	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
He gets leave to Sydney, Australia to May 20th			
May 24	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
May 27	But	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
June 1	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel

June 2	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
June 4	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
June 7	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
June 10	Muschu Island	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
June 11	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
June 12	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
June 13	Boram-Tadji	New Guinea	Ground support
June 16	Matapau-Tadji	New Guinea	Attack supply dumps
June 17	Dagua	New Guinea	Attack supply dumps
June 20	Dagua	New Guinea	Attack supply dumps
June 22	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots / personnel
June 24	Dagua	New Guinea	Attack supply dumps
June 26	But	New Guinea	Attack supply dumps
June 29	Drinimor	New Guinea	Ground support
July 4	But	New Guinea	Attack supply dumps
July 8	Tadji	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
July 11	Kokas Village	New Guinea	Attack supply depots/ personnel
He gets leave to Sydney, Australia from July 27 until August 5			
August 13	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots and personnel
August 19	Wewak	New Guinea	Attack supply depots and personnel
September 4, 1944 moves to new base at Noemfoor Island, Dutch New Guinea			
Sept 9	Haroekoe	Dutch East Indies	
Sept 10	Amahai	Dutch East Indies	
Sept 13	Samate	Dutch East Indies	
Sept 15	Kaoe	Dutch East Indies	Airstrip
Sept 16	Kairatoe	Dutch East Indies	
Sept 17	Noemfoor	Dutch New Guinea	Combat Mission Incomplete Weather
Sept 20	Kaoe	Dutch East Indies	Airstrip

Sept 28	Noemfoor	Dutch New Guinea	Combat Mission Incomplete Weather
October 1	Langoer Drome	Kai Island Airstrip	Heavy Anti-Aircraft Artillery
October 8	Binnen Bay	Dutch East Indies	Combat Mission Incomplete Weather
October 9	Liang Drome	Dutch East Indies	Combat Mission Incomplete Weather
October 10	Liang Drome	Dutch East Indies	Heavy AA, 5 hrs., 20 min's.
October 14	Haroekoe Drome	Dutch East Indies	
October 16	Babo	Dutch East Indies	Hot Anti-Aircraft Artillery
October 17	Combat Mission Incomplete		Weather
October 18	Sagan Drome	Dutch East Indies	Pass 150 Flight time

He gets leave to Sydney, Australia from October 25 through November 6

December 15	Ambon Town	Dutch East Indies	Strong AAA, over 5 hrs flight time

January 1, 1945 Moves to air base on Mindoro Island in the Philippines
They receive nightly nuisance raids from the Japanese

January 3	Santa Barbara	Philippines	Airstrip
January 8	Luzon Islands	Philippines	Railroads
January 9	Manila area	Luzon Island, Philippines	Railroads and Highways
January 11	Plaridel Bridge	Philippines	Bombing mission
January 17	Laoag		Airfield
January 19	Salomague Bay		Attack Shipping

Final mission completed January 19, 1945

Number of missions: 59

Numbers of hours: 192:35

Battles and Campaigns: New Guinea, Southern Philippines, East Indies, Luzon, Philippines, Bismark Archipelago.

Al has in his possession a Group History book that was prepared for the men prior to their group's breakup. In it are a couple of articles that give a good over view of the experiences of the combat crews and the effect that the unit had on the enemy in New Guinea.

The first is entitled, "A Pilot's Thoughts During and After," by Lt. Robert Quinn, 673rd Squadron (KIA). See note at end of sketch.

But the missions really are the fun, it's hard to describe them, but you who have flown know what the takeoffs and landings are like; the earth rushes by at a terrific speed when you

are so low, but in a transport you are only doing about 90 to 100 miles an hour, but still it seems so fast. Well, imagine flying over the tree tops, just above them, about ten or twelve feet, at speeds better than 350, and even up to 400 mph at times.

You approach the target...Your bomb bay doors open with a swoosh!... You flick on your gun switches, and now you are all set... Waiting now... Then suddenly there it is, your target!... Those houses in the clearing, with all those tiny figures running like rats caught in a trap...You feel an immense satisfaction and grit your teeth... You squeeze the trigger and out go six streams of copper-clad steel "fifties"... Your cockpit fills with smoke, but you don't mind, it smells good... you see a shack in your sights, and poof! It disappears before your sputtering guns... You spot a big shack and kick rudder to get over it ... Now!... you press the little black button and a 500 lb bomb drops; you don't know if you hit it or not, but photos will tell later on... See that fellow up there to the left, he just dropped a bomb into that mess hall. Now look at it, nothing but shambles; a hugh smoking hole in the ground with bits of wood, wreckage, and maybe even Japs flying through the air... You pass through the dirt and wreckage in a flash, and are almost to the end of the target... what are those red balls hanging there in the air... Ack! Ack!... With that they begin screaming past your wings... You instinctively crouch closer to that bullet-proof glass, then you kick one rudder, then the other rudder... You slip. You skid... Be careful those trees are close... You keep low and fast... Up the hill and behind the safety of those rugged mountains... You breathe easy now... Turn off those switches... Call the gunners, "You all OK? The ship OK?"... You look around at all your gauges, OK? Fuel pressure, Oil pressure, Cylinder head temperature... Yep! ... Well it's almost over now, so you settle back and run for home... You land... Go to Intelligence for your interrogation... After that maybe a good stiff drink of whiskey, you need it... Then you realize how tired you are. Dirty, hungry, and needing a shave you climb wearily into a jeep and go bouncing back to your tent... You slowly undress and walk to the shower... Shave and shower... You sit down at the table... You're not thinking of the mission now... Rather of your home... The girl you left behind, your folks. Gee, how good some hot apple pie would taste right now... You slowly munch your food... Talk drifts around the table, "Did you see that big... Then I hit him with all six and he seemed to disappear"... Laughter floats around the table and the talk gradually subsides and the fellows begin to drift out in groups of two or three. "Want to play some poker to-night?"... "No, thanks all the same...tired?"... You walk back to your tent... Sit down... Reread that last letter... Gaze at those snapshots for a while... Your heart is all full and your mind thinking... You should write a letter tonight, but what to say? You can't mention the mission, besides the folks would worry if they knew... You're so tired... exhausted... You drop your clothes where they fall and climb into your cot... You relax and for a moment you are still awake... You breathe a silent prayer of thankfulness for your safe return... You've done your job today. Tomorrow?... Well, that's tomorrow.

The following is an article written by Lt. Col. Howard S. Ellmore, commanding officer of the 417th Light Bombardment Group in the Southwest Pacific (KIA). It is entitled, "COCONUT BOMBING," and is a reprint from the "Air Force," October, 1944 local bulletin in the 417th Group's history. It gives a good account of the missions flown by the group and the devastation inflicted upon the Japanese by the squadrons of the 417th Bomb Group.

What is coconut bombing, you'd like to know? Well, just strap yourself to a fast-moving A-20 and we'll see if you get the idea. All set? Let's go.

We take off and proceed to the target - anywhere from zero to 500 feet. Five hundred feet is just about the beginning of the stratosphere as far as attack bombing is concerned. We buzz toward the enemy at speeds varying from 250 to 300 miles per hour. The objective in this case is an area target on Awar Point. We come in, three or six planes abreast, and at a thousand yards cut loose with our .50 caliber guns. As we go across the target, a two-ton bomb load drops from the bomb bay. Seconds later we are speeding away from the target, closing bomb bay doors and looking back to see smoke and debris mushrooming into the air.

That's all there is to it. The whole attack lasted perhaps half a minute.

What did you see? Well, you saw exactly what you might expect to see while moving at a speed of 300 miles an hour on the deck. You saw the tops of a lot of coconut trees. That's all. Hence the term, "coconut knocking."

Did we do any real damage? Photographs taken from the airplane at split-second shutter speeds reveal much the human eye cannot see. They show overturned vehicles, scattered supplies, an occasional three-inch gun, here and there a smashed Jap hutment. However, the wily Japs are past masters at concealing supplies under the trees, and even the camera misses a large part of the damage done.

Coconut bombing is a type of attack which has not been particularly popular with combat crews because they cannot see what they are shooting and bombing. The question naturally came up as to how much damage this type of bombing was actually doing. Finally the chance came to settle the matter once and for all. Ground troops had occupied the area around Hansa Bay, where our Bomb Group had flown about a thousand sorties, expending a million and a half rounds of ammunition, dropping a thousand tons of bombs. This was the chance we had been waiting for. A picked staff of intelligence officers, consisting of Capts. Jerome A. Adams, George M. Green, Felix D. Lewis and 1st Lt. Roy R. Woods, were dispatched to the Hansa Bay area by PT boat the day after it had been occupied. Their mission was to assess the actual damage done in this area. Let Captain Adams, who headed the intelligence officers, tell you the story.

"We left our base at noon and headed for Hansa Bay and a new phase of Air Force intelligence. During the trip up the coast, the skipper of the PT was very congenial, and in no time at all we were swapping tales of recent exploits. He even permitted each of us to take a turn at the wheel, which was pretty broad-minded of him.

"We landed just before dark near a bombed jetty in Hansa Bay. As we stepped ashore, we were aware of a putrefying odor which is difficult to describe. The stench of decomposed flesh, decayed food, and rotten supplies permeated the entire area. Shoes, sneakers, clothes, and medical supplies were strewn all over the place. We contacted an Australian intelligence officer, and he informed us that the American Naval intelligence officer, who had been one of he first intelligence officers on the scene, was camped about one mile inland.

"It was getting dark fast, and we were worried about getting a place to sleep. The Naval I.O. said that he could give us a shack, and suggested that we hunt through some of the Jap huts down the road for a mosquito net, as the insects were unbearable. With the aid of a flashlight, we crawled through filthy huts littered with debris until we found a net that wasn't torn. I might add that a Jap mosquito net is a huge square, capable of sheltering eight to ten men. We headed back for camp, but on the way someone remarked that there would be no sleeping under such a dirty thing, and without further ado, we threw the net away.

"We found the Naval I.O. and six men getting ready to turn in for the night, and they suggested that we set up some Jap stretchers that were lying around to use as beds. Setting up a Jap stretcher is a feat in itself, and I imagine that the most wounded Japs "kicked the bucket" before they ever arrived at a first aid station. That night we slept on the stretchers raised about three inches above the floor and fought bugs all night, to say nothing of the rats, which had grown fat eating unburied Jap corpses.

The next morning we rose early and headed for Condor Strip, where we saw tons of food which had been shot up by the strafing. Boxes of medical supplies of every description and huge stacks of rice were strewn throughout the area. Every hut presented the same sight. Debris scattered in every direction. As for food, there were case after case of canned fish,

tubs of dried fruit (similar to our dried apricots), mountainous tins of tea, cocoa and biscuits, which looked very much like dog biscuits. These piles were shattered by bomb bursts and holed by machine gun fire to such a degree that they were entirely unusable. Not a case - not a tin can could be found without one or more .50 caliber bullet hole in it. In front of one shack we found the strut and tire of a B-24 and an American parachute that had been perforated by machine gun fire.

"Everywhere was desolation and destruction. Around the edge of the strip and in revetments we found one Tony, two Helens, one Oscar and five unidentified planes, all of which were literally bombed and shot to pieces.

"Throughout the area we inspected many underground shelters that were extremely well built. Some had as many as five logs piled one on the other and covered by vines that made observation from the air virtually impossible.

"Cutting back to Awar Plantation, we saw bomb craters filled with equipment and supplies. The Japs used this method of destroying much of their equipment when they are forced to vacate an area. The bomb craters usually have stagnant water and filth in the bottom of them. When forced to retreat the Japs throw equipment, which cannot be taken with them, into the bomb craters to prevent use by the Allies. One crater in particular held at least 100 bails of thick rope, bales of barbed wire and at least fifty kegs of nails. This sight was prevalent throughout the entire inspection. Being a native of the Hoosier State, I was surprised to find not a few lawn mowers stamped 'Made in Indiana."

"Making our way back to our base, we met five natives, four of them youngsters in their early teens. Captain Evanson, who spoke Pidgin very well and had spent the last 15 years on the island, asked them a few questions. What they told him confirmed previous estimates of the Japs' condition prior to their withdrawl. They had been bombed and strafed until they could no longer eat, although apparently plenty of food was in the area. They couldn't bury their dead; they dared not come out of their holes.

"One little native boy in his very best pidgin gave a description of the strafing and bombing attacks. 'Pella b'long bird he come along now. Rat-tat-tat-tat! Boom-boom-boom! Then in pantomine he illustrated how he lost no time crawling for the bush.

"Nothing in the entire area escaped destruction. Even two Geisha girls - one middle aged, one young - had been victims of the relentless attacks. One had a leg blown off and the other had been killed by a 50 caliber bullet. They had been given a decent burial by Allied troops.

"Of more than 100 trucks found, only two appeared serviceable. In addition to many unburied Japs, a graveyard of over 400 was found, their death undoubtedly caused by our strafing attacks.

"We were glad to learn that the propaganda leaflets we had dropped had served their purpose. Very few of the natives in the area had aided the Japs and most of them had moved out of the coastal area and back into the hills.

"It is difficult to estimate with pencil and paper the damage done by the coconut attacks we carried out against the enemy. His nerves shattered by constant bombing and strafing, unable to eat, sleep, work or cope with our repeated raids, he had to give up his Hansa Bay position.

"He was forced to do this without pressure from the ground forces, which made it truly an Air Force show. This damage was wrought with a loss of very few airplanes and combat crewmen."

It all adds up to one inescapable conclusion. Coconut knockers pay off well and will continue to pay off well in the Pacific theater.

Editors Notes:

Lt. Robert Quinn was KIA on a bombing mission over Clark Field, Luzon in the Philippines on January 7, 1945.

Lt. Col. Howard S. Ellmore was KIA on a mission to destroy shipping in the China Sea, near San Fernando Point, Luzon in the Philippines on January 2, 1945.

KENNETH L. BLY

would be inducted into the United States Coast Guard on October 1, 1940. He entered the service through Detroit, Michigan. They placed him on a train and sent him to Ellis Island, New York. He arrived Ellis Island the next day, October 2. From here, he entered boot camp. They instructed him with basic seamanship and the related duties and skills needed for any coast guardsman. He would then be assigned to office duty for the next year and a-half. He transferred to the 3rd Naval District Headquarters located at 42 Broadway in New York. He worked in the Clothing Depot. The war was raging over in Europe and things were happening in the Pacific, but we were still at peace until December 7, 1941. He would complete advance schooling as a radar operator prior to his sea duty.

Beginning in June of 1943, he was assigned to the USCG Cutter "Galatca" on convoy duty. Their primary cruise area was from New York to Key West, Florida. Their primary objective on their patrols were to provide protection for supply ships. He recalled coming into contact with one German U-Boat during one of his trips at sea. He said that they had orders that no one was allowed to leave convoy without protection. He would be involved in this duty until March of 1944. His primary responsibilities on board the Galatca were providing for the ships supplies, radar and coding machine operator, and man the 20 millimeter gun when his turn to pull this duty occurred. Upon being injured on ship, he was reassigned to Coast Guard Supply Depot in New York.

He would remain in this duty as a Store Keeper First class until released from the service. Bly would be discharged from the Coast Guard on September 24, 1945. He departed Brooklyn, New York and arrived in West Unity on October 1, 1945 exactly five years from the time he left for the service in 1940.

QUENTIN (Tom) DAVIS

enlisted into the U.S. Army Air Force in May of 1942. After basic training, he was selected to attend pilot school. He was sent to the University of Alabama for his initial pilot training. He would see various levels of training at San Antonio, Corsicana, Majors Field and Ellington, Texas. His flight school training was completed at Keslar Field, Mississippi. Once his training had been completed, he was sent Pueblo, Colorado. He would be given a furlow but would receive notice to report back early.

In January 1945, he would be sent by ship to the European Theater and was stationed in Italy. He was assigned to a B-24 unit with the 15th AAF, 484th Bomb Group. Once the war had been concluded in Europe, Tom would receive orders to fly his B-24 back to the States. He flew via one stop at Gander, Newfoundland before arriving at his destination of Boston.

After arriving back in the States, Tom would be stationed at Ft. Myers, Florida. Upon his separation from the service, he would receive his honorable discharged from Chanute Field, Illinois on December 4, 1945.

Tom passed away on December 28, 1996. His wife Gelenna provided this short sketch.

The following sketch is taken from the Edgerton Earth newspaper dated April 5, 1945.

AWARDED AIR MEDAL

15th AAF in Italy - 2nd Lt. Quentin T. Davis, 25, Route 2, Edgerton, Ohio, pilot of a B-24 Liberator Bomber, recently was awarded the Air Medal for, "Outstanding performance of duty in aerial combat against the enemy." Lieutenant Davis spoke of his missions to the oil installations at Blechhammer, Germany and Vienna, Austria, as targets he "sweated out" most. "It's my opinion that if you have lots of flak, your not going to see many enemy fighters. I prefer the flak," explained Lieutenant Davis.

He is authorized to wear the Distinguished Unit Badge as a member of a veteran liberator group which was awarded the gold-rimmed blue ribbon for the bombing of underground oil storage installations at Vienna, Austria. Since his arrival in Italy, Lieutenant Davis has become a veteran of missions to oil refineries, marshaling yards, harbors and bridges in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and northern Italy.

Lieutenant Davis attended Bryan high school, Bryan. Prior to entering the service, he was employed by the Raymond Motor Sales Company, Bryan. Ohio. Entering the Army Air Corps in January 1943, he has been graduated from preflight, primary, basic and advanced flying school. Before leaving for overseas duty, he was stationed at Pueblo Army Air Base, Pueblo, Colorado. His father, R. T. Davis, resides at Route 2, Edgerton.

VAUGHN A. MILLER

would serve with the U.S. Army Air Force during the war. He was inducted on April 20, 1942 at Wright-Patterson in Dayton, Ohio. He would complete basic training and go by car to Flint, Michigan where he attended engine school. He would graduate top of his class. From Flint, he would next be sent on to advanced training learning to work on fighter planes. He was sent to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma by train.

Upon completing his training, he was ordered to New York City. Here, he would board the Queen Mary to be shipped to England. Prior to this happening though, he had some leave time and use it to see the city. One of the things he recalled was watching one of the shows given by the Rocketts dancing girls.

Overseas duty called and he boards the Queen Mary. It carried 15,000 troops he said. They had oatmeal every day with no salt. Lots of men were seasick but he said it never bother him. The Queen Mary could cruise fast enough that the German submarines couldn't get a bead on it. The trip went fairly smooth considering the cramped quarters and food. Vaughn would land at Glasgow, Scotland.

After landing, they were housed in a large open camp in the fields. They slept in pup tents, all 15,000 men. He would receive his orders and was shipped south to Wales. He was stationed at a fighter squadron where he worked on the engines. They were in the airfields along the coast nearest to the German occupied continent. He had more and more planes to work on as the war plants produced them and the pilots flew them. It was his job along with his crew to keep them flying.

He recalled how the German's raids came over at night. Air raid sirens would sound and the search lights would be activated to highlight them for anti-aircraft batteries. They would shoot

down their share of the enemy. The men, who were not assigned to any defensive duty, would head for the trenches where they were pretty safe from the attacks.

When he was given free time, he recalled once visiting London. He would spend his entire duty in England, and later, France, as a mechanic working on the fighters. In 1945, after the war had concluded, he shipped home from England and landed in the port of Boston. He would be given a 30 day furlough and he headed for home. He would upon the completion of his leave time, report back to Wright-Patterson Air Base in Dayton, Ohio. He would then be immediately separated from the service and returned home for good.

Upon leaving the service, he was a Technical Sergeant in rank, serial number 15196001. He had received for honorary service, the Good Conduct Medal, European/African/Middle East Campaign Medal, World War II Victory Medal and his Honorable Discharge.

He recalled, when asked about any unique experiences, that they had to go to France during the D-Day Invasion. The sky was black with planes. His unit set up an air field on Omaha Beach after the Americans had secured it. Then they moved on to Nancy, France.

He concluded his remarks by saying,

> "I think that everyone would benefit from the service experience! I don't mean there should be another war to do it, but to go through the experience would be good for everyone. They would then understand what the service men and women go through"

Vaughn Miller passed away on December 25, 2000. This article was written by his wife from audio tapes prepared for his son's about his personal experiences during the war.

RAID ON ST. NAZAIRE
BY MAJOR GEORGE ROBINSON

The following article is reprinted with the permission of Editor Emeritus Harold A. Susskind of the 303rd Bomb Group Hell's Angels Newsletter. It is placed into this history due to the fact that Lt. ERCIL EYSTER of Edon was co-pilot on this mission. It gives a good overview of the danger and mission activity that our men went through on each and every mission during the early years of the war over Europe by the 8th Air Force. A full citation is given in the sources cited chapter of the book. A special thank you is extended to all concerned with the 303rd and 306th Bomb Groups.

When Lt. George T. Macklin, the Duty Officer, called me at the Officers' Mess and said he "Had something," I knew that another Operation Order was in. I called the Group Commander, Col. James H. Wallace, and the Group Executive Major Charles Marion, and together we proceeded to the Operations Office, speculating on the target and wondering what "the damned Wing has thought up this time."

The Operations Orders was just like the rest; the "zero hour," target, bomb load, number of airplanes, rendezvous point, route to target, axis of attack, maneuver after attack, supporting units, and other information necessary to the proper tuning and coordination of the four heavy bomber groups participating in the attack. The order was of special importance to

me because it was my turn to lead the group. Colonel Wallace, Major Marion and I alternated in leading the missions. While two planned the mission and took care of the many details to be arranged, the other, who was to fly the leading ship, went to bed. So, after familiarizing myself with the mission in general, and knowing that everything would be covered at the morning briefing, I went to bed.

At 04:30 a.m., the telephone rang and the tired voice of the duty officer informed me that it was time to get up. I dressed quickly, remembering the long woolies which are reserved for the high-altitude missions and rushed out into the dark and down the muddy road to the mess hall. Getting up in the middle of the night and slopping through the mud reminded me of the opening of the duck season back home.

Full of hot coffee and food, all the combat crews assembled at the briefing room where watches were synchronized, signals of the day given, and pictures of the target shown on the screen. The Group Commander gave a resume of the entire mission for the benefit of the gunners, showing them the route, formations, altitudes and fighter opposition expected after which they were excused to clear guns, check turrets and load ammunition.

I reported to "stations" at 09:30. At this time all crew members are to report to their respective airplanes and make all final checks and inspections. I looked over the Form 1 and talked to all the crew members, familiarizing myself with them and their procedures in general. This was necessary as pilots of Group Headquarters are not assigned airplanes and must choose one for each mission. I suspect this procedure sometimes makes the regular pilot and co-pilot slightly unhappy since the pilot is relegated to co-pilot's position and the co-pilot is left out completely. However, full cooperation from the crews has always been forthcoming. The co-pilot, Lt. Ercil F. Eyster; the navigator, Capt. Harold Fulghum; the bombardier, Lt. A.H. Haas plus the Ass't navigator and myself went over the complete mission, covering the target photos, route in and out, altitude, etc. Fifteen minutes before take off time, the engines were started and the crew took their assigned positions.

I took off at 10:30 and circled the field once to pick up the 358th squadron led by Major C. K. Wurzbach. We climbed on course to the rendezvous point at Beach Head, circled it once and left exactly at the given time, climbing toward France.

We reached our bombing altitude about halfway across the Channel and took up our defensive formation. Lt. Haas called off the altitude to the gunners as we climbed and the gunners checked in when their oxygen masks were adjusted and when their guns had been test fired. Capt. Fulghum checked our course and drift and gave me a small corrections in course. Over the French coast, I took slight evasive action against flak and went back on course for the Initial Point (IP). There were broken clouds just above the ground and below them the countryside looked deceivingly peaceful; small villages and a mosaic of tiny farms. It was inconceivable that any form of danger or violence could exist there. Was there actually a war on or was I only dreaming?

"Pilot from Navigator," Fulghum was calling. "We are four minutes from our IP."

"Navigator from Pilot. O.K." "Bombardier from Pilot, did you get that?"

"Pilot from Bombardier, received O.K."

As we passed over the junction of a railroad and river which was our initial point, the bomb bay doors were opened. This was a signal for the trailing squadron that we were commencing our run to the target, about 12 miles away. At this signal, Wurzbach was to lead his squadron off to the left and approach on a course about 30 degrees from ours. This, theoretically, was making it more difficult for the flak gunners guarding the target to track us.

I began taking rather violent evasive action, and as we turned towards the target, I could see it very plainly, just as it looked in the target photographs.

"Pilot from Bombardier, turning on course!"

I turned the nose of the ship as straight for the center of the target as possible, concentrated on the instruments until everything was centered and replied, "Bombardier, from Pilot, on course, ship level," and watched for the needle of the P.D.I. to show me any needed correction in course. Concentrating harder than ever before in my life, I kept the airspeed constant, the ship level in all directions, and the altimeter needle glued at 21,000 feet.

When the bomb release light flickered twice I knew that if Uncle Sam's famous bombsight had done its part, those big eggs we had just laid would land exactly where they would do the most good.

I flew straight and level for about 10 seconds after the bomb run to be sure the wing man had gotten their bombs away then began the corkscrewing evasive action again. Flak had been popping around us more or less ineffectively for a matter of a few seconds but we hadn't paid it much attention. A six-gun burst appeared just off our left wing and on the theory that lightning never strikes twice in the same place I had just turned toward it when there was a terrific jarring crash accompanied by the sound of ripping metal and the ship shuddered and shook from nose to tail. With a peculiarly detached thought I noticed a red, sticky substance dripping from the throttle pedestal, from my hands and clothes, and spattered over the windshield and instruments.

Afraid of what I might see I glanced over at Eyster and the top gunner. They were O.K. Number one engine was out completely. Oil was gushing out of a hole in the nose section and the prop was wind milling with the tack needle against the peg at 3500 rpm. Eyster punched the feathering button, turned off the gas and switches while I trimmed the ship to fly on three engines. We were losing altitude rapidly and were headed out to sea.

As we recovered from the first rather stunning shock we found that the red stuff all over the cockpit was hydraulic fluid which had spurted from a cut line, and looking around saw that the wings and fuselage were all sprinkled with sizable, jagged holes. Number four engine was showing low manifold pressure and wasn't doing much good but the oil pressure and temperature were O.K. so we let it go. Any small bit of additional power was welcome.

About a minute away from the target and at about 19,000 feet, the gunners began reporting enemy fighters. There were about 50 of them. Some of them attacked our formation and the gunners began firing. Later four E.A. were claimed as destroyed by the group.

We were well out at sea and had turned to parallel the coast when the tail gunner called and said that one of our ships was leaving the formation to the right. I turned slightly to the right to see better and to cover the ship if possible from further fighter attack. As I started to turn, Lt. Reddig, number two in my second element, pulled up to the right past the formation. The huge ship nearly stalled, then rolled slowly on its back, and went down in a deep spiral, leaving a plume of black smoke and flames to mark its path. A horribly beautiful sight as it was silhouetted against the white clouds and blue water. A few thousand feet below us parachutes appeared near it. We hoped they all got out. Capt. Miller, my first assistant was acting as either pilot or co-pilot in Reddig's ship. That morning he had asked me if he couldn't go along, "to get in flying time for the month."

"Navigator from pilot. What is the course out?" A strange voice gave me the first compass heading on our course out. Wondering why Fulghum didn't answer my call, I called the Bombardier. "Haas from pilot. Where's Fulghum?"

"Pilot from Bombardier, Fulghum's hit. He's out. Gilliam is navigating for us."

"Bombardier from Pilot, O.K." The extra navigator gave me the course out. Looking back over the wing as we turned I could see the target. There was a great deal of smoke and fires. More puffs of white smoke broke out as the groups behind us dropped their bombs. The air around us fairly swarmed with airplanes, both friendly and distinctly otherwise.

Above the target area the sky was almost black with round blobs of smoke caused by bursting heavy flak shells. My respect for flak has risen several hundred percent.

The ride home was a long one. The complete loss of one engine and the half hearted efforts of another coupled with a terrific head wind and bomb bay doors which could not be closed cut our ground speed down to less than one hundred knots.

There were a couple of interesting incidents: Just off the northwestern tip of France, four JU-88's cut in behind us and essed there, waiting for a straggler. Happily we disappointed them and they apparently didn't want to close in on the formidable array of guns we presented. While they were following us a blaze broke out in the cockpit behind the co-pilot's seat. The turret gunner tired to put it out with his hands, paying absolutely no attention to Eyster who was hammering him with the fire extinguisher and trying to get him to take it. Finally I got a good grip on the waist band of his flying trousers, jerked him up between the seats and held him there while Eyster put the extinguisher in his hands. The fire was burning intensely by then, fed by the oil-soaked soundproofing that lines the cabin, but was quickly extinguished. Never a dull moment!

Due to our enforced slowness we were soon alone. In due time, however, we made landfall on the southwestern tip of England and picked our way through various balloon barrages to Exeter where we were to land.

As we approached Exeter I sent the turret gunner down into the nose to tell the Bombardier and Navigator to ride in the radio cabin for the landing and to help them bring Fulghum up in the pilot's compartment. He popped right back up with the astounding statement that Captain Fulghum wasn't there. I couldn't figure that one out right then as we were busy preparing to land.

Since both hydraulic systems were shot out, thereby rendering the brakes and all other hydraulically operated units useless, and since I wasn't too sure my tires weren't flat, I circled the airdrome until the other four ships had landed. When they were down I picked the longest runway, set her down just over the fence, cut the engines off, and rolled and rolled. A gentle ground loop near the end of the runway parked us very neatly just short of the perimeter track. None of the crew lost any time getting their feet planted solidly on the terra firma.

While we were waiting for a truck. Haas told me that Fulghum had simply bailed out after we were hit by the bursts of flak. He thought he must have been wounded because there was blood on his face, and there was still some on the emergency escape hatch where he had gone out. Haas coat had been blown out and had hung on the ball turret for some time while the gunner had frantically twisted and turned trying to shake it loose. Eventually he shook it loose and concentrated on looking for German fighter aircraft.

According to Harry Gobrecht's version of the incident in the daily diary of the 303rd Bombardment Group; this is what happened.

"The lead navigator on the lead ship #41-24609 "Holy Mackerel" bailed out over the target. The aircraft had been hit by flak, causing considerable damage which made the

interphone in-operative. Hydraulic fluid flowing into the navigator's compartment led the navigator to assume that it was blood and that his pilot had been killed, so he bailed out and was last seen descending near bursting flak. He became a POW."

Why did Capt. Harold Fulghum leave the aircraft? Was he wounded or not? Was it blood or hydraulic fluid that the bombardier saw on his face? These questions have gone unanswered for 50 years. Maybe if we can locate Captain Fulghum, we can get the answers, otherwise it will remain a mystery for the next 50 years.

Final Note:

This article is taken from Hell's Angels Newsletter, Ed., Hal Susskind. 303rd Bomb Group (H) Association, Inc. May 1995, pp. 8-9.

Colonel George L. Robinson, one of the early pioneers of the 303rd Bomb Group, died on 18 Nov. 1994 at his home in Jacksonville, Florida. He was commissioned as a second lieutenant with pilot's wings 30 June 1937 at Kelly Field, Texas. He trained with the group at Boise, Alamogordo and El Paso and moved overseas to Molesworth as Group Operations Officer accompanying the 427th air echelon arriving in October 1942.

He was the Group Leader on the 303rd fourth mission to bomb the submarine pens at St. Nazaire, France on 23 Nov. 1942. He led the group many times during the early days including the infamous raid on the U-boat pens at Lorient on 23 Jan. 1943.

He was named Deputy Group Commander on 12 Feb. 1943, a position he held until he was named Commanding Officer of the 306th Bomb Group (H) at Thurleigh in June of '43.

The story which appears above was found by Russell A. Strong, Editor of the "306th Echoes," as he was going through Colonel Robinson's files. Written in pencil, it was Colonel Robinson account of the 23 Nov. 1942 mission to St. Nazaire when the 303rd suffered its first crew loss. Since it has a little unusual ending, it is reproduced here for your reading pleasure.

ERCIL FAY EYSTER

As to Ercil Fay Eyster of Edon, Lt. Ercil F. Eyster, Serial number O-435758, was assigned to the 359th Bomb Squadron/303rd Bomb Group (H) on 06 March 1942 while the Group was undergoing training at Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho. He flew B-17F "Holy Mackerel" overseas departing Kellogg Field, Battle Creek, Michigan on 12 October 1942 and arriving at Molesworth, England airfield on 24 October 1942.

Lt. Eyster was dispatched on 16 combat missions prior to his plane being shot down over Paris, France on 04 April 1943. Lt. Eyster's combat missions with the 303rd BG (H) are as follows:

Mission #	Date	Target	Remarks
3	22/11/42	Lorient	Eyster's first mission
4	23/11/42	St. Nazaire	Submarine pens/flew as Co-pilot
6	12/12/42	Rouen	Aborted Mission - Non credited
9	03/01/43	St. Naziare	
11	23/01/43	Lorient/Brest	Aborted Sortie - did not bomb target but given credit for mission

13	02/02/43	Hamm-cxi-WX	Aborted Mission - Non credited
14	04/02/43	Osnabruck	
15	14/02/43	Hamm-cxi-WX	Aborted Mission - Non credited
19	04/03/43	Rotterman	Aborted Sortie - Failed to bomb target but given credit for mission
20	06/03/43	Lorient	
22	12/03/43	Rouen	Aborted mission - Non credited
23	13/03/43	Amiens	
25	22/03/43	Wilhelmshaven	
26	28/03/43	Rouen	
27	31/03/43	Rotterdam	
28	04/04/43	Paris	He is shot down and initially declared MIA After final investigation, he is declared KIA Buried in St. Laurent, France

Lt. Eyster was at the time of his death in line for promotion to Captain. He completed 10 combat missions by successfully bombing the target and had two additional missions credited to his tally for 12 missions. He had four missions, which he flew and were not credited, for a total of 16 assigned missions prior to his loss. He flew the B-17F #41-24609 "Holy Mackerel" assigned to the 359th Bomb Squadron. This plane and his crew were original members of the 303rd Bomb Group. Upon the conclusion of the war, the 303rd Bomb Group had completed 364 combat missions with the final mission on 25/04/45 over Pilsen, Germany.

FATE BRINGS TWINS TOGETHER AGAIN

Wounded and unconscious, Bill Meyer swung back and forth like a pendulum as his parachute descended on Nazi Germany. His B-17 bomber, now abandoned, plunged flaming toward the earth.

"I came to and I looked down, and all I could see was water."

He passed out again, and when he regained consciousness he was descending on a potato patch.

"I was wounded in the arm, in my leg. When I hit the ground, I thought I had broken my feet, but I think they were just sprained."

Trapped in the twisted straps of his parachute, Bill was dragged by the wind across the field. He finally pulled in the canopy, and was taken into custody by three German officers. When the Germans stopped their car to investigate an American flyer lying in an ox cart, Bill realized it was his crew's bombardier. He said,

"I'm so glad to see you,"

Bill recalled.

"He said, 'My back is broken.' "

The bombardier was left on the ox cart, and Bill was taken to a stone dungeon and later transferred by ambulance to a hospital in Kiel.

"I couldn't walk,"

Bill said. Luckily, he was cared for by a kind German guard.

"He just picked me up, and carried me like a baby, and laid me on the bed."

At the hospital, Bill was reunited with his bombardier and the "Heino Gal's" radio operator, who was badly burned. Of the 10 men in Bill's crew, only four survived.

At the time of the mission Bill's twin Willie felt uneasy, even though he hadn't yet heard about the loss of his brother's plane.

"I knew you'd been shot down,"

Willie said, looking at Bill.

"When I heard so many planes were lost, I knew in my heart. And, when I didn't get your phone call, I knew for sure."

With no idea whether his brother was dead or alive, Willie headed for Bill's air base at Bassingbourne. While walking at the base Willie was mistaken for his twin.

"They thought it was Bill coming back. They didn't even know about his twin brother. They said, "How the hell did you get back here."

For the next month Willie knew nothing of his brother's fate.

"I felt really empty. Its a very empty feeling when you know you've lost a brother."

Eventually, Willie received a card Bill sent from the POW camp.

"When Willie found out I was a POW,"

Bill explained,

"he went to the Red Cross and sent me a letter."

While Bill endured confinement at the hands of the Germans, Willie went about his duties as a crew chief.

"Most of my time my life over there consisted of hard work,"

Willie said.

"You worked however long was demanded to get the aircraft going."

Willie sometimes flew, including night training missions, but most of his efforts were directed toward mechanics. Ground crew service was not without its dangers. Near the coast of England, happy over salvaging needed parts at an airfield, Willie and his comrades were strafed by German fighters.

"It goes to show how you can be elated one moment and scared to death the next,"

he said.

Bill, however was no longer in the line of fire. After three days at the German hospital in Kiel, he and his comrades were transported to other quarters. When the Americans left the hospital, Bill said,

"The people ran out and spit on us. That made a big impression on me. But, I couldn't blame them. I'd feel the same way if people bombed my country."

Bill was taken next to Frankfurt am Main, where he was placed in a room with painted-over windows.

"There they put me in solitary confinement,"

he said.

"It felt like two weeks."

Moved again, he was given a room where he could see out through the bars in the windows.

Bill was taken before a German interrogator, who asked him how he was.

"I told him if I could have a shave, a shower, a smoke and a bottle of beer, I'd feel fine."

The captain gave him a pack of cigarettes and a beer, and continued the interrogation. After Bill informed the officer he couldn't tell him anything, the German told him details about the "Helno Gal" crew and displayed copies of the orders that sent him overseas.

Bill's next stop was a dulag, or holding area for prisoners, where he was treated to a long-awaited shower and a dull razor. Many of the people assigned to guard the American prisoners were Germans who had lived in the United States and were called home by Adolf Hitler, Bill said.

"There wasn't much they could do for us. The Germans had no food. As little as we had, we probably had more food than some Germans did. One of the first things the Germans said was, 'For you the war is over,' And that's about the way it was."

From the dulag, Bill was assigned to Stalag III - a POW camp at Sagon, Germany, now a part of Poland. That was his home until January 1945, when the Germans evacuated the prisoners in the face of advancing Allied forces. In temperatures reaching 20 below zero, suffering intensely from the cold, the prisoners marched and rode in railroad cars.

"We had to march for three or four days,"

Bill said.

"You were so tired, you could hardly walk. But we felt we were going home."

There destination was a stalag near Munich, within sight of smoke from the crematoriums of the infamous Dachau concentration camp.

"In the end, the Third Army liberated us,"

Bill said. For about 10 days after the U.S. troops arrived, the Americans prisoners were kept at the camp for organization.

"The Russians got loose,"

he said.

"They got guns and started raping the women. They didn't want us doing that, so they kept us in the camp."

Bill spent 23 months as a prisoner of the Germans. Eventually, he was sent home by ship, and discharged from the active service as a first lieutenant. His honors included the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal for dedication to duty, the Purple Heart and the POW Medal.

Willie also returned home, and was discharged in September 1945. Among his honors are two Bronze Stars for exemplary duty and seven Battle Stars. Even now, Willie carries the memory of friends who vanished during bombing missions, or returned dead or wounded.

"It's just like anything else,"

he said,

"the pain you feel never goes away. You think about it every day. The war wasn't 50 years ago," Bill said. "It was yesterday. People just don't understand."

After their return, Bill and Willie met at Defiance. They traveled to Woodburn, Indiana to visit the parents of Bill's crew leader, Willard Roemke, who was killed in his parachute when he bailed out over Kiel.

"We didn't have a home to go to,"

Willie said. So when the Roemke's offered them a place to stay and a job they accepted. After a few months, however, the brothers decided it was time to move on.

Willie married Betty Herman in May 1946 and took up residence in Coldwater, Michigan. Two years later, he moved to Bryan; where Willie went to work for Donaldson's Ford and later Greek Motor Sales. In 1957, he began operating a Marathon service station. Now retired, he still sells pickup truck caps. Willie and Betty have three children and three grandchildren.

Forty-seven years ago, Bill married Gwyn Higginbotham, and they have lived in Texas ever since. Bill retired from the Shell Oil Company at Houston, Texas and now lives in San Antonio. Gwyn and Bill have no children.

Contemplating Bill's return to Texas, Willie wondered if they will ever get together again. Hopefully, he said, Bill will make a return visit in the fall.

"You can tell we like each other,"

said Bill, smiling.

"I guess we will until we die. I call him the other half of the egg - and that's the way it is."

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, July 19, 1994

JACK BRYCE
B-17 Bombardier

"It's only been 54 years."

Jack paused, took a breath, then pulled himself through the B-17 hatch. And, just for a while, he was back in 1944. Jack was aboard the "Nine-O-Nine," a restored B-17 Heavy Bomber from the war. It was the first time Jack had been inside a B-17 since he concluded his 35 missions during his tour of duty in Europe in September 1944. Once aboard the "Nine-O-Nine" Jack looked around and was surprised by instructions to put on his seat belt.

"I never had a seat belt on,"

he said of his wartime experience.

"Probably 70 percent of the time there was cloud cover,"

Jack recalled as the plane warmed up its engines prior to takeoff.

"You couldn't see anything, going up through the clouds. Then you would break through, and there would be all the planes. They were all together - it amazed me how they did it."

"On some raids,

he said,

"there would be as many as a thousand bombers."

Jack flew as a bombardier with the 100th Bomb Group of the 8th Army Air Force, out of Thorpe-Abbotts field in England. It was his job to drop bombs once the plane was over the target.

The pitch of the "Nine-O-Nine's" four engines rose as the plane slowly taxied to the runway, then the bomber roared as the pilot throttled up for takeoff.

"Here we go! Yeah! "

Jack shouted over the noise and vibration as the plane sped down the runway and settled into the air. As soon as the crew gave the go-ahead, Jack was out of his seat belt and off for the aircraft's nose - his station during bombing runs. From the bombardier's seat, the world is a panorama through the plane's conical plexiglass nose, the ground visible beneath the chair. Instinctively jack checked the equipment, and peered through the Norden bomb sight - a sophisticated device for accurately delivering the bombs.

"There's where you shoot the machine guns,"

he shouted, pointing to a pad of buttons that controls the machine gun turret below the nose of the plane. When the time came to return to the mid-section of the plane for landing, Jack struggled as he slid out from the small bombardier's seat.

"I'm not as agile anymore,"

he said, smiling.

What went through Jack's mind as he sat at his old battle station?

"All kinds of things,"

he said.

> "I didn't focus on one thing. You remember a few things. I remembered the first mission I flew - it was over France. Our targets were obscured by clouds. In France you couldn't drop if you could not see your target. We were killing too many French people."

As the planes returned to England, Jack explained, the lead navigator took a wrong course and led the group over German anti-aircraft guns at Dunkirk.

"The plane on our wing blew up, then another blew up,"

Jack said. Inside the destroyed plane nearest Jack was a bombardier that Jack had come to know - the first friend he saw killed in combat.

"A big ball of flame,"

Jack said, looking blankly at the "Nine-O-Nine's olive-green interior.

"That was it."

Jack recalled that when he saw the lead plane of the group open its bomb bay doors and drop its bombs - usually the cue for all the bombardiers to follow suit - Jack dutifully let his bombs go. But it turned out the lead plane was damaged and was only jettisoning the bombs to lighten its load.

> "I caught hell for it - it was my first mission, and I didn't know any better."

Although they counted 50 holes in their plane when they got back to England, Jack and his fellow crew members survived their first flight, and 34 more. No members of Jack's crew were killed or even wounded throughout their tour, although a waist gunner had the survival kit he was wearing struck by a piece of shrapnel.

"I was at the escape hatch once,"

Jack said,

"ready to get out. We had two engines out."

Despite that damage, the B-17 again made it home.

"The most frightening mission I had was over Caen,"
said Jack. His group was sent to bomb German positions in France to aid British troops that were stymied.

"We sort of paralleled the battle lines. The flak was just awful."

And so ended his flight as they came to a stop at the Bryan-Williams County Airport.

"This,"
Jack said,

"was a great experience. There's nothing like it!!"

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, August 12, 1998

ROBERT GREEK

was a member of a small group that fought in both theaters of WWII. Also, he is one of a very few that first fought in the Pacific and then later in Europe. Bob would enter the service in February, 1941 for one years service with the 37th Division, U.S. Army. He noted he wasn't exactly drafted, but knew he would be going soon and the opportunity to go with a group of local boys seemed appealing. Bob's one year soon became 'for the duration' after Pearl Harbor was bombed.

Bob was assigned to Company A, 1st battalion., 148th Infantry. Regt., 37th Div. His basic training was completed at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. He started out in a rifle platoon but later found a home in the 60mm mortar section. He recalled the saying in the outfit was, "The good go to heaven, The bad go to hell, and the very bad go to Shelby". By June, they were at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana completing field maneuvers. In July they returned to Camp Shelby and did field training with the 38th Division.

Bob was in Hattiesburg at the theater on pass. About noon on Sunday, December 7, 1941, the first reports of the Japanese attack began to crackle out of radios across the country. Bob learned of the attack as newsboys were hawking an "EXTRA" edition of the local paper. Everyone in uniform was ordered back to camp. The next day President Roosevelt asked Congress to declare war.

The 37th Division was one of a few units sufficiently trained for immediate deployment. They were sent to Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania from February of 1942 through April. They were then sent by train to San Francisco. It took 29 trains to haul the entire division's men and equipment across the country. They would ship out to the Pacific on May 26 on converted troop carriers. They were escorted by two destroyers and the cruiser, U.S.S. San Francisco. The men did not know their destination, which was the case most of the time. They were headed for the Fiji Islands and his group landed at Suva, Fiji on June 10, 1942. The remainder of the division was sent to New Zealand. They spent the next few weeks getting their equipment off the ships and organized.

Fiji was a British Crown island and the last defensive strong point in the supply line between the USA and Australia. It had become the 37th Division's job to hold onto it against

any Japanese attack. Following the Battle of the Coral Sea and defeat of the Japanese at Midway, Japanese pressure towards Fiji vanished. The Marines would in August of '42 launch our first offensive push attacking Guadalcanal and Tulagi in the Solomon's. The 37th would be ordered to Guadalcanal in April of '43 and mopped up the Island. They policed up brass and shells and put the island back together for our forces. They still came under an occasional air raid but duty was fairly safe. This was about to change as on July 4, '43, they left to invade the island of New Georgia. This island lies about 200 miles northeast of Guadalcanal and is only 25 miles wide by 40 miles long. But, New Georgia was desired for its Munda airstrip, a key link in the defensive chain being built against Japanese defenses in the area.

The invasion began on July 5, '43 and Bob's unit went ashore at Zanana Beach on July 18. The supply dump there had been attacked the night before and artillery had shelled the perimeter all night. It was a real mess. Bob's experience on New Georgia would be short but intense. He was ordered to attach his mortar squad to the 1st platoon that was moving out on the 19th. The following morning, the 1st battalion started up Peep Trail. They passed by Butcher's Bridge and went around a bend in the road before the Japanese opened fire on them from concealed machine gun nests. Bob's helmet was struck by bullets and shrapnel dug into his face and right shoulder. Bob was pulled off the line and sent to the field hospital. Once stabilized, he was flown back to Guadalcanal by PBY Catalina seaplane. And, he was finally sent to a Navy hospital in New Caledonia. Here, he had the majority of the shrapnel removed from his arm. Bob was then sent to the Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco and ended up at Greenbrier, West Virginia. They had converted the While Sulphur Springs Resort into a hospital and he would receive care and rehab here. After 30 days of convalescent leave, he was sent from West Virginia to Ft. Thomas, Kentucky. He was then reassigned to the 69th Division and shipped to Camp Shelby.

Bob would remain about one year at Camp Shelby doing field training with 60mm mortar crews. He would get promoted to S/Sgt and was placed in charge of three mortar squads. The unit would be ordered to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey on October 31, 1944. They were immediately processed for duty in Europe and shipped off on November 15 aboard the Santa Maria in a 35 ship convoy. He arrived November 27 at Southampton, England and they set up camp at Danebury Down.

Finally, they sailed over to France in a blizzard on January 21, 1945 and landed at Le Harve. They were loaded like sardines into beds of open trucks and rode standing up all night in the blizzard. They finally arrived and billeted in stables of an old castle near Forges Les Eaux, France. They were here about a week and received replacements, all just out of basic training. Bob was now being sent into combat with fresh troops with no field training.

February 12, 1945, Bob's unit is moved by boxcars to Born, Belgium and into the Eifel Forest. He was part of the 1st Army, V Corps, 69 Div., 272 Infantry. Regt., 2nd battalion., E Company. They relieved the 99th Division. It was cold, wet, and very muddy. His mortar section occupied a log bunker. You could not stand up, but it kept off the snow and protected you from German artillery. Bob's unit was now in the war. He came down with a bad tooth and had it pulled at the aid station. They wanted to sent him back to the evac hospital to guard against infection. He refused because he wanted to stay with his unit. He caught a jeep taking chow to the company. His unit had set up at Reschied. They were in the front line foxholes taking heavy artillery and mortar fire. The enemy was about 2000 yards across the line from them. The Americans established outposts about 1000 yards ahead of our line. There were German's in pillboxes in the hill and hard to see. The German troops were also in white snow suits and hard to detect. While the Americans were in dark uniforms and quite easy to see against the snow.

Bob's unit finally advanced towards Wittschied. It was so dark you couldn't see the man in front of you. They had gone only a short distance and they lost a jeep and two men to land mines. They held up in Wittschied until dawn. They found themselves inside a heavily mined area. They were ordered to retrace their steps and return to Reschied. The 69th's 1st and 3rd Battalions had breached the Siegfried Line at another spot and they were to follow them through. V Corps advanced now by numerous road blocks and faced enemy resistance to

Dahlem. Then, they enjoyed some down time in Dahlem. Here, Bob told of a close call. He was working on a broken typewriter in a bombed out home. At the same time, the rest of the squad was cleaning their weapons. One of the guys accidentally shot his .45 pistol and the bullet hit the mortar base plate and ricocheted out the doorway where Bob was sitting. It narrowly missed him.

They remained in Dahlem while they got all the heavy equipment over the Remagen Bridge before it collapsed. By March 20, 1945 Bob was in the vicinity of Waldorf. They pulled guard duty along the river to keep German explosives from floating down to the bridge. Once the bridge did collapse, they were trucked south to a point north of Coblenz. They would cross the Rhine on Navy LCI's. Bob unit assisted in the capture of the fort at Ehrenbrietstein. V Corps now advanced deeper into Germany along the Lahn River. It was slow moving at first because of deep, sticky mud. The trucks sunk to their axles and had to be winched out. There were details hauling stone from demolished buildings and dumping it onto the roads. The weather improves and they take Cassel and relieve the 80th Division.

At Ermschwerd, Bob's platoon set up machine guns on a crest of a hill overlooking the village. A German Soldier approached with his hands up to surrender. He walked right where the U.S. machine guns were. He was apparently marking the spot for German observers for it was not to long before the U.S. position came under heavy German fire. The rifle squad started its attack. Bob followed with the mortar section. They just started around the hill and hit the ground as incoming artillery hit them. He made it through but the rifle squad wasn't as fortunate.

Gertenbach across the Werra River was the next village Bob's unit attacked. Their objective was the bridge. Bob's mortar section was ordered up but got pinned down by German fire. They dropped some mortar burst on the other side of the railroad embankment and flushed German soldiers out of their positions. U.S. tanks came up and fired on the Germans positions. The Germans blow up the bridge. The Americans withdrew from the attack since their objective was now lost under the cover of tank fire. They had lost a number of men and not gained their objective.

V Corps moved back and recrossed the river on a pontoon foot bridge near Witzerhausen. They crossed in a heavy fog and established a beach head. A Bailey Bridge was constructed to get the heavy equipment and tanks across. The Americans were under heavy fire while the bridge was being built, but they got it done. Bob's unit advanced attacking Arenhausen after dark. The Leine River ran along the edge of town and their objective was the bridge. German tracer bullets burned several colors and the U.S. was red. It was quite a site in the darkness of battle. V Corps passed through Naumburg on April 9 with light resistance. They moved though several slave labor camps and liberated British POW's. On April 13, they were in Dobergast. They would come across a nest of German 88's and his guys were sent to capture them. After a heated battle, they captured 36 88's and 474 German POW's.

They next head for Leipzig. They had reports of 2000 German SS troops, many 88's and machine gun nests. Bob's unit had reached Zweenfurth and dug in a defensive perimeter for the night. When daylight came, the people there all hung out white flags and surrendered. Bob's unit immediately moved out to Borsdorf to prepare for the attack on Leipzig. On the 18th of April, Bob's unit with a tank platoon, set out to capture Paunsdorf on the outskirts of Leipzig. They met heavy resistance but soon cleared the village. They approached Leipzig from the east at 1530 hours. Two points in the city gave heavy resistance. One, a huge monument provided cover for the Germans for a while and the other was the railroad station, which was built like a fortress. After two days and nights of battle, the city was secured and mop up operations commenced. Bob moved out to an assembly area for rest and their new assignment. Following Leipzig, there assignment was to secure the road from Eilenburg to Torgau.

They would secure a poison gas factory which had a dump of gas shells. While camped at this factory, the forward units of the 69th made contact with the Russians on April 25 on the Elbe River at Torgau. The Americans had large numbers of Germans surrendering to them because they did not want to fall into the hands of the Russians. On May 8, Germany surrendered.

Shortly thereafter, Bob's unit was trucked to Nassau. Here, he would do guard duty over 41000 German POW's. Bob would earn enough points to rotate home while here. While waiting to ship out to France, he visited the Buchenwald Concentration Camp near Weimer. It was something he would never forget! Finally, he got trucked through Frankfurt, Rheims, Verdun, Compeigne to Camp Lucky Strike at Le Harve, France. He was boarded on a troop ship and headed home.

Bob arrived at Newport News, Virginia. A tug greeted them and there was a group of young women waving at them. No bands, no parades. He was taken by train to Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania. Here, he received his discharge from the army and boarded a train to Toledo. In Toledo, he got a bus to Bryan and walked into his parent's home early in the morning. It was July 19, 1945, and he hadn't told anyone. It was quite a surprise for everyone.

After the war, Bob joined his fathers car business in Bryan and enjoyed many good years serving the people of Williams County selling and servicing automobiles until 1982. He also married Millie Briner of Montpelier in 1951. She worked many years in the Montpelier Superintendent's office, retiring in 1982. In 1968, the Greek's would move into their rural Montpelier home and this is where Bob is now enjoying the fruits of his labor in retirement.

PERSONAL MEMOIR

HAROLD RALPH RIGG

upon graduating from Bryan High School in 1938 started to farm full time with his father. By 1940, the rumblings of war were heard from Europe. December 7, 1941, (Pearl Harbor Day) was the day that changed many lives forever. The United States went immediately to war with Japan and soon after with Germany. I was twenty years old at the time and was farming 120 acres.

I registered for the military draft and kept watching the list each Saturday night at the Courthouse. The summer of 1942 I could see my name getting closer to the top of the list. Dad and I went to see Harry Boynton (he was chairman of the draft board). He said there was no way I would get an agricultural deferment because there were three of us boys on the farm.

About this time, Denver Stoner and I went to a movie matinee on Sunday afternoon. Jimmy Stewart had just graduated from Air Cadet Corps to become a pilot. The "short" that they showed of him standing beside his single engine plane gave me a great idea! The following week I went to Baer Field at Ft. Wayne, Indiana and enlisted in the Air Cadets.

The first order of business in enlisting was to take a written test. Up to this time no one was taken for Cadet training without completing four years of college. Forty-five of us took the test that morning. On coming back to the testing place after lunch we found that 22 of us had passed and were ready to take physicals. This is where we first heard the words "washed out". After physicals were taken, 10 of us were left. One of the things I have always been proud of in the physical was the grade I received in "depth perception". The test for that was to line up two pegs that were perhaps 20' away from us by means of a rope and pulley arraignment. The attendant asked me to do it a second time and I thought I had done it poorly the first time. Instead of that, he told me to after the second try that I had done better than anyone he had ever tested. I had the same experience about a year later in the annual physical that each pilot must take. I believe the good depth perception is why I was almost always able to 'grease in' a landing.

I took the Air Cadet test on August 2, 1942, I believe that I soon would be on my way, but to my surprise I found there was a long waiting list and they would call me later. Finally in January 1943 I received my orders to report to Columbus, Ohio on February 3. Dad and Mother took me to Columbus and that started my military career. I would eventually be discharged on the day before labor Day in September, 1945.

What happened in those two and one-half years has always had a lasting effect on me. The fact that the military could take a farm boy with 12 years of education and could in nine months time make him into a 1st pilot of the largest bomber in the world (at the time) has always amazed me. I thank God that he gave me the right makeup, both physically and mentally, to achieve the goal.

Back to the first day in Columbus. All of us recruits (Flying Cadets) as we were to be known from then on until graduation as Second Lieutenants, were taken into a large theater for orientation. After we had been there a few minutes, I extended my hand to the young man on my right and said "My name is Ralph Rigg, what is yours?" To my amazement he said "My name is Richard Rigg, did you day Ralph Rigg?" His home was in Perrysburg, Ohio. We had never met before and to this day are trying to establish our relationship. We are sure we are relation because as little children we had attended the same reunion in Putnam County. Of course, with his name Richard Rigg and mine Ralph Rigg we were together constantly from then on until our graduation as Second Lieutenants on November 13, 1943. Everything in the military is done alphabetically. After graduation, he went into B-25's and I went into B-24's.

We were only in Columbus over night and then headed by train to Nashville, Tennessee for our "Basic Training". An off thing happened to me that night and it affected me for the next two and one-half years. When we left Columbus, I was riding in a train seat so that I was facing the direction of travel. Sometime during the night while I was sleeping the must have pulled off an a siding and hooked a locomotive onto the back end of the train. At least, when I awoke in the morning, I was facing in the direction we were coming from. This threw my sense of direction off and from then on the sun came up in the north and went down in the south. When I was up flying and had a compass everything was right. As soon as I landed I was turned around again. When I would drive home on leave my directions straightened out about the time I passed through Paulding, Ohio. I would be all right at home then when going back to camp I would get turned around again while going through Paulding. I can hardly believe that this went on for a full-time I was in the Air Corps, but it did happen just as I am telling it.

At Nashville, we went through six weeks of intense "Basic Training". It was commonly called "Boot Training." This consisted of learning to march, intensive physical conditioning and constant "hazing."

After "Boot Training," we spent 8 weeks at three different flying fields before we graduated as pilots. At each field, the first month was spent as an "underclassmen." The underclassmen were always subject to hazing by the upper classmen. Just a few things we had to do was "eat square meals," be on a "rat line", be subject to room inspection at anytime and always have the belt buckle and shoes shined. Our shoes were polished on an average of 8-10 times each day. The square meal routine was done by the subject sitting at attention (with head up and eyes straight ahead) and trying to eat with all movements made by eating hand at right angles. Very hard. The "rat line" was an imaginary line six inches from the curb. Anytime an underclassmen was out of his barracks and not in formation or flying, he was on this line doing triple time.

All this nonsense was done in order to find out if we could take orders, no matter how dumb they seemed to be. Later when we were in combat some of our orders seemed just as dumb to us but they must be carried out without question so that the whole big plan could work. Several of our people "washed out" in Boot Training. They just could not take all the harass- ment and many of them could not go through the physical conditioning. Most of the 'wash outs" were sent to the infantry. One of the men in my room "washed" himself out on purpose. He confided in me that he had signed up as a Cadet because he knew there was a waiting period before being called up. He was afraid of flying and really didn't want to serve anywhere. He had hoped the war would be over before the waiting period was over. No such luck. So he "washed out" and was sent to the infantry. I forgot to mention that we were now at Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama continuing boot training. Anyway, when I ran across this same chap one day as I was on my way to mess hall. He was in formation of foot soldiers with a field pack on his back getting ready for some kind of foot soldiering. I was flying, he was walking and he was but just a PFC.

We finished boot training at Maxwell Field and then were sent to Cape Girado, Missouri to Primary Flying School. Here we were introduced to our first flight instruction. We had looked forward to this for a long time.

The plane we flew was an open cockpit two seater. It was a Fairchild PT-23. I will never forget the first flight! I had one airplane ride before but that was in a Ford Tri-Motor. It had an enclosed cabin and carried several people. The ride in the PT was really different. The student always rode in the front, so that the instructor could observe how the student was reacting. As we took off with my instructor at the controls and we made our first 90 turn to the left to clear traffic, I looked down and had the feeling momentarily that I was sitting on a seat that was not secured and I could fall to the ground. That feeling soon passed and I never felt it again. From then on I had the feeling that I was actually a part of the plane itself and had all

the confidence in the world that things were under control. No matter how rough the going got (even when we came back with one and one-half engines working out of four) I always had confidence that the plane would make it.

After 10 hours of instruction each student was expected to solo. One day when my instructor and I were practicing landing at a small auxiliary field, he suddenly told me to taxi up to the hangar. When we got there he said he felt I was ready to solo! I wasn't expecting this because I had only a little over 9 hours in. Perhaps it was good he surprised me. This way I didn't have time to worry about it. Anyway, he crawled out and I took it around on my own. I wasn't too proud of my first landing but from then on things went well.

Cape Girado is located on the Mississippi River. While we were there in the spring of 1943, the spring rains came and came and came. This flooded the river very badly. Now none of us had been home since February and all were really homesick. We thought seriously of trying to dynamite the dike around the field so it would flood, then perhaps we would get a furlough. This never happened and we just toughed it out.

Richard Rigg and I were together of course and he was having trouble in math class. (We'd fly a half day and the rest of the time was taken up with studies and physical conditioning.) Richard hadn't even had Freshman algebra in High School so math was hard for him. Many, many nights he and I studies till after midnight preparing his math paper for the next day. We got him through it.

Learning to fly didn't come easily but I did well enough that I was never threatened about being "washed out."

While we were at the Cape, Mother and Dad and Richard's parents came to see us. We were very proud to show off our cadet uniforms and take them out to the Flight Line to see our planes.

When our two months in the Cape were done, we were transferred to Walnut Ridge, Arkansas for Basic Flying in the BT-13. The slang name for it was the "Vultee Vibrator." The "Vibrator" handle came about because it was manufactured by the Vultee C Corporation and when the adjustable pitch propeller was put in low pitch for takeoffs and go arounds, it made such a vibrating sound that it seemed to shake the whole earth. My barracks was just off the end of one of the runways. When that runway was used for night flying it was hard to get any sleep. Incidentally, while we were in Primary at the Cape, we had learned how to do many acrobatics maneuvers including flying upside down. This had been done in just 40 hours of flying time. Each phase, primary, basic and advanced was for a period of 40 hours in two months time.

While in Basic at Walnut Ridge, we continued to perfect these maneuvers and also learned formation flying as well as starting night flying! In formation flying, we were taught to keep our wing tips 3 feet out and 3 feet up from our leader's wingtip.

I shall NEVER forget the first solo flight I made at night. The runway was marked with burning smudge pots. At I accelerated faster and faster and then became airborne and above the smudge pots, all that was ahead of me was complete darkness and a feeling of aloneness that I had never before or since experienced. That is when I returned my eyes to the dimly lit cockpit and began to use all that I had been taught about flying by instruments only, when the natural horizon could not be seen.

Things went well for me though and I sharpened my instrument flying capabilities through the use of the "Link Trainer" on the ground and the hood that was put on the cockpit so all I could see was the instruments. During all this training it seemed that a day didn't pass that

someone would be "washed out". Most of these Cadets were sent to Bombardier school or Navigators school. Many times in combat when both the Pilot and Co-Pilot were incapacitated, one of those Bombardiers or Navigators that had some flight training were to be of valuable use.

About this time a form was passed out asking our preference of plane we wanted to fly after graduation. My response was "I want to fly the biggest bomber we have." So upon completing Basic I was selected to go to Seymour, Indiana for transition in Twin engine planes. This plane was the AT-10. It was a very nice plane that cruised at 150 MPH. In this 40 hours of training, we learned the use of multi-engines and how to compensate if one or the other engine failed. We learned how to lay out flight plans and did a lot of cross-country flying. One night our route was to Ft. Wayne, then to Wright Patterson at Dayton and then back to Seymour. It was tempting to go on to Bryan and buzz our farm. I gave into temptation and did just that. This screwed up my flight heading to Dayton and also used up valuable gasoline. To make a long story short, when we got home and landed we had only five gallons of gas left. In other words, about 10-15 minutes worth of fuel. The old saying is if you live through the first trip back over your home, you'll be O.K. must be correct because I never had any problems flying over the farm again.

Soon Advanced was completed. (Another 40 hours of flying time). On November 13, 1943, the long awaited day of graduation was at hand. At the completion of the ceremony everyone threw his cap into the air and when they came down we removed the hard grommets and pitched them. Now we are full fledged "hot pilots" and 2nd Lieutenants. The doing away with the hard grommets to make a soft cap, distinguished us from officers in other branches of the service. It had a practical purpose also because when we were flying, earphones were always used and a hard cap would not be practical. After a two week furlough at home, I was assigned back to Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama. Now, I am going to learn how to fly the B-24 Liberator. (The largest operational bomber, that the Air Force had.)

The B-24 was a wonderful plane, but it was hard to fly. I say this because of the extreme force that must be applied to all controls, especially in an emergency, such as losing power in one or two engines on one side of the plane. Of course, this was a four engine plane and when two engines were non-operational on one side, I had to put both feet on the opposite rudder and use all my strength to keep it flying straight and level. (I weighed over 200# at the time and was in excellent condition.) Many smaller men never were able to handle the B-24 properly. For instance, my Co-Pilot during our combat days was never checked out in landing it.

The days at Maxwell in B-24 transition were happy days. I knew that I would be heading for combat in three or four months but it was just a passing thought. I looked at it as something to go through before I would be able to go home.

One experience I had in Montgomery (aside from flying) was never understood until many years later. One day, I wanted to go up town so I got on a city bus. Upon entering, I found it jammed full. Then in looking around, I saw empty seats in the rear. I proceeded to the back and sat down. I wondered why the people were looking at me so much. Finally, in the 60's, came desegregation of the buses and so forth. Only then did I realize what I had done. I was sitting with all the black people. I was not acquainted with the ways of the south.

Upon finishing B-24 transition, I was sent to Salt Lake City, Utah in February. There our crew of 10 men were put together. The crew was Lt. H. Ralph Rigg-1st Pilot; Lt. Lyn Romey-Co-Pilot; Lt. Ted Turk-Bombardier (later killed in action), Lt. Henry - Navigator; Sgt. Claire Palmiter-Radio Operator; Sgt. Robert L. McKee-Engineer; Sgt. Ambler Blick-Gunner; Sgt. Gerald Huber-Gunner: Sgt. Rudolph P. Laine-Gunner; and Sgt. Billy R. Miller-Gunner.

One zero morning in late February 1944, our crew boarded a train bound for Davis-Monthan airfield at Tuscon, Arizona. Three days and four nights later, via Glendale, California; we arrived in sunny, short sleeve weather in Tuscon. Here we began what was to be two months of intensive combat crew training.

The train trip to Tuscon was almost a nightmare because of the crowded conditions. We were in old coaches that probably had not been used in years. The back of the seats were fixed in a permanent upright position. Every other row faced in a different direction, so two of us faced another twosome. We had all our gear with us (stashed at our feet), no place for our feet, soot coming in the windows and no hope of being able to lie down. After three days of this we were glad to get to Tuscon. Our crew training went well. We flew over the desert area at as low an altitude as I felt was safe for the gunners to practice air to ground gunnery. Every tenth bullet was a tracer so it was easy to see if the targets were being hit. We also practiced air to air gunnery. This was done by another plane pulling a "sock" at the end of a long rope, and then our boys would shoot at the sock. We also practiced air to ground bombing. The airplane was equipped with a Norden bomb sight. The saying by Norden was that we should be able to drop a bomb into a fifty gallon drum from a height of 20,000 feet. This was really more fiction than fact, but with all conditions right, a reasonably good job could be done. We used small 100 # bombs for this kind of practice. Later on in Italy, we were to get Sperry-Rand sights, which were even better. Also in the latter part of my combat tour, we used sights that were equipped with radar. The radar sights were the first of that kind of sights used in a war. With them, we could accurately bomb through clouds or the dense smoke screens the Germans used around their targets.

Of course, the art of flying formation received a lot of attention. A good close formation of bombers have a lot of concentrated fire power, a loose scattered formation were sitting ducks for German ME 109's and the twin engine ME 210's. Around the middle of April 1944, we received orders that we were heading overseas. This was two weeks before our scheduled training was to be over. The heavy losses of planes in the 8th Air Force (based in England) and the 15th Air Force (based in Italy) made it urgent for our replacement crews to get going so we could help out.

All of the crews were sent to Liberal, Kansas. This was the staging area, where we picked up our new B-24's so that we could fly to the combat zone. Here we were informed that our plane had cost a million plus so be careful with it!

We rounded up an artist and christened our plane with a large painting under the pilot's window. Her name was BAB meaning Big Ass Bird. The painting was of a Disney-like duck with a very large rear end expelling a stream of bombs. Bab was our pride and joy.

About 10 p.m., May 11, 1944, we received sealed orders for an unknown destination. We did know we were to head in an easterly direction but we were not to unseal our orders until we were at an altitude of 10,000 feet. Needless to say, we did not wait till we were up 10,000 feet. No brass was looking over our shoulders so the envelope was opened early.

Just as we were opening our orders our plane broke out on top of the clouds into night moonlight. This is without a doubt the most beautiful memory that has remained in my mind all these years. As we read our orders, while continuing on into the beautiful setting of moonlight on white fleecy clouds, I could feel the presence of God riding with us. What was our fate to be when we finally went into combat? As we continued climbing we could see our plane's shadow on the clouds and the feeling persisted. Not a word was spoken by anyone for several minutes. Finally, we came back to reality as we had much work to do.

Our orders said to proceed to Jacksonville, Florida, then on to South America, Africa and finally to Foggia, Italy to join the 15th Air Force. From Jacksonville, we flew to Trinidad. There

we slept under mosquito netting for the first time. That night, I had a nightmare. Seems that a spider 100 times larger than normal was trying to get me. I guess a mild case of nerves was beginning to set in. From Trinidad, we headed for Natal, Brazil. While flying over Dutch Guiana #3 engine cowling flew off and damaged the fin and rudder section on the right side of the tail. We really couldn't tell how much damage had been done so a decision was made to emergency land at a naval station in Dutch Guiana. It was a hazardous landing as the cloud cover came nearly to the ground and the runways were 1000 feet to short for a B-24. We finally got on the runway but it was soon running out at the other end. While we were still going perhaps 35-40 mph, I had to put both feet on the brake and do a ground loop. It was either that or end up in the jungle! No harm was done to the plane but some of the boys were knocked around. That was because they hadn't heeded the rule to never stand till the plane comes to a complete stop.

Next morning after repairs were done, we headed for Natal again. Tom Harmon, the great running back was reported down somewhere in the jungle in that area. We were assigned specific headings to help in the search. We flew at very low levels all the way but did not sight him or the wreck. We heard later that he did survive and lived to go to China, where he was shot down also surviving that crash.

From Natal, we made a night flight to Dakar, Africa. This was a long lonely flight of about 13 hours. We had no navigational aids other than celestial. That was one flight that our navigator earned his money. We had plotted our course very carefully and were so near to being perfect that our only correction was three degrees when we were able to pick up the beam from Dakar. We stayed there one day and saw some of the very filthy conditions that the natives lived in. Then it was on to Tunis, Tunisia. Of course, this route was across the heart of the great Sahara Desert, the largest desert region in the world. Many years later bombers were found in the desert that had crashed landed, with no sign of what happened to the crews. Luckily, Bab's took us across with no problems. From Tunis, it was rather a short flight on to Foggia, Italy.

I shall never forget the meeting I was called to that first night. A meeting of Staff and Pilots was held at headquarters. Of course, this was just a large tent. Oil lanterns were the only light. The rumble of artillery could be heard a few miles to the north. The mood was somber and morale seemed low. That day, the 827th had been hit hard with several crews not returning. I was informed that we were to be a replacement crew in the 827th squadron of the 484th Bomb Group, 49th Wing of the 15th Air Force. My own dog tag number was 15080770.

The final blow for me was that our dear Bab would not be our plane, except perhaps by luck. You see all planes were put in a pool and the ground crews hoped to keep enough of them patched up so that each crew would have a plane. We never did draw Bab. It turned out she was shot down over France on her 13th mission.

We were told that our tour of duty would be completed when we had flown either 50 missions or 35 sorties, whichever came first. A sortie is one trip over the target and it could count for either one or two missions, depending on how dangerous it was deemed to be. It happened that I had enough doubles so that when I completed 35 sorties, my mission total was 50.

On days that we flew missions our work started at 3:30 a.m. An orderly would come to our tent (the four officers were together) and wake us. After getting dressed, we boarded 6x6 trucks and went to Wing headquarters for officers briefing. We were told the name of the primary target and secondary target. We were informed on the weather, how many anti-aircraft guns were defending, and the probability of enemy fighters. Pictures of the target were shown, direction and length of the bomb run was given and the direction of turn off the target after the bombs were dropped. We were told of sites not to fly over in case we couldn't keep

with the formation on the trip back to home base and any other information (known as "poop" in Air Force language) that might be of help to us.

Then it was back to home base for breakfast. By then it was nearing daybreak so we boarded the trucks again to go to the flight line. I forgot to mention that your six enlisted men were briefed at the same time as us, different location, but their poop was on radio use for the radio operator, gas consumption and supply for the flight engineer, how to administer first aid and many other things.

By the time daylight arrived, we were taxying out to the runway for takeoff. Often times we had 40 to 50 B-24's waiting to takeoff on our runway. Planes followed each other down the runway at 10 second intervals. This meant that we were taking off in the prop wash left by the preceding plane. The bombers were all equipped with armor plate, had all fuel tanks full (3600 gallons) and carried a load of two and one-half tons of bombs. This made our gross weight in excess of 35 tons! Our runway was one mile long and we needed every inch of it. At the end of the runway was a valley. Often times the planes ahead would disappear down in the valley in order to gain more airspeed.

Next came the lengthy job of getting all bombers in formation before heading for the target. Almost always there were 100 bombers with some missions having a total of 1000 or more of total planes (bombers and fighters). This getting together in formation took up to an hour to accomplish and was done at about 5000 feet. This was hard physical labor for the pilots because the weather was hot, making for a lot of up and down drafts plus the fact that the terrain was rough which made for more bumpy conditions. By the time we were in formation and climbing out to the target, I was always wringing wet with sweat. When we got to 10,000 feet everyone had to put on oxygen masks and our fur lined two piece suits. Sgt. Palmiter (radio operator) always helped me get dressed. This was done while in the seat flying close formation. Not much help was given by Lt. Romey (co-pilot) in flying the plane. He had been trained to fly a fighter plane. There was a serious shortage of bomber co-pilots, so he was one of many that had to make the switch. He really was never checked out to fly or land the B-24, so it was up to me to be at the controls at all times. Many days, I sat for 8 to 10 hours in the pilot's seat with never getting up to stretch. Perhaps you wonder how urination was done. We had a retractable tube with a kind of funnel on the end that we pulled out from the side of the plane. The urine ran into the tube which emptied into the air at the rear of the plane. The back draft would make the urine come into the tail gunner's turret. Needless to say, we had a lot of complaints from the tail gunner when we got one of those planes.

The B-24 was equipped with a hydraulically controlled nose turret with a twin 50 caliber machine guns, a twin 50 top turret, a retractable twin 50 lower turret, a twin 50 tail turret and a single 50 mounted on a pedestal on each side that were fired by hand. This made a total of 10-50 caliber guns on each plane. With a good close formation, this was a lot of concentrated fire power. I'm sure it took a lot of guts for the German pilots to attack in the face of all that plus the fact that we had fighter cover helping out. Our fighters were P-51'S, P-38"s, and P-47's. Because of the limited amount of fuel they could carry and the extra speed they flew, it was worked out that one group escorted us to the target, another took us over the target and another brought us home. This worked fine in theory, but many times we were alone because of poor coordination. Many times, the weather fouled them up or the weather dictated that we hit the alternate target instead of the primary.

Anyway, we were glad to see our little fighters friends out there. Our P-51 and the German ME 109 had practically the same silhouette. After our boys shot a few of our P-51's down by mistake, they never came in too close to us. Of course, our P-38's had a twin fuselage and the Germans had none like that. So our P-38's would come in so close we could almost "shake hands" with them.

Most of the bombs we carried were 500 pounders. The type of target determined whether the fuse was set to go off instantaneously or whether it was delayed. Sometimes, we carried small antipersonnel bombs, or fragmentation bombs as they were called. When carrying frag bombs, our formation was flown in a different manner than usual. Ordinary formations were flown with the wing man out and down from the leader. When carrying frags, the wing man flies out and above the leader. The reason is the small frags do not drop straight down but kind of flutter back behind in the wind. On my very last mission, we had a rather easy "milk run" carrying frag bombs. Our only loss was a new crew on their very first mission. Somehow, they didn't understand about flying above the leader. Consequently, their leader's bombs fluttered out and down on them, exploding their plane with everyone lost.

My crew had a close call that way on a regular 500# bomb mission. This was from no fault on our part, but was caused by a new leader in a formation next to us. While we were on the bomb run, he got too close to our leader which made our formations overlap. As we were nearing the target, I looked up and there directly above us (about 50 feet) was a plane with the Bombay doors open! When in a tight formation not much can be done quickly with out colliding with someone. But something had to be done in 60 seconds or so or we would be goners for sure! I just kept edging to the left, putting pressure on my own leader and he did the same. It seemed like an eternity till we were in the clear. But things worked and by the time "bombs away" was called everything was O.K.

A little thing that happened on several missions was dropping of a special bomb we had. One of the boys seemed always to need a bowel movement when we were about an hour from the target. He would carry a newspaper with him, spread it on the Bombay floor, do his job and then we would open the Bombay doors and he would shout "bombs away Hitler you son of a bitch" as he left the whole mess fly. I often wondered how a person on the ground would react as he saw this come fluttering down, would go and examine it and see what it was.

Another disappointment besides losing our Bab plane was when we were informed that I had to fly co-pilot the first five missions. This was a ruling that applied to all new crews. This didn't work out too well as the man assigned to us was really a co-pilot. He had been on a few missions and should have had a steadying affect on us, but it worked just the opposite. His problem was that he wanted to be a glorified hero and was willing to put all of us at risk to become one. After our bomb run was over, he would pretend we had engine trouble so that he could not keep up with the formation. Then down we go onto the deck looking for things that our gunners could strike. This was dangerous enough for a fighter plane to do but with a slow moving bomber (165 mph) it was almost suicide. Luckily, we were never attacked by fighters and we made it back. After three missions of that, my whole crew went to headquarters and asked for me to take over again. Our C.O. understood and our whole crew got together again with me as 1st pilot.

When we arrived in Italy, we were told that the loss rate (not returned to base) was 3%. It didn't take much figuring at 35 sorties x 3% to figure out what our chances were. As time went on, I got to looking at it that there was a 97% chance of returning from each mission. This seemed a lot better and I didn't fret quite so much.

Here are a few stats before I list each mission. These figures come from the book "Fifteenth Air Force Story", by Ken C. Rust. He listed the casualties from both the Eighth and Fifteenth Air Forces combined as:

24,288 Killed, 18,804 wounded, 31,436 taken prisoner, and 18,699 missing in action.

MISSION 1

On May 18, 1944, our crew was called upon for our first mission. Our primary target was the oil refinery at Ploesti, Rumania. This was to be the first high altitude bombing of Ploesti. It had been determined that these refineries must be destroyed in order to limit fuel for the German Army and Luftwaffe. Seven hundred bombers set out but due to weather conditions, only 206 went over Ploesti, The rest of us were diverted to targets in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. This was a tough mission with many losses. Our flying time was 6:20.

I should explain that when approaching a target, the whole formation must fly on a straight and level path for a time of three minutes. This was done so the bombardiers could get set up for a successful drop. Upon starting the bomb run, we could look ahead and see a large area of dense smoke at our altitude. As we came closer and closer, we could see the anti-aircraft shells exploding. Of course, we knew that within another minute or so we would be in all of that. I can see now why there was so much emphasis put on following orders when we were training. As we went through this conflagration our plane was pitched up and down, sideways and you name it! These shells were exploding right and left, above and below. Just as we were approaching "bombs away" the plane on our immediate right received a direct hit. As it peeled up over (probably 40-50 feet away), I could see it was one total ball of flame. As we watched it fall no parachutes were seen to come from it. As other planes further away went down, our crew watched and saw chutes open. As each chute opened, someone always shouted "there is another one." Our plane came through in good enough shape to be very flyable and could have kept in formation, but our fame seeking pilot (remember I was co-pilot) broke formation and went down to the deck for our journey home. Luckily, we made it.

Our next four missions were not as rough as #1 or many that were to follow.

MISSION 2 May 22 to Piombino, Italy 6 hours 30 minutes

MISSION 3 May 24 to Sagreb, Yugoslavia 6 hours 50 minutes

MISSION 4 May 25 Marshaling Yards at Cornelius, France 7 hours 10 minutes

MISSION 5 May 26 Marshaling Yards at Lyon, France 9 hours

As you can see, we had piled up nearly 30 hours of flying time in four days. For each hour of flying time, probably that many more were spent in briefings, debriefings, etc. So you see till we got eating time in, there was very little time to live and try to get some sleep.

I seemed to have a faith that things would be O.K. and if things didn't turn out all right, I had little fear of dying. About this time, I wrote a letter home to my parent's stating such. I prayed to God each night to please spare me as I had my life laid out as to what I wanted to do with it. But in the final analysis, I knew it would be God's will be done and I was prepared for anything. I never sent the letter but felt better just having written it. I still thank God each night for allowing me to live the life I had planned for myself and letting me achieve the goals I had set. These goals were to come home, marry a nice girl, raise a good family and be successful in developing a good registered Holstein herd. All these things have come to be and along the way, we have been privileged to make enough money to send all three children through college, pay for a 189 acre farm, build a new house in Ohio and build a new home in Florida. He has given me good health for most of my life, so what more is there?

MISSION 6
May 29, 1944.

Five hundred and thirty B-24's headed for Austria. There were three groups of us. Our own group hit the airplane assembly works at Weiner Neustadt while the other two groups hit the

airplane factory at Wollersdorf and the airdrome at Wollersdorf. All these targets were vital to the defense of Germany. Hermann Goering (the highest ranking General of the German Luftwaffe) had his own personal squadron of fighters defending these targets. His fighters were marked with a distinctive yellow nose. They came swarming up to meet us and when the battle was over 18 of our bombers failed to return. But we had practically obliterated our targets as well as destroying 30 of their planes on the ground and 35 more claimed destroyed in the air. Flying time 6 hours 45 minutes.

On one of these missions, co-pilot Romey was injured. A burst of flak under our plane caused shrapnel to penetrate the plane, come up through his seat cushion and lodge in his read end. The wound was not serious but later on he received the Purple Heart Award. About this time, the new B-24's were coming on line. They were made in the Ford plant at Ypsilanti, Michigan. These planes were equipped with steel bucket seats. Had we had one of these earlier, Romey would not have been injured.

MISSION 7
May 31, 1944.

Our group was called upon to hit the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania. This was to be the first trip of four trips that our crew made over Ploesti. Of all the targets that we bombed, Ploesti was considered the most dangerous, although Vienna had more anti-aircraft guns. The 1300 anti-aircraft guns around Vienna made it the most heavily fortified city in Europe. As we came off the Ploesti target, the smoke from the fires set off by our successful bomb run came up nearly as high as we were flying. Our bombing runs were always flown at altitudes of 26,000 to 30,000 feet.

I shall not bore you with battle damage sustained on each mission except to say that physical damage to the plane ran from light to medium on most flights with one flight later on whereby damage was so heavy as to make the plane nearly unflyable. Details of that mission coming later.

MISSION 8
June 5, 1944.

Our target was a railroad bridge in northern Italy. Flying time 5 hours.

MISSION 9
June 6, 1944.

Our target was Pitesti, Rumania. Flying time 7 hours 35 minutes. We knew nothing about the D-Day landing in France until a few days later when we read about it in our local Stars and Stripes. We were busy with our own problems and that seemed far, far away.

MISSION 10
June 9, 1944.

An ordinance depot at Munich, Germany was made the target that day. Flying time 7 hours 45 minutes.

MISSION 11
June 10, 1944.

The target, a railroad bridge at Porto-Marogaherra, Italy. Time 5 hours 15 minutes.

MISSION 12
June 13, 1944.

Because this mission was one of our most memorable and our group received a Presidential Citation for it I shall quote from the citation itself.

> "On June 13, 1944, 37 B-24s of the 484th Bomb Group set out to attack the marshaling yards at Munich. Weather precluded a successful rendezvous of the large assault force but the small formation continued on course to it's target. Approaching Munich, the Group was attacked by fifty single and twin engine fighters. The first of these sped over the top of the bomber formation in an air to air bombing attack as others made a rocket attack. Then the enemy fighters came in with cannons and machine guns blazing. Five bombers out of 37 were lost to these savage attacks, while crewman claimed 18 of the enemy planes shot down. As the battle ended, the bombers ran into heavy and accurate flak and encountered a dense smoke screen over the marshaling yard. The entire group went over the target in search of a break in the smoke cover which would permit visual bombing but found none. Then although their formation had been seriously crippled, the 484th with all wounded men remaining tenaciously at their positions and aircraft held skillfully within the protective formation, the Group passed through another heavy barrage of flak to make a highly successful bombing run on the yards at Innsbruck, concentrating all bombs in the immediate target area. The Liberators without further loss then returned to their base at Toretto".

The previous citation was signed personally by President Franklin D. Roosevelt and presented to us just before we returned to the States.

About this time, all 1st pilots of our group were raised in rank to 1st Lieutenant. This meant more pay. I had about 3/4 of my pay sent directly home to the bank in Stryker.

MISSION 13
June 14, 1944.

Split, Yugoslavia. Flying time 5 hours 45 minutes.

MISSION 14
June 22, 1944.

Pola Harbor, Italy Flying time 6 hours.

MISSION 15
June 26, 1944.

Oil Refineries at Vienna, Austria. This was a very rough mission with over 1300 anti-aircraft guns. Flying time 7 hours 20 minutes.

MISSION 16
June 28, 1944.

Bucharest, Austria. Flying time 7 hours.

MISSION 17
June 30, 1944.

Blechammar, Germany. Flying time 4 hours 25 minutes.

MISSION 18
July 2, 1944.

Budapest - Flying time 6 hours 35 minutes.

MISSION 19
July 3, 1944.

My 23rd birthday. Celebrated with alot of fireworks over Ploesti. There was a very dense smoke screen so we were unable to drop. Then we went on to the alternate target over Bucharest and celebrated again with more fireworks. Flying time 7 hours 30 minutes.

MISSION 20
July 6, 1944.

This day we were to hit a small airfield in northern Italy. (Aviano) The briefing said they only had 13 anti-aircraft guns. We felt we had a "milk run" coming. (Milk run was a term used for an easy mission.) This could have proven true except for the fact that one of the guns was exploding shell at the exact altitude that our own plane was flying. Furthermore, he was tracking us perfectly. As each shell exploded nearer and nearer behind us our tail gunner's voice became higher and higher over the intercom. Finally, he yelled "the next one will get us!" As it exploded with nearly a direct hit, we were pitched violently upward. At this time, all four propellers "ran away." This acts like a sudden brake on the plane. To counter-act this I shoved the nose down and put the plane into a steep downward spiral. Things were happening fast! As we came out of the dive and the props settled down, we found we had very little oil pressure in #2 and #4 engines. Immediately, we "feathered" those two props with the remaining oil. Feathering means the pitch of the blade is set at an angle to cause the least amount of drag on the plane. That means those two engines are of no use anymore. Also #3 engine was running at only 20 inches of manifold pressure as compared to the normal cruising pressure of 40-42 inches. This meant we had one full powered engine and one at half power, out of four. We were nearly 500 miles from home base which normally takes about three hours.

The Pratt and Whitney engines used on B-24's would pull as much as 50 inches of manifold pressure. This setting was used for take offs but for safety of the engines, we were allowed to use that maximum power for no more than 15 minutes. We found that by running #1 at 50 inches and #3 at 20 inches it could pull and we could maintain airspeed while losing 125 feet per minute. We were still at nearly 25,000 feet of altitude. Through some careful calculations, we felt we could make it back to base. If, #1 engine could stand that terrible stress of 50 inches for three hours. To make a long story short, we did make it but long after everyone else was home. In fact, we were officially listed as "missing in action". We did make an uneventful landing though and had no personal injuries. How that could be I do not know. This had to be one of our toughest experiences.

About this time, our crew had a "stand down day." (Not scheduled to fly) The crew in the tent next to ours were scheduled. After briefing and upon finding the target was Ploesti, their bombardier suddenly became ill. An orderly came into our tent and pulled our bombardier (Ted Turk) out of the sack informing him that he was a replacement on that crew. That was the last we ever saw of Ted. Their plane was shot down and he did not survive. I talked to the pilot of that plane just before our crew was to come home after completing our missions. You see Rumania quit the war on August 23, 1944 and they allowed us to fly into Bucharest on August

31 and bring out 1100 airmen that had been their prisoners. The 1100 were survivors of 3000 that had been shot down over Bucharest and Ploesti. He told me he never remembered being hit. He had no recollection of bailing out, but when he came to, he was floating down in his parachute. He and the plane and two survivors landed in the Danube River. Ted did not make it. Of course, the other bombardier was made a member of our crew to replace Ted. He was never really accepted by us as we could not get out of our minds about his sudden illness.

MISSION 21
July 7, 1944

Bechammer, Germany 8 hours 15 minutes.

MISSION 22
July 8, 1944.

Vienna, Austria 8 hours.

This made three days in a row. All rough missions. I'm tired out. Go to the Flight Surgeon complaining of headaches. No sympathy. Just be sure to wear my sunglasses.

MISSION 23
July 11, 1944.

Toulon, France. Bomb submarine pens. Flying time 7 hours 30 minutes. We didn't know it at the time but we were beginning to "soften up" southern France which would be invaded by our forces on August 15.

MISSION 24
July 12, 1944.

Nimes, France Marshaling Yards 7 hours 30 minutes.

MISSION 25
July 15, 1944.

Ploesti Again! 7 hours 20 minutes.

MISSION 26
July 17, 1944.

Tarrascon, France. Railway Bridge. 7 hours.

MISSION 27
July 18, 1944.

Frederickshaven, Germany. Our first time to hit a jet aircraft plant. 7 hours.

MISSION 28
July 22, 1944.

Ploesti again! Is there no end to this? 6 hours 30 minutes

MISSION 29
July 25, 1944.

Villach, Austria 7 hours 30 minutes.

MISSION 30
July 28, 1944.

Still another time to Ploesti. Thank God it was to be our last, but we didn't know it at that time. Everyone is really getting jumpy. We have only five more to go.

MISSION 31
July 31, 1944.

Bucharest again. Almost as bad as Ploesti. Four more.

MISSION 32
August 5, 1944.

Miranas, France. A long one 8 hours 20 minutes. Three more.

Mission 33
August 7, 1944.

Blechammer, Germany 8 hours Two long ones in two days. Getting tired again. Two to go!!

Mission 34
August 9, 1944.

Refineries and oil storage at Almofuzzo, Hungary. One more. Can we hold on? We are really jumpy now.

It was customary when a crew had flown half of their missions, they were sent to the island of Capri for a week of rest and relaxation. Our crew was getting our missions in so fast that we were sent there between mission 34 and 35. What a feeling! Being in one of the most beautiful places on earth for a week and knowing we had one more to go. How do you relax? It wasn't easy but we did manage to have some fun. I'll not forget the "blue grotto" and other sights just as beautiful.

While we were there on August 5, we viewed our large Naval Fleet steaming by Capri headed for the invasion of Southern France. This invasion was to go quite well. I couldn't help but feel that our raids had made it somewhat easier for our men to land and soon drive north to meet the men from the June 6th landing at Normandy.

One of the reasons our crew was getting our missions in so quickly was that we had only four aborted missions. This was a term used when a plane could not keep in formation on the way to the target. Many things could cause this. The most frequent was failure of a super-charger to work properly. At high altitudes, an engine could not get enough air to operate properly without a turbo to pack in more air. Whenever a turbo stopped operation, it was impossible to get enough power to keep with the formation. Other things such as oxygen equipment failure made it impossible to continue. Our planes were not pressurized at that time so it was a must to wear oxygen masks from 10,000 feet up. This meant that we were on oxygen from 5 to 6 hours or more each mission. Failure of oxygen equipment meant certain death in a few minutes unless the plane could descend below 10,000 feet.

One of our aborted missions turned into a bit of fun for us. We were coming back across the Adriatic Sea at about 5,000 feet. We were alone when suddenly, I looked to our left and saw a submarine on the surface. During our training in the States, we had been instructed that all subs were free game. Instantly, we decided to drop our bombs on it. We made a steep turn to the left to line up for a bomb run. As we did that the sub crash dived. That made a plume of

water perhaps 100 feet high straight up. We had no time to warm up our bomb sight so when passing over the splash where he had dived I directed the bombardier to toggle out our five bombs, one at a time. The men in the rear that could see the results said 2 bombs hit short of the oil slick, one was a direct hit and the other two long. We returned on home and in the usual after mission interrogation we told of what had happened. Bright and early the next morning, I was summoned to headquarters to give another accounting. I explained that we had been instructed that all subs had to look out for themselves. The General said we would wait a day or two to see if any American sub had been lost. Then he would determine if I would be court-marshaled or decorated. Nothing ever came of it. I believe we did not harm the sub as our bombs were armed to be off in a fraction of a second, whereas the ordinary depth charge used for sub hunting might be timed to detonate up to several seconds after impact. This would allow the bomb to go under water for some depth getting it closer to a diving sub. Anyway, when we had our leather flight jackets painted with a bomb for each mission and the countries we had bombed, we had a submarine painted on with a question mark after it. The countries we bombed included Italy, France, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, Poland, and Albania.

After our week on Capri was finished, we went back to base for our last mission.

Mission 35
August 25, 1944.

We would not have needed to fret so much about it as it turned out to be a real milk run. We were armed with antipersonnel frag bombs to be used on enemy troops at Szoloma, Hungary. Everything went very well except for one crew. As I have explained before when frag bombs were on board a "stepped up" formation must be flown in order to protect the last planes in the formation. We had a new, inexperienced crew flying in the rear in the usual "stepped down" formation. Consequently, the bombs from the plane ahead fell on them and everyone was lost.

Now it was all over and soon we would be heading home!!

I should say here there are three reasons I have been able to give such an accurate account of these missions. First, I still carry in my billfold the paper that was given to me when we processed out of the 15th Air Force. This had all dates and places of each mission on it with the flying time. Second, the book "Fifteenth Air Force Story," has many details in it and third, even though this all happened nearly 50 years ago, many of the sights and memories are as clear as if they happened yesterday.

While being processed out of the Fifteenth, the officer handling my papers marveled at how quickly we had completed our tour of duty. He said he believed it was an Air Force record. On days that we had "stand down" from a mission, we were often scheduled for training flights. On one of these, I flew in a tight circle over Mt. Vesuvius. That was quite a sight as there is always action down in the crater with smoke coming out the top at all times.

My return home was by ship convoy as all planes must be left behind for other crews to use. One interesting development happened coming home. Another Lieutenant and myself were put in charge of 2550 German POW's on the return trip. They were being brought to the States to be put into detention and work camps. The two of us had several men in our command that stood guard. Our mission was to see that the prisoners were fed and cared for properly on the boat ride over.

I had several conversations with an older (perhaps 50) man. He had been an English teacher in a German college. As the Germans began to run out of man power both old and younger men were called into duty. The youngest boys were perhaps 14 or 15 years of age. Many of them had been in the army a very short time before they were taken prisoner in

Southern France invasion. I had a great sympathy for the ordinary soldiers. They were easy people to like. They always kept themselves clean and neat even though they were housed in very crowded conditions down in the hold of the ship.

The officers who were the SS Troopers were another story. If you have ever seen any German war movies, these men lived up to the classic German officer depicted. They were tough and military right down to the core.

Anyway, we had a rather rough ocean crossing and it kept getting worse as we approached New York harbor. This was because we got caught in the tail end of a hurricane that was moving up the east coast.

When we steamed passed the Statue of Liberty that had to be one of the most unforgettable times of my life.

As we unloaded and got our prisoners into formation for turning over to the next authorities, we made a head count and came up one man short. The ship was searched but he was not there. Somehow, he must have gone overboard and was lost.

I was now going home and would be there for two weeks before my next assignment. I weighed 165 pounds, down from 220 that I had weighed one year before.

After two weeks at home, I was sent to Miami Beach, Florida for a two week rest period at a posh hotel on the beach. There were lots of returning airman there and we were treated royally. We could do about anything from deep sea fishing, to a football game between Wake Forest and University of Miami, to going to the dog races all at government expense.

I soon began to feel better and gain back to my normal weight. Then it was time for a new assignment. I was sent to Smyrna AAF base which is located 20 miles southeast of Nashville. This was a Central Instructors School. So, I became an instructor there until the war was over.

My main duty was to teach other pilots who were instructors themselves at the many training fields in the South East Command. Of course, these men were all good pilots themselves. My job was to standardize all of their teaching procedures so that each one taught exactly like the other. You see there is only one way to do something and that was the Army way. It was my job to get this across. I was only one of perhaps 20 other former combat pilots doing this job.

The last 2 or 3 months there, I became the Emergency Procedure Check Pilot. This meant taking up each pilot and giving him a final check ride to see if he was proficient in getting out of trouble when an emergency arose. For instance, when a student was about to land, I might pull back the throttle on one or two engines and instruct him not to land but climb back into the flight pattern and go around for another landing. This didn't seem too dangerous at the time because my experience in Italy had been so much more, but as the years have gone by and I hear of planes losing power and crashing, I feel lucky that things turned out O.K.

May 8, 1945 was declared VE Day (Victory in Europe). The German army was crushed and Hitler had committed suicide, but we still had Japan to finish off.

My last two students were both full Colonels. They had very different backgrounds but were both headed to the Pacific to command a Group of B-36 bombers that were becoming operational. These planes were larger than the B-24. The younger of the two men had flown B-26's in combat from England. The older man (about 40) had been C.O. of a primary training field in the States for many years. Anyway, it was my job to teach them how to fly the B-24 so

they could go on to the B-36. During the middle of their training is when VJ Day came. This was August 15, 1945. The next morning word came down that all training flights were canceled from then on. Except for a few more flight like taking the baseball team to a game in Selma, Alabama and fly a Major to Virginia because of a family emergency. My days as an Air Force pilot were over. I did fly a single engine AT6 for 10 hours so I could get a lifetime Commercials Pilot's License for both single and multi-engine planes.

A group of us pilots were called to a meeting at the base theater. There we were invited to apply as pilots for a new airline that was to run from Miami to Paris. The starting salary was to be $1500.00 per month. It took about two minutes, even though the salary was great at that time, to decide to get back to Williams County and get on with the life I had prayed would happen for me.

All military personal were awarded "points" for different accomplishments during his service years. Years of service, combat time, theater served in, medals and awards earned, etc., all counted towards points. I had plenty, so the mustering out procedure started immediately.

On Labor Day evening 1945, I wanted to surprise Mother and Dad, so had not informed them of my arrival. They were not home. Then, I remembered that Stryker always had a Labor Day celebration and they were probably there. I went to Stryker found them and everyone was happy!!

Some people had predicted I would not be content to come back to farm life, but I had enough. After a few months, it seemed in some ways that I had never been away. Then at other times when I would remember back, those two and one-half years seemed almost all consuming.

War seems so unnecessary. If only we could have leaders of each country who would love and lead by the "Golden Rule", then we wouldn't have wars. This will probably never happen so we must be strong and prepared at all times.

I was lucky to have gone through everything without a scratch. Because of the nature of flying, I always had a good bunk to sleep in at night and relatively good food. The men that I really respect are the foot soldiers who spent much time on the front lines, living in trenches, exposed to the cold and wet, or extreme heat and filth. They are the real heroes.

JAPS GREATLY OUTNUMBER AMERICAN TROOPS
EDGERTON SOLDIER WRITES FROM TOYKO

Mrs. T.S. McCutcheon of Edon has received a letter from her son, Sgt. Thomas McCutcheon, written October 2 in Japan, where he is stationed near Tokyo with the 25th Photo Reconnaissance Squadron. He Writes:

"I rode into Tokyo yesterday morning on the electric train that runs by our camp. We were packed in tightly, completely surrounded by Japs. It is a good thing they believe in the Emperor because they have us outnumbered about a thousand to one.

"They don't smell as bad as Filipinos and they behave better and work harder. The men do not as we have been led to believe, treat their women brutally, but seem to regard them with as much respect and courtesy as we do ours. It is hard to tell what the people are thinking, but they behave very well and try to help us in every way possible, which is very strange in view of the circumstances.

"Food for the native population is very scarce. Their clothes are well worn and it seems there is little prospect of their acquiring more. Most of them wear wooden clogs without stockings. They use mostly bicycles, altho there are a few motorcycles and charcoal burning autos. Now and then I see a horse, but the people pull most of their loads themselves in huge, clumsy carts that would make the ordinary horse go back for another bale of hay.

"I visited two department stores in Tokyo but their stock was very limited. Most of the stuff for sale is small household articles that are strange to me.

"To get back to our camp. Our quarters are constructed of cement, and we have bunks, footlockers, upholstered swivel chairs, large desk, and a small table for card playing. Our theater is very nice and seats 600 men. We will have a recreation room and P.X. in the same building. Our chow hall is fully equipped with everything but stoves and is twice as large as needed. It is finished in yellow pine with tables and benches finished in mahogany.

"Many buildings are filled with millions of dollars worth of expensive and complicated laboratory equipment and implements used in petroleum research. I wished our ill-equipped schools in Williams county could have what is going to waste.

Ralph (Sgt. Ralph Leppelmeier of Edgerton) is in camp with me. To my knowledge, we are the first two Williams county men in Japan, maybe the only ones. I'm quite sure no one else from Edgerton is here." - Tom.

Sergeant McCutcheon is the brother of Mrs. Dennis Moog. He is an aerial camera technician with the Fifth Air Force, and has evidently not had opportunity to meet with any of several other county men known to be in Japan of whom the first to land is believed to be Sgt. Walter Betts of Bryan, who arrived at an air field outside of Tokyo with the first group of men three days ahead of General MacArthur.

"The Bryan Press", November 1, 1945

SCRAPBOOK of Mrs. Emma Cummins of Montpelier, Ohio
World War II era, 1940-1945
Compiled by Jacquelyn Whetro in 1997.

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FIRST FROM COUNTY

Miss Iris June French, daughter of Mrs. Effie French, north of Montpelier, is the first from Williams County to enter Nurses Cadet training. She left last week for Grace hospital, Detroit, to begin her training.

JOINS WAVES

Miss Beatrice Parson of Northwest township is the first from the county, and one of the first from Northwestern Ohio to join the WAVES women's auxiliary to the U.S. Navy. She left two weeks ago for Bloomington, Indiana to start her training course.

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FORMER EDON FOLK, PRISONERS OF JAPS

Roscoe Lautzenhiser Is Head Of Education in Philippine Camp

Mrs. Ruth Petty, of Hamilton, Indiana has learned through the State Department that her brother, Roscoe Lautzenhiser and family, who are being held as Japanese prisoners are well. Mr. Lautzenhiser, formerly of Edon, and his family, are interned at Santo Tomas, near Manila, in the Philippines. His brother, O.E. Lautzenhiser, also is held, but no word has been received from him since last February, when he reported "all well" by cablegram.

Roscoe Lautzenhiser, who had been in Manila for 20 years before the war broke out, was Superintendent of the American schools in that city, and at Santo Tomas is on the school board, managing the education of interned children. The family has a small shack on the camp grounds and their spirits are as good as can be expected. Their daughter, Elizabeth, is in very good health, and is active in all girl sports, and is working hard in school. Mrs. Lautzenhiser and her mother also are interned. The other brother, Ora E., has been in the Philippines for 35 years, and was superintendent of the government cable office.

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KUNKLE COUPLE BELIEVED TO HAVE MOST COUNTY SONS IN SERVICE

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Apt Boast Six Boys In Army

The war had made many drains on manpower. It has taken one, two, three, and even five loved ones from the same home. But nowhere in Williams County has it asked as much as it has from Mr. and Mrs. Robert Apt of Kunkle.

This couple has six sons now serving in the armed forces. This is believed to be a record for Williams County. And, in spite of this sacrifice, Mr. and Mrs. Apt still have three children at home. Another son, John, and two daughters, Mrs. Margaret Hoy, Toledo, and Miss Mary Ellen. The six who are doing their bit for Uncle Sam are Robert, Jr., Norman, Edgar, Sherman, Paul, and Kenneth.

Edgar was the first to go. In fact, he was taking his year of training at the time war was declared. After completing his training, he was made an instructor at Camp Elma, Washington. He is now at Ft. Stevens, Oregon, where he received a medal for excellence in softball.

Edgar, now a corporal, was active in both baseball and basketball, when in high school. He graduated from Kunkle High School in 1935. Between graduation and induction, he was employed by Ohio Art, Bryan. His address is 3501-6343, Btry A, 249 Coast Artillery, Ft. Stevens. He is 26 years old.

Norman, 28, was the next to go. He was called in February, 1942, right after the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. At the time, he was working for the Aro Equipment in Bryan. Norman, also a corporal, has been overseas since July, 1942 completing his training in England. He's an engineer with the 8th Army Air Corps. Like his brother, Norman excelled in sports when in high school. His present address is 35284459, APO 638, c/o Postmaster, New York.

In October of the same year, when the war became more and more sinister and the War Department called for more men, Sherman, now 22, answered the call. He, too, is in England with a mobile signal photo company. He went overseas last September. He was the star

basketball player of Kunkle High, the year he graduated, 1940, being named one of the year's outstanding players in the county league. After completing school, he played some semi-pro basketball, worked at Holabird and for his father, who is foreman of the section crew at Kunkle. His mail reaches him at 35442295, APO 230, c/o Postmaster, New York.

Next to go was Pfc Paul, 20, who entered the service in February, 1943, and was shipped overseas three months later, in May. He is with the Fifth Army in Italy and at present is seeing action on the Anzio Beachhead. He. too, was outstanding in basketball, playing with Kunkle, when the school was outstanding in the county league. He, too, worked on the Wabash prior to induction.

Then Robert was called on March 21, 1943. He is a supply clerk with the same unit as his brother Norman in the Air Corps in England. He, too, left the country early, sailing in August of last year. He completed his high school training in 1931 and worked for the Strong Electric company in Toledo. He married a Montpelier girl, Clarabelle Brown, in 1939. She is living in Montpelier. His mail will reach him at 35551481, APO 558, c/o Postmaster, New York.

Last to go was Private Kenneth, who has been in training just two months. He's with the 123 Ordinance Ammunition company, Camp Maxey, Texas. He, like his brothers, was sports-minded at Kunkle high and worked for the Spicer Manufacturing Company in Toledo. He married Lorene Bechtol in 1940 and has one son, Kenneth, Jr., who is three years old. Mrs. Apt is living in Kunkle with his family.

The other son, John, expected to be called from his critical post with the Wabash in September, until the new draft regulations governing men over 30 were enacted last week. Mr. and Mrs. Apt are pretty proud of that six-starred flag which hangs in their window. It's pretty hard on them, one can see, to have given so many, especially as none of the boys, except Edgar, has been able to come home to visit since they entered the service. Four of the boys are overseas and although they can't get home to see the folks, they write regularly, their mother says.

Mrs. Apt is very proud of the beautiful bed spread with the hand-made lace trimming and the hand-painted picture, and the hand-made scarf that Paul sent her from Italy. There are at least three other families in Williams County, who have five sons in the service and others with four. The story of these families will appear in the Leader-Enterprise in the near future. One, the Alexander family of Stryker, has already appeared. Persons who know of families whose sons and daughters are making history in the service today would be doing this newspaper a favor if they would report the information to it.

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FIRST WAAC IN COUNTY

Miss Ethel Kunkle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H.P. Kunkle, of Kunkle, is Williams County's first lady to become a WAAC. Miss Kunkle, who attended Kunkle schools and graduated from Ohio State University, where she majored in English and mathematics, left Saturday of last week for Des Moines, Iowa, where she is enrolled in the officer training school of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

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23 KUNKLE MEN, 11 % OF ITS POPULATION NOW IN ARMS
Village Also Boast Youngest Lieutenant Colonel in U.S.

All Williams County is justly proud of the military record established by the village of Kunkle, one of the smallest communities in the county. Nearly 11 percent of its 200-odd population has answered the call to the colors and is now serving with the armed forces both here and abroad. And of all the boys who have been called to the service from Williams County, not one from Kunkle has been rejected on account of physical disability. Considering that an estimated 205 of the county youths have been sent home from Toledo for this reason, the Kunkle record is doubly outstanding.

Several Kunkle windows display service flags with more than one star, too. Among those are Mr. and Mrs. R.B. Apt, who have three sons in the service, Edgar, Norman and William. Another son, Paul, faces induction under the recently enacted draft law, calling for teen age youths.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Oxender have two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Hendricks, two; Mr. and Mrs. Mervin Kosier, two, and Mrs. Laura Hollstein, two. The list of 23 Kunkle boys in the service includes Harold Radabaugh, Baerlin Gilcher, Paul Greek, Marvin Esterline, Albert Fenicle, Dawson Hagelbarger, Arlo Wheeler, Billy Cox, Harold Heller, Clyde and Carl Hendricks, Maurice Kosier, Wesley Schiewe, Paul Hutchison, Edgar, Norman, and William Apt, Richard and Charles P. Hollstein, Leo and Leslie Oxender, Howard Crawford, and Robert Weaver.

These boys are splendid examples of American youth. And with the exception of three, all of the boys are graduates of Kunkle High School. Mrs. Kathaleen Hill reminiscing about the boys, recalls that most of them were in school while she was teaching there.

Several of the boys have won favor and distinction in promotions, the most outstanding being that of Lt. Colonel Charles P. Hollstein, of the Army Air Service, the youngest person in the entire United States to receive such a high and honorable rank at his age. He is 34 years old.

Among those known to be in service on foreign soil are Marvin Esterline, with the commandos in Australia; Maurice Kosier, with the Air Corps ground crew in India; Baerlin Gilcher, Iceland; Paul Greek, in the Mediterranean area and Wesley Schiewe, now on furlough from Iceland. Howard Crawford, son of Asa Crawford, is a veteran pilot, having been in Central America for a number of years engaged in government flying. He returned to his country's service after Pearl Harbor and is now ferrying bombers to Egypt and other Mediterranean bases.

Kunkle can be rightfully boastful of its record, one which will prove outstanding in communities of much larger size.

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D.C. BIBLE, JR., writes an interesting letter to his parents. It reads, in part:

Our company is on K.P. this week and I'm number one of the dish washers. Boy, what a job! We have eight companies for each meal, which is better than a thousand men three times a day. We fed them turkey yesterday (Thanksgiving) and boy was there a mass of dishes. We

have to clean up between each meal and stand inspection four times a day. I believe I have gained about ten pounds since I've been up here and I feel like a different guy.

The only thing that gets me is washing my own clothes and keeping everything in a sea bag. It seems as though everything you want is always clear in the bottom. One thing they teach us is to take care of clothes and keep our shoes shined.

We have to get up at 4 a.m. and be to work at 5:15. We're getting in about 16 to 18 hours a day since I've been on K.P. Young Bible is at Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

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LOCAL GIRL GIVES A CLEAR PICTURE OF USO WAR WORK

Ramona Joice Writes About Work With Agency

The annual drive for funds for the United War Fund will be conducted in Williams County next week and the week following. Believing that local people might be interested in first-hand information on the functions of the USO which received 55% of every dollar contributed, the Leader-Enterprise is reprinting a letter from a Williams County girl who is now associated with the USO at Waynesville, Missouri. She is Miss Ramona Joice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Joice of Edon. She writes:

Dear Mr. Bush:

I am writing this to give you a picture of the work of USO as I have experienced it. You may print as much of my letter as you wish. As you probably know, seventeen different agencies will receive the money raised during the National War Fund Drive. Probably the two agencies in which the average person in Williams county is most interested are the USO and the War Prisoners Aid because they are the agencies that will give service to Williams County boys in the armed forces.

I have been working as an associate director of the USO club in Waynesville, Missouri for several weeks. Prior to that, I spent two weeks in a USO club in Rockford, Illinois, so I'll tell you what I have seen USO do for the servicemen.

Waynesville is the nearest town to Fort Leonard Wood, but Waynesville is very small and has only two theatres and a small bowling alley to offer recreation to the men. Of course, the Fort has its theatres and service clubs, but most of the soldiers like nothing better that to get away from the Fort when they have a chance. The USO club here is the nicest building in the town and offers a variety of activities.

We have movies every evening. Dances are scheduled for about four times each month. Other programs include bingo, games of all kinds, quiz programs, music hour, community singing and Vespers on Sunday. Twice each week, we make records free for any soldier who wants to talk, play or sing. Then, we send the record home for him. We serve free doughnuts and coffee, homemade cookies, and buffet lunches to the soldiers and their wives. We have free checking services and information service on rooms and travel facilities. About the only thing a soldier pays for here is the sandwiches, ice cream, etc., that he gets at the snack bar.

The USO here has a big program for soldier's wives too. A great many wives have come here to be with their husbands. There are not many places for them to find work so they come here to spend their leisure time. At present, a group of them is doing Red Cross work once a

week. They have a social meeting every Wednesday. We have started a sewing class, and typing and shorthand classes for those who are interested in those activities. We have a sewing machine, an iron, and a modern kitchen, which the wives use free of charge. In the evenings and on weekends, the soldiers and their wives come to the club together.

The program of each USO is somewhat different, but I believe that is a typical picture of USO services. Wherever there are servicemen, you may expect to find the USO too, even in the maneuver area and in foreign countries. I should like to write more, but I hope this will help everyone see one way the money he gives to the War Chest will really help our men in service.

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CEDRIC MONTGOMERY HAS CLOSE SHAVE IN BATTLE

Home On Furlough, He Tells About Loss of Wasp

Badly burned and knocked unconscious by the explosion of dropping bombs and flying torpedoes. Pay clerk Cedric Montgomery had a first-hand experience of war when the U.S.S. aircraft carrier Wasp, on which he was serving, was sunk last September 15. Cedric was returned from Treasure Island hospital, a short time ago and is enjoying a 30-day shore leave with his mother and friends here.

Upon his discharge from the hospital, he was promoted from chief storekeeper to the rank of warrant officer, which rank dated back to last June, although, due to family mail, the promotion did not reach him until recently. Telling of his experience on the ill-fated Wasp. Montgomery says:

It was on September 15, about 2:49 in the afternoon. The morning had broken bright and clear and the tension on board had relaxed. We thought we were out of the worst of it. All the previous day and almost all that morning, we had been at our battle stations. In the afternoon, since there seemed to be no immediate danger and as we were not at our battle quarters, I had gone forward from my quarters to my office to catch up with the work which had been neglected due to our being on watch most of the previous week. Everyone was in good humor for during the noon hour, one of our fighter had shot down a four motor Jap patrol plane and that sort of news always help raise the spirits, especially after being at sea for several months.

I was just clearing my desk in preparation for going to the Chief's quarters for my afternoon cup of coffee. When all of a sudden, there was a terrific crash and explosion in the forward part of the ship and immediately the lights went out and the ship took a bad list, throwing me from my chair to the deck. From then on things happened, I picked myself up off the deck and grabbed my inflatable life belt from the shelf next to my desk and rushed out of the office for my battle station which was on the flight deck. I had just reached the passageway and ladder leading to the hanger deck, when the second and third torpedoes hit us just two decks directly below where I was climbing the ladder. I was tossed to the overhead and knocked unconscious, the concussion tearing off my shirt and tearing the skin on my arms to shreds, and the flash of the exploding torpedo and 1000-lb bombs on the next deck below me, burned all the exposed flesh. At that time, I received the quickest haircut I have ever received for the flash also burned it all off.

When I came too, after several people had walked over me in trying to find their way to the topside, I found a small flash light I had in my trouser pocket and climbed up the twisted and broken ladder and thru burning passageways to the flight deck. Shortly after receiving some

first aid treatment up there we were ordered to abandon ship and still in a half daze, I slipped down a line from the stern of the ship without a life jacket, for I had lost it below deck in the explosion and after about three hours in the water, was picked up by a life boat from one of our escorts.

Since that time, I have been in various hospitals and ships and have had the best of care. The only time I was really scared was when I was floating past the side of the ship. I was a little afraid that perhaps the gasoline fuel tanks or ammunition magazine might explode and blow the side of the ship out. Now that I have just about completely recovered, I am again ready to go back to duty and only hope that I have a better opportunity of finishing the job we started out to do.

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PAUL CASE WITH OUTFIT THAT SMASHED NAZI LINE

403rd F.A. Battalion Gets 202 Days In Battle

With the Fifth Army, Italy - Pfc. Paul D. Case, Montpelier, is a member of the 403rd Field Artillery Battalion, which smashed a wealth of German installations recently in the path of Fifth Army doughboys who took a mountain overlooking the Po Valley in Italy.

All their 155 millimeter howitzers pumping shells at Mt. Grande continuously for nine hours on two consecutive days, the artillerymen blew up a German ammunition dump, knocked out two antitank guns, a self-propelled gun and a 105 millimeter howitzer and accounted for at least 25 German dead.

The 403rd already has amassed 202 days in the line when it was temporarily withdrawn from combat last November 15. Most of these it had served in support of the 85th "Custer" Division, but it had been attached for a time to II Army Corps.

The battalion fired at full speed and with maximum effect for one hour as the Spring offensive got underway along the Garigliano River last year at 11 p.m., May 11. Plowing a path for vanguard elements of the rapid advance, the 403rd blasted targets at Minturno, Scauri, Formia, Fondi, Terracina, Cori, and Rome.

After backing up the thin, screening defenses that held the Arno River line in the Summer, the battalion went forward to enter the assault against the Gothic Line. In one three-day period of this violent action, the outfit's service battery hauled up 425 tons of ammunition for the steaming howitzers.

The battalion went into action again at Loiano for several months, a chief target of German artillery. Lt. Col. Arnold J. Pio, Fort Wayne, Indiana commands the 403rd.

BITS & PIECES
FROM LOCAL AREA PAPERS(1940-46)

NOTE: The following news items are abstracted from a scrapbook assembled by Bessie Van Fossen and compiled by Jacquelyn Whetro in 1997.

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FORMER RESIDENT IS JAP PRISONER

Francis W. Crowell, formerly of Montpelier, has been reported held as a prisoner by the Japs at Shanghai. His mother, Mrs. Crowell of Fostoria, had received word that he had been killed in action last December. Unwilling to believe this, she appealed to the Red Cross, which investigated and last Saturday received word that he was a prisoner. Mr. Crowell has been in the army for 14 years and lived at 630 Mill Street, when in Montpelier.

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HAROLD THOMAS, VETERAN OF 75 COMBAT MISSIONS

Lost Five Planes, Has Four Jap Ships To Credit

A veteran of 75 combat missions, Captain Harold Thomas arrived home last Wednesday, after 16 months in India and China war theaters. That they were exciting, death-scraping months cannot be questioned when one looks at the tall good looking youth, who left here just a short few months ago.

His experience has taken him through the gamut of fighting experiences. He lost five planes in action, has been forced to bail out, has been wounded, missing in action and has four Jap ships to his credit as a bombardier.

"That time I was reported missing was one of my most exciting experiences," he told the Montpelier Rotary Club Monday noon. "We ran into stiff head winds and our gas supply was exhausted before we reached our base. When we bailed out, we didn't know whether we were in enemy or friendly territory. Then, when we dropped through the clouds and overcast, all I could see was water. I just figured that my time had come, because with all the equipment we were carrying there wasn't much chance of staying afloat."

"However, it turned out to be a rice field. Our entire crew landed within a two-mile strip with only one casualty-one man injured an ankle on a rock pile. Because of his condition, we dickered for a horse with one of the natives who told us that we were only 20 miles from the enemy. Every hill we traversed, we expected to find the Japs waiting for us. But our luck held and we arrived back at our base in 11 days."

"Another interesting time was when we were strafing a Jap fleet and I managed to get direct hits on two of them. Our outfit sunk at least 200 ships altogether." He has four ships to his credit.

The food over there isn't so good, he continued. It is mostly of local vintage, including water buffalo, which is so tough it has to be ground before the men can eat it. The army concentrates almost its entire Air Transport Command in bringing in ammunition and gasoline, so there isn't much room for American food. Reinforcements are now coming through a little faster, he commented, although there were plenty of fellows with more than 300 hours of flying to their credit before they were relieved.

Captain Thomas has more missions to his credit than any other man in his outfit, but he's not much disposed to talk about them. He's so glad to be home again that nothing else mattered. In fact, he turned down the offer of another advance in rank in order to come home. The balance of his crew came back to the States in May but he was kept over for operations leader and had charge of arranging all missions and briefing the crews.

For his outstanding work in the China theater, Captain Thomas wears the Flying Cross, the Silver Star, two oak leaf clusters and the purple heart. He will be home until September 16, when he expects to be sent to Florida and reassigned to duty in this country.

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3 ARE KILLED IN ACTION, PARENTS ARE NOTIFIED

Paul Zigler is First Invasion Victim From County

Death of three more Williams County Youths brought to 20 the number who have been killed during World War II. The latest reported casualties are Master Sergeant Paul D. Zigler, 27, Richard Gabriel, both of Montpelier and Staff Sergeant James Boucher of Bryan.

Gabriel, who had been missing somewhere in Latin America since a routine flight March 20, 1943, has now been officially listed as dead by the War Department, his father has been notified.

Zigler was killed in action in France on June 6, D-Day, according to a telegram received Monday by his parents. Mr. and Mrs. William Zigler. He is the first invasion casualty to be reported in Williams County. Young Zigler has been overseas since January, 1942, spending the first year in North Ireland and the second in England. The last letter received from his was dated May 31 just six days before his death.

He entered the service at Camp Shelby, Mississippi on February 3, 1940, taking his entire training then rising in rank from private to Master Sergeant. He was transferred to the engineers Corps, where he was serving at the time of his death.

Boucher was killed over Germany April 29, the wire told parents Mr. and Mrs. C.S. Boucher of Bryan. He was a gunner on a bomber which had been reported missing a telegram had previously advised his parents on May 15. A letter from Boucher's chaplain quoted crew members of another plane stating they had seen seven of the nine members bail out of the ship. Young Boucher attended Bryan High School and played on the football squad. He entered the Air Corps January 29, 1943.

Paul Zigler Life At Camp Shelby
Complains About Food, But Admits Gaining 12 Pounds

Army life isn't so bad, according to a letter received this week by Mr. and Mrs. William Zigler. Rt. 2, Montpelier, from their son, Paul, who is a private in Company B, 145th Infantry, stationed at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Paul does complain a bit when he says they don't get pie, cake or cookies very often and sometimes they don't get all they could eat - but he gives it all away in the very next sentence when he admits to having gained 12 pounds.

The Army day begins at 5:30 am on week days, but the boys get to sleep later on Sundays - an hour later, 6:30. The work days last until 5 pm, and after supper, the boys are on their own until 10:30. The Army wardrobe sounds extensive enough though Paul didn't mention how it

was for comfort. He list 2 pairs of shoes, 4 pair of wool socks, 3 pairs of cotton socks, 1 pair puttees, 2 suits of long underwear, 4 shirts and shorts, 1 pair wool trousers, 1 pair wool breeches, 2 wool shirts, 2 Sheno (summer) shirts, 1 pair Sheno pants, 1 overseas cap, 2 black neckties, 2 Sheno ties, overall jacket and pants, dress jacket, overcoat and raincoat.

Camp Shelby covers an area 16 x 19 miles, and Paul isn't very well acquainted yet with the large town the camp makes. Canteens are plentiful in the camp, and almost anything may be purchased. Picture shows cost 20 cents. Paul's luck has been running well for he was one of the favored few who got to make a special trip to Vicksburg, where the soldiers were entertained with a dance in the Park Hotel Ballroom and made a sight-seeing trip to Civil War battlefields, the following day. His luck, however isn't good enough to avoid K.P. duty; every private regardless of good behavior, gets that assignment about every ten days.

PHILLIPS, A PRISONER

Mrs. Rose Phillips of Bryan received a letter from the War Department recently saying her son Corporal Jack A. Phillips was captured by the Germans, February 11. Corporal Phillips had been reported missing in action.

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Note: Following is the important part of a letter received last week by Mrs. Ercil Eyster of Miamiburgs, Ohio. It came last Thursday and tells how Lieut. Eyster was killed in an air raid:

England, Aug. 6, 1943

I am going to tell you as much as I can about the ill-fated day when the "Holy Mackerel" was one of the bombers that did not return. That was the day the A.A.F. wiped the Renault works in Paris off the map. I was along that day but, I did not see Ercil leave the formation. We had left the target and were on our way home, when fighters hit us. From reports I have gathered, the "Holy Mackerel" had two engines out and one was burning. Ercil left the formation and started to descend. Fellows started bailing out but only after three parachutes had opened, the "Holy Mackerel" exploded with the remaining crew on board.

That is all I can tell you. I haven't tried to put sugar coating on it, but instead, have given it to you straight from the shoulder. I think that is the way Ercil would have wanted me to say it because that is the way he was - a straight shooter of a pilot.

I thought you might like to know where he is buried. According to German official records, received by us Ercil is buried with the other seven members of his crew in the English Cemetery at Les Oestres near Dieppe, France. His grave was 764.

That's all I can tell you. Keep your chin up. He has only gone ahead to wait for you. May the rest of us build a better world and pay our debt to him that way.

Sincerely,

Ken Shayler

(Mr. and Mrs. Shayler and Mr. and Mrs. Eyster were friends before the war.)

Montpelier Bombardier On Kuriles Flight When Japs "Threw Book" At Yank Raid

Tired, Shaky Men, Survivors of Bloody Flight, Tell of Trip
by Russel Annabel, United Press Correspondent

U.S. 11th Air Force Headquarters, Alaska, Sept. 16

This is the beginning and the end of our Parimushiru raid. It comes in two conferences in a hut on a windy Aleutian hill. In between are blood, death, high courage and the shock of battle.

First the beginning: We are sitting on empty C ration cases in a hut overlooking the fog-bound Adak airport, discussing the aerial assault which will be made tomorrow against Parimushira and Shimushu. Rather, I am listening and the flight leaders are discussing.

These are the men who will take two waves of bomb-laden U.S. warplanes 800 miles across the Pacific to hit the little-known enemy stronghold in the Kurile Islands.

Ohio Bombardier

Lounging in the hut are Maj. Frank Gash, Fresno, CA; Maj. Louis C. Blau, Hollywood, CA; Maj. C.C. Wagner, Flushing, NY; Lt. James C. Elliot, Santa Ana, CA., the squadron navigator; and Lt. Roy L. Lemons, Montpelier, O, squadron bombardier.

"You've got to remember that the Japs will have plenty of stuff in those islands even though they didn't throw it at us the first time."

Gash says.

"Those bases are part of their inner circle of defense-the first part of their interior line we have been able to reach. The stuff they've got there will be their best. They'll give us the business."

He spread a map on the table littered with phonograph records, empty coke bottles and pin-up art cut from a magazine and while the Bering wind deals the hut broad handed slaps and rain rattles against the windows. Blau and Gash outline how the bombers will go in.

Map Shows Bases

The map shows the Jap bases and there are photographs showing what kind of bases-disconcerting photographs you would think for those who in a few hours are going to make bombing runs over them...But everyone is casual-casual before a routine flight. One of the boys-I promised not to say which one-tells me his luck is so good that he has wired his girl a proposal. He hasn't had an answer but he feels sure he's going out an engaged man.

Now it is 24 hours later, same hill, another wind-battered hut and some of the same men. I say "some." Intelligence officers are asking questions of men who sit before them with eyes glazed from fatigue and shock. The ash trembles from cigarettes held in shaky hands. You get a story in snatches.

"Yeah, I saw it. A port engine flamed and he dove in..."

"...I couldn't tell what was wrong with him. We were turning to go in over the target but he was going toward China. No smoke or fire. He just didn't turn and we never saw him again. We heard him once. He said two engines were out and whe was losing altitude fast. He said he was heading for a neutral base."

"They threw the book at us,"

from a sergeant who had manned a waist gun until it was empty. His eyes are dull with shock.

"They really gave us the business. I think they got around 100 of our boys."

My eyes search the hut for the lad who sent his girl a telegram. I ask a squadron officer about him. The officer looks at me, stamps out his cigarette. "I guess a direct hit got them. Anyway, his ship exploded. That was what it was like, beginning and the end of the Parimu-shiru raid.

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LOCAL SAILORS TELL OF NAVY ROUTINE

Welcome guests in the Senior classes last week were Gene Kosier and Tom Prosser of the class of '42, who gave interesting accounts of the life of a Navy man, as lived at Great Lakes Naval Station. Perhaps most fascinating was the recital of the schedule that was followed each day in this rank of the service.

You hit the deck at five o'clock in the morning with a general work out. Fifteen minutes is given to dress, make the beds and get out for duty. If you do not conform, special duty is assigned. You have 45 minutes in which to shave, clean up, and get ready for inspection at 6:20. At 6:30, you come back and swab the decks, clean the windows and get prepared for general inspection. The Company having the cleanest quarters gets a prize.

At 8 o'clock is general inspection and linen is changed twice a week. And if anyone is found with a soiled linen, special duty is again given. At 9 o'clock you hit the drill field and drill until 11 o'clock. At 11:30, you have chow, then drill again from 12:00 until 3:00.

You then go back to your barracks and study the Navy manual. If average grades are not made, you have more special duties to perform. At 4:30, you have a recreation period and may engage in basketball, football and swimming as well as seeing movies and other amusements.

You must march every place you go and the only color evident is Navy Blue. At 8 o'clock, you must be at the barracks and begin cleaning again. Your packs are checked for neatness. You do your own washing and garments must be rolled and placed in a bag which is also inspected. After 9:30, you are not allowed to leave your barracks, which are under guard at all times. Yes, we are in the Navy now.

Tom Prosser was fortunate in being selected for the Signal Corps because of high marks secured in these tests and will soon finish his training. He will than be sent to another field.

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NO TRACE OF MISSING MONTPEIER PILOT
Richard Miller Lost On First Flight To England

Canadian Ferry Command officials still held out a faint hope that Captain Richard G. Miller, 29, missing in a trans-Altantic ferry flight, might still be found. They are checking the possibility that a plane heard flying all night over Newfoundland might have been his.

Captain Miller, who is from Montpelier, was just 35 minutes out from the coast of Newfoundland last Tuesday evening, eight days ago, on his first flight to England with a Lockheed Hudson bomber when he radioed his base that he was having trouble with his plane and was turning back. He had left about 7:30, so it is believed that darkness had just fallen there.

No further report has been received of him since that brief message. The Canadian government and Ferry Command planes instituted a search over the Atlantic which lasted for three days and are now checking a report that an unidentified plane had been heard all night long over St. Johns, Newfoundland. Officials stated that is such a plane was heard it undoubtedly was Miller's and they are now searching that area.

Obviously, the Ferry Command did not have Mrs. Miller's Montreal address as the telegram advising her of the tragedy was sent to Montpelier and in her absence, was received by her sister, Mrs. D.A. Scott. The telegram was sent at 8:15 Thursday morning. 36 hours after his disappearance. It read: "Regret to inform you that your husband, Richard G. Miller, is missing from a ferry flight. Letter follows. Any further information will be immediately communicated to you. Please accept our profound sympathy. Air Officer Commander in Chief, R.A.F., Ferry Command."

Miller joined the Ferry Command in the Fall of 1941 and had been receiving special training since that time. He was in command of his first flight to England, which ordinarily takes about ten hours. He had spent most of his life in Montpelier and has been flying airplanes since his graduation from high school. He received his training at the Angola airport and the Metcalf airport, Toledo. He holds a commercial pilot's license in the United States and has taken up many passengers from the Montpelier airport, west of town.

On February 1, 1941, while returning from a business trip to Chicago, Miller cracked up in a new cabin plane on the Duvall farm at the west village limits, escaping with light scratches and bruises. The plane was a total wreck. The same spring, he accepted a position as instructor in civilian pilot training at Lima and remained there until he joined the Canadian Ferry Command last Fall.

A United Press report states that Miller was accompanied on his flight by Pilot Officer William Murray Edinburgh, Scotland, and Nathan Frengelson, radio operator, Waldron, Saskatchewan. Mrs. Miller and their two-year old son, Jon, have been living in Montreal since he joined the Command. With her now are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E.L. Burton, of Montpelier, who went to Montreal about 10 days ago, Mrs. Miller will remain there indefinitely.

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FIRST COUNTY YOUTH CALLED TO SERVICE

In one of the most rapid advancements ever experienced by a local youth in the Army, Private Donald Manley has been advanced to the rank of sergeant. Manley was given a corporal's two stripes on May 15th and on June 1st, he was made a sergeant. He is the son of

Mrs. Wavil Manley of near Valley View, and was the first Williams County youth to be called to service. Sent home the first time, he was inducted this spring. He is at Lubbock Army Flying School, 509 School Squadron, Lubbock, Texas. He is studying advanced flying in twin motor planes.

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TWO MONTPELIERITES PRAISED FOR WORK

First Lieutenant Lyle Boyer and Private Walter Cameron of Montpelier are two of the men who have been doing a magnificent job of handling railroading in France, a communique from headquarters in that country announced this week.

The article says:

Upon completion of the repair work to the rail lines and yards which were damaged during battle, an Army Transportation Corps railways operating battalion is maintaining and operating the Cherbourg Terminal.

The unit is sponsored by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and it was organized in 1932 as the 5987th Railway Engineers. The outfit, under the command of Lt. Colonel Carl D. Love, former superintendent of the Louisville Division, Louisville, Kentucky, was called to active duty in 1942 and was activated in in New Orleans in 1943. Completing basic training at Fort Slocumb, New York, the unit entrained for Camp William Reid, Clovis, New Mexico, where it underwent a thorough course in railroad operation on the Santa Fe Railroad. Just before leaving the United States for England, the battalion went through an advanced course in all phases of railroading from shopwork to actual line operation at Fort Snelling, Minnesota.

During its service in England, the battalion constructed freight cars and assembled locomotives to be used in France by the Military Railways. Teams were formed at that time to build and install the bunks in the Liberty ships that carried the men across the channel on D-Day.

Upon taking over the operation, the French rails the method of traffic had to be changed from right to the left hand trend. This was necessary for the installation of switch points, as well as operation of signals which was handled differently on their railroads.

The unit has put into operation a large number of American locomotives and during a 15-day period set a local record, handling 199 eastbound trains, 1582 loads, 1280 empties for a total tonnage of 46,432; and 138 westbound trains consisting of 502 loads, 421 empties, with a total tonnage of 14,817.

The battalion has been called one of the finest operating units in France by Brigadier General Clarence L. Burpee, commanding general of the 2nd Military Railway Service of the Transportation Corps. The men at the Cherbourg Terminal are doing a tremendous job of transporting the supplies to the armies at the fronts and are working constantly to keep the shipments moving.

Executive officer of the battalion is Major Cecil F. Abrams of Clovis, New Mexico, formerly with the Santa Fe Railway. Captain Frank D. Heflin, Nashville, Tennessee, is the battalion adjutant and Captain Robert L Morris , also of Nashville, supervises the supply. The battalion is divided into three companies, all of which have exceeded the amount of work given them.

Company "B" under the command of Captain Earl B. Bridges of East St. Louis, Illinois erected 6520 cars and assembled all refrigerator cars, and more than 100 tank cars were completed before leaving England for France.

Company "C" commanded by Captain Paul H. Fleming Lyndon, Kentucky, is the operating section, and is composed of experienced engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, yard masters, yard clerks, dispatchers, etc. This company handles the direct operation of the Cherbourg Terminal switching.

The headquarters company, which handles all billeting, rations and supply and furnishes the tower men and operators, is under the command of Captain Alexander C. Atchison, Knoxville, Tennessee. One of the busiest offices attached to this unit is the chaplain, Captain Allan R. Fredline, of Superior, Wisconsin, who also handles the special service branch.

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RISKED HIS LIFE MANY TIMES TO SAVE COMRADES

How Harold McFann a former resident of Montpelier, won his citation for bravery in action, is told in a book "Doctors Aweigh," written by Rear Admiral Charles M. Oman. One entire section of a chapter titled, "They Call Him Doc," is devoted to the tales of his exploits. It says:

From our front in the Solomon Islands comes this story of a Navy hospital corpsman serving with the Marines. His name is Harold McFann. His rank, pharmacist's mate, third class. Before the raid on Pearl Harbor, he was a law student at the University of Indiana. In his dreams, he may have imagined himself addressed as "Your Honor." Not in his wildest nightmare did he hear himself called "Doc," or conceive that he would hold top score for citations in the Solomon Islands' fighting. Yet this one-time law student, now pharmacist's mate, has twice been recommended for the Navy Cross by different commanders of his outfit, and once for the Silver Star. Here is the story:

On the evening of the first day McFann saw action in the islands. He was with a group of Marines laying close to a road down one of the mountains valleys of Guadalcanal to the sea. Down the road came a company of Japs. In the fight that ensued, a wounded Marine fell near a gravely injured Jap. McFann went to the aid of the American and was treating him when one of the enemy crept up on them. This Jap had no pistol, but pulled a knife and attempted to stab McFann from behind. The corpsman could not get his own pistol out but he wrenched the knife from his assailant and killed him with it.

While this was going on, the Jap lying near-by and apparently dying, started to crawl towards the wounded Marine to attack him. McFann intervened and used his pistol effectively to save his comrade.

On another night, during the battle on Lunga Ridge, Doc McFann was again out with a detachment of Marines which was cut off from the rest of the line by infiltrations of the enemy. When the enemy worked in close, they let them have it, holding back the fire of their automatic weapons, until the Japs were at point-blank range.

When the first dawn light gave them a view of their surroundings, the Americans began stealthily to fall back towards the jungle. Two of their wounded were unable to move with the rest. The colonel ordered McFann to go back to them. McFann went. Between him and the two wounded men lay a ridge, which was swept by three enemy machine guns. "Doc," brought out one boy with a badly wounded leg, then went back for the other. This man had a head wound, which made him dizzy and difficult to handle. But McFann made it, threading his way over the ridge and miraculously, without injury to himself or either of the wounded.

Two weeks later, when the Marines were disputing the crossing of the Matanakai River with

the enemy, a flanking movement was started to wipe out an enemy machine gun post. Six snipers on the ridge were trying to pick off the Marines, while the fire from enemy machine guns and mortar played along the flank. It was McFann's job to crawl up on the ridge and get two wounded men. One had a thigh broken; the other had been shot in the chest. To get them McFann had to cross a 200-yard strip of open ground swept by the enemy there. He reached the injured men, gave morphine to the one with the chest wound, swung him onto his shoulder, and carried him across the danger zone. To bring back the second casualty, he made a sling out of a rubber poncho and carried him to safety. Then he and a corporal loaded the wounded on a tank and took them back over the jungle trail to headquarters.

McFann is now back in the States, studying to be a pilot. Latest citation to come to McFann is from First Marine Division for outstanding gallantry and determination in completing assaults on Japanese strongholds. The presentation, mentioned last week, was made at Corpus Christi, Texas, where McFann is now stationed as an aviation cadet.

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TRESSLER RESCUED FROM USS HELENA

Telegram To Parents States He Is Well

Ernest L. Tressler, missing since the sinking of his ship, USS Helena, July 6, is alive and well a telegram to his parent's, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tressler, revealed. At no time had his parents given up hope that he would be among those rescued from a Japanese attack in the South Pacific. In fact, his mother just renewed his subscription of the Leader-Enterprise for another year last Saturday night, two weeks after the sinking.

Ernest, an electrician on the ship, had been in the Pacific war area since February. The telegram, received Tuesday afternoon, did not give his whereabouts nor the point from which it the wire was sent. It read, "All well and safe. Please don't worry. Love. E.L. Tressler." This letter was received Wednesday noon by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tressler. July 9, 1942.

Dear Folks,

I don't know whether you can read this or not. I would have written sooner, but I had the shakes too bad. I am fine. We sure beat the britches off of them yellow devils. I got off safe and did not get hurt at all, so please don't worry about me. We got some mail today after we got here. I hope you are all well. I am feeling fine but am nervous. Will write again in a few days.

Love, Erney

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FORMER RESIDENT GETS SILVER STAR

Third Award Given by President Roosevelt

"The most cited man in the Solomons area" is the way one Gary newspaper refers to Harold McFann, Jr., formerly of Montpelier. McFann was recently presented the Silver Star medal by President Roosevelt. His first citation came as the result of his conduct in the battle for Henderson Field at Guadalcanal. He went through enemy shell fire to reach the fighting marines to whom he had been attached.

In the second instance, he disposed of two Japs who ambushed him while he was administering to a wounded marine, who was lying in a ditch with his elbow shattered. Two of the enemy advanced towards his cover. Putting aside his bandages, he shot one Jap with his pistol, which jammed. He tackled the second with his bare hands, wrested the Jap's knife from him and killed him with his own weapon.

His latest citation, related in August, 1942, while a pharmacist's mate on Tulagi Island, he advanced beyond the line held by his company, located two severely wounded comrades and although exposed to heavy enemy fire, administered first aid. He is credited with saving the men's lives. For his first two citations, he received the Navy Cross. The Silver Star, his third award, is the fourth highest military decoration - the congressional medal of honor is first; the distinguished service cross for unusual bravery in combat is second; and the distinguished service cross for meritorious achievement not in combat is third. McFann is now an aviation cadet at Pasco, Washington.

OLD GLORY

Clippings about Service Men and Girls From Around Kunkle
Started March 12, 1943 by Anna May Beck
Arranged by Larry Traxler, June, 1993

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News of Men and Women in Uniform

Mrs. C.C. Walker, RFD 2 has a letter from her son, Pvt. Clifford O. Walker, in which he tells of some of his experiences in Germany, saying in part:

"We gave them hell for awhile and took 100,000 or more prisoners in two days. We also overran a prison camp and Mother, I wish you could see it. You probably read in the papers about men dying from nothing to eat. Well, I couldn't believe it before but now I can. I saw men that wouldn't weigh over 80 pounds. There was a room that wasn't over 20 feet by 10 feet that had 200 men in it. When more than 50 died they piled them up like cordwood.

Their houses weren't any good either. They didn't have any floors, only muddy ground and when a man died, they just laid there until there wasn't anything left. I don't know how to tell you what it was like."

In a letter to Mrs. Carl Leu, Cpl. James K. Best, writing from Germany, says, in part:

Was with another fellow today on a truck to a camp perhaps 35 miles away to get some boys who were having a few days rest at a camp fixed up for our battalion. It's a hotel located on a lake. Swimming, boating, shows and sports are available. I went along to see the country and pass the time which does go slow.

Am going to give you a brief account of our travels since coming to Europe:

Left Boston and landed in Liverpool, then to a port in Scotland by train to go to Ireland. Landed in Belfast, then by train to Lurgan.

We stayed in camp a few weeks, then moved to Portadown. While in Lurgan, we returned to Liverpool for our trucks. During our stay in Ireland, we did construction work putting up and taking down Nisson huts. We were all over the small country. When we arrived, very few Americans soldiers were in Ireland, but; when we left the place, it was full.

We returned to England first of May last year, staying near Oxford, about 60 miles from London. From Oxford, we went to Southampton, then across the channel to Omaha Beach, a landing base near the town of Vierville.

Got my first taste of bombing at Avranches. For about a week each night the Germans would come in, trying to knock out a bridge. Was near Brest during the fighting there, then moved around the Crozan peninsula to clean up a pocket of Germans.

We had been in Third Army until after the fall of Brest, then were put into the Ninth. We then moved to a large woods outside Rennes. During our stay here, we got to go into Rennes. When we left Rennes, we had a trip of perhaps 500 miles across France and Belgium to near Bastogne, then to Dudalange near Esch in southern Luxembourg. After about six weeks, we moved again. While near Eupen, were put into the First Army and much of our work was along the Siegfried Line. That place will be remembered as buzz bomb alley as they sent them over in squadrons.

While here, the Germans made their big counter-attack, which kept us working almost 24 hours a day, building road blocks, mine fields and charging bridges if it became necessary to blow them. The day before Christmas, we witnessed as bad an air battle as I ever saw. The sky was full of activity. Planes and parachutes were falling, both ours and the Germans. Really, we didn't quite understand just what was taking place.

When relieved of this job, we were pulled down near Florenville in southern Belgium, near the French boundary. We made many moves during the drive then moving back to the edge of Holland to prepare for the crossing of the Roer. We then moved on to Geldern, Germany and were called back to train for the Rhine crossing. We had wonderful luck and everything went off in fine shape. Heinie planes would come over trying to knock out our bridges and shrapnel from our anti-aircraft guns really played a tune through the trees and on the ground.

Only stayed one night in a foxhole, then moved into a house vacated by the Germans. We made many moves and now are down here at Iserlohm, near Arnsberg. The Gestapo had headquarters in this city. Corporal Best goes into considerable detail of further activities regarding army life since the defeat of Germany.

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ALVORDTON PILOT SAVES "FORT" CREW

Crippled Bomber Reaches England

A U.S. Flying Fortress base in England, May 17 (AP)

The crew of the Flying Fortress bomber Pegasus has a special affection for the No. 4 engine. Setting a possible record for a one-engine flight by a fortress, No 4's power alone kept the big ship aloft during the last 200 miles from Czechoslovakia after the May 12 attack on the synthetic oil plant at Brux. The Pegasus lost its No. 1 and 2 engines over France when six German Messerschmitts roared head on through the bomber formation, spraying bullets and cannon shells.

Although blinded by a spray of oil on their windshield, Pilot Lieutenant CLAIR WYRICK, Alvordton, O., and Copilot Lieutenant Robert Gross, Chicago, managed to ease the bomber out of formation and headed for home alone. Then 200 miles from base, the No. 3 engine cut out for lack of gasoline. Wyrick worked frantically to transfer fuel from the left side to the right tank, but discovered enemy bullets had pierced the fuel lines.

The crewmen tossed overboard everything not nailed down to lighten the struggling ship and then kept their fingers crossed and their eyes on No. 4. Just when the last engine seemed about ready to give up the unequal struggle, the coast of England slipped under Pegasus and it landed safely on a RAF field.

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BURTON SHAMBARGER SEES INVASION FROM PLANE

Writes Parents He Is Part of Bomb Unit

Although he has been in England only a short time, Lt. Walter Burton Shambarger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Shambarger, was with the invasion forces on June 6, a letter to his parents revealed. The letter written June 8, says:

It has been quite some time since I have received a letter from you, but I'm fully aware that it is not a result of your negligence, for I know that you have been writing regularly.

This is the first letter that I have written since the momentous occasion that has been on everyone's lips for the past few years, and I must say that it was a great surprise and thrill to hear the General announce in our briefing room around one o'clock in the morning, "Gentlemen, this is it." There was a quiet murmur of approval and I felt like leaping to my feet and shouting, but there was too much business on hand, and everyone felt the tension of the moment.

We were tired and the dark, crowded briefing room, with its brilliantly lighted map of England and Europe, only added to the fantasy of the occasion. I would have wagered my bottom dollar that the time was at hand the night before, but when they told us I doubted it.

There was no doubt in my mind when I was over the Channel and on my way to the French coast that morning at five-thirty. From fifteen thousand feet, the entire coast was visible and when our last bomb dropped, the men hit the beaches. Very interesting. Even at 30 degrees below zero, I was clammy with excitement.

Naturally, I have been very busy and I am extremely tired now. I think we have had a step in the right direction, and I feel much better. I'll keep writing and you do the same.

All my love, Walter Burton

In a previous letter he said:

I'm in the Eighth Air Force, the oldest one in the E.T.O., and, as you know, the 44th group. The 44th has the best record of any group over here. It is a good outfit. I suppose you see quite a few activities in your papers. Well, the 44th is the backbone, so you can see where I've been. We're proud of our group. Things are moving along quite regularly and my missions are coming along nicely. Naturally, I can tell you very little about them, but when I get home, I'll have some fancy stories to tell you. I've had some interesting experiences.

NOTE:

The death of Lt. Walter Burton Shambarger, 22, Montpelier is reported. Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Shambarger received word last Thursday of the death of their son, First Lieutenant, Walter Burton Shambarger, July 7, 1944, somewhere in Germany. The report came from the German government through the International Red Cross, and a letter of confirmation has been received by his parents from the Adjutant General J.A. Ulio, Washington.

Lt. Shambarger, who was 22, enlisted in the Air Corps October 3, 1942, and received his training at San Antonio, Ft. Stockton, San Angelo and Lubbock, Texas, graduating December 5, 1943. He was sent overseas April 21, and took part in the invasion of France as pilot of a B-24 Liberator Bomber. Lt. Shambarger was serving as squadron leader on a mission over Germany, when his plane was shot down. It was his 23rd mission.

Lieutenant Shambarger was in his third year as a student at Bowling Green State University, when he enlisted. He recently was awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster to his Air Medal, and a citation for his courage, coolness, and skill in bomber combat missions.

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SGT. JOHN MOORE GETS AIR MEDAL AND CLUSTER

A U.S. Troop Carrier Base, European Theater Operations

At an airstrip in liberated France, the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster was presented to Staff Sergeant John E. Moore, husband of Mrs. W. Moore, Montpelier, "in recognition of meritorious achievement while participating in hazardous aerial flight against the enemy."

Radio operator of a troop carrier "Dakota" aircraft, Sgt. Moore was one of the first American flyers over Cherbourg on the opening night of the continental invasion. He also participated in the paratroop and glider operation in southern France and in the gigantic airborne invasion of Holland.

"Flak was bursting all around us as we came over the drop zone," said the Ohio airman, describing the Holland mission, "but we were luckey enough to dodge through it without being hit." "As we dropped our paratroops there seemed to be a sea of parachutes opening below us but we couldn't stick around long enough to watch the rest of the show. For my money, Holland was a tougher deal than either Normandy or Southern France."

Sergeant Moore was graduated from Kunkle High School in 1942 and was employed by J.E. Cox and Co., before entering the Army Air Forces in February 1943. Assigned to Colonel Frank Kreb's Troop Carrier Group, awarded the Distinguished Unit Citation for its work in Normandy, Southern France, and Holland, Sgt. Moore's outfit is a part of Major General Paul L. Williams U.S. air component of the newly formed First Allied Airborne Army.

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S3c WELCH TORPEDOED DURING A SOUTH ATLANTIC DISASTER

Returns Home For 30 Day Leave From Navy

William Welch, Seaman third class, whose ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic, returned home Tuesday on a 30-day leave. Welch's ship, the USS Barr, is a destroyer escort. Welch has been in the Navy since September 8, and this is his third leave.

After his last leave in May, the ship left port and was at sea 26 days, during which time it saw combat duty with German subs three times. The ship rammed one sub and took a total of 36 prisoners. At the end of 26 days, the Barr put into port at Cassablanca, the scene of recent Allied conferences.

Five days out from Cassablanca, the carrier the Barr was escorting was attacked by a

German sub. The carrier took a torpedo and it is believed, the Barr, hurrying to its rescue, passed between it and the sub, taking a torpedo that was meant for the carrier.

Welch was on the bridge of the ship at the time it was hit and from where he was standing, he could see the whole action.

> "It was in the evening. The carrier had been hit and we were going after the sub when a torpedo crashed into our stern."
>
> "I was knocked to the deck, other fellows say they saw bodies flying, but I saw nothing of the kind. The Barr shook all over and shipped a lot of water, but we didn't sink. We had to lay all night, as our rudder and screws were put out of commission. During the night, another ship sank a German sub."
>
> "At daybreak, we were able to realize the extent of our damage and found that six men from our ship had been killed and 12 missing. Men from our ship were transfered in lifeboats to another D.E. and the Barr was towed into port for repairs. That sub didn't get away either. One of our boats rammed it and it sank. We didn't take any prisoners off that one. After all that, I'm really glad to be home."

Welch expects to go to sound school in Key West, when he returns from his leave.

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SHIP COMMANDER SENDS SYMPATHY TO JOHNSTONS

Johnston Becomes County's 40th

Mr. and Mrs. William Johnston of southeast of town were the unfortunate people to receive the 40th death message in the county from the War Department when they received the following telegram, Friday: "The Navy Department deeply regrets to inform you that your son, Richard Henry Johnston, Gunners Mate 3-c, USNR was killed in action while in the service of his country. The Department extends its sincerest sympathy in your great loss. On account of existing conditions, the body, if recovered, cannot be returned at present. If further details are received, you will be informed. To prevent possible aid to our enemies, please do not divulge the name of his ship or station." Vice Admiral Randall Jacobs, Chief of Naval Personnel.

Tells Them Of Son's Service In U.S. Navy

A Letter of sympathy over the death of their son, Richard, was received last week by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Johnston from the commander of the ship on which Richard was serving. It read:

I presume that long before this letter reaches you, you will have received the official notification of the death of your son, Richard Henry Johnston, GM3c, USNR. Although, I realize that there is little that I can say to relieve your sorrow at this sad news, I am taking the liberty of writing this personal note to extend my deepest sympathy and sincere regrets, in which all of his shipmates join me.

Dick was always cheerful and well-mannered and a great favorite with his shipmates. He faithfully fulfilled the responsibilities place upon him. Dick's death was caused by an explosion which occurred while this ship was fighting a fire on one of our aircraft carriers resulting from an enemy bomb.

His death was without suffering. It is my earnest hope that you will take comfort in the fact that he died as a brave man in the service of his country, not only in the midst of combat with the enemy but also while this ship was on a mission of rescue.

Your son's remains were buried at sea on 25 October, 1944, with appropriate religious burial services conducted by the ship's chaplain, Lt. Commander Abbot Peterson, Jr., ChC, USNR. Had his funeral been been held in the finest cathedral in the United States, the attitude of reverence and honor on the part of all his shipmates could not have been greater.

In addition to these services, a memorial service was held on 4 November, 1944, with full military honors and with the entire ship's company in attendance. His personal effects have been carefully inventoried and will be shipped as soon as practicable for further delivery to you. If there is anything further that any of us can do at any time we are only too anxious to serve you. Please feel free to call upon me.

Again, please be assured of my deepest sympathy in your sorrow, a sorrow which I, too, share.

Very Sincerely Yours,

Thomas B. Inglis
Captain, U.S. Navy

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HAL STAMBAUGH IS WITH INVASION FORCE

The landing on Okinawa beachhead was described by Hal Stambaugh in a letter to his parents last month. Hal was with the early invasion forces to hit the island. His letter follows:

When we went over the side a few planes came over but there were so many of our planes that we didn't even see them. There was no resistance on the beach and little fire, but it was all concentrated on a battle wagon about 300 yards to our right. We went in at 0930 and when we got within 200 years of the beach, we transferred our troops into amphibious tanks.

After three days suicide planes started coming over. One just missed us and crashed into a ship about 250 yards to our stern. Then while we were unloading our cargo, one just missed us and crashed into the water about 50 yards from that hospital ship (the Comfort) that got hit later on.

One of the deck hands and I were in the boat at the time, waiting to take a jeep aboard. We dug shrapnel out of the boat's deck and I still can't see how it missed us from the position it was in.

CPL. KEITH BAERLIN AIDS INFANTRY IN YULE BATTLE
Kunkle Youth Gets "Fire Baptism" In Belgium
A Ninth Air Force Service Command Unit, Belgium:

When the recent German counter-offensive in Belgium threatened his headquarters, Corporal Keith L. Baerlin, of Kunkle dropped his role of transportation dispatcher and became an infantryman.

Corporal Baerlin, son of Mr. and Mrs Louis F. Baerlin, was one of a 36-man holding party who remained behind at his headquarters of a Ninth Air Force Service Command unit to protect valuable equipment which it was impossible to move. There he not only received his "baptism of fire" but, he viewed for the first time the P-38 Lightning fighter-bomber which his unit serves, go into action against the enemy in close cooperation with the ground forces. He watched them bomb into silence two of four German tanks and mobile artillery which were pumping eighty-eights into the town.

The obvious goal for that sector was two Belgium cities each containing an American supply depot. Between the two cities was situated the headquarters in a small village which straddled a vital highway bridge. If taken by the enemy, it could serve as a springboard for the supply centers and, in fact, the entire central Meuse valley.

The tiny headquarters section watched the Nazi's drive closer. The twenty-first of December saw the Nazi reconnaissance armor less than 35 miles away, so Lt. Col. Willard R. Shively, Columbus, commanding officer of the group, began to evacuate most of his men and the more easily loaded supplies. The remainder was to be guarded until the drive was halted or until such time as they were forced to evacuate completely.

These men were not combat men though they had been in France since August. Their duty is to service and supply aircraft at bases behind the last artillery emplacement. But, the threat to their base and their supplies turned them into roving patrols of fighting men and their eagerness to aid the combat soldiers won for them the admiration and gratitude of the men in the line.

Their headquarters building soon became the haven for battle weary troops, and an assembly point for troops moving into the lines. It was then that the unit gave generously of their clothing and other equipment to men who had been forced to discard their heavier equipment in the fighting. Truck drivers, suddenly called to convoy supplies to the front line troops were amply supplied with long underwear, dry socks, and heavier gloves; because, in the forward areas all vehicle tops must be removed, exposing the driver to the weather.

On December 22, the date which had been set for a Christmas party for orphans and children of Belgium persons, now prisoners in Germany, the men left behind volunteered for jobs as assistant cooks and KP's. In the following three days, they served 2000 extra meals. The cooks and their volunteer helpers were on duty 14 hours a day.

On Christmas Day, the water supply failed and a roving patrol of the former non-combat men formed to guard the town from infiltrating Nazi troops and to enforce a rigid blackout. The stoppage of water was later found to have been caused by an American jeep load of Nazi SS troops being blown to bits by a British mine which also severed the water main.

Corporal Baerlin entered the Army in February 1943 and after training at several stations in the United States was sent overseas in December of the same year. He served in England

until his unit went to France in August, a few days after the breakthrough at St. Lo. As dispatcher for the transportation section of the headquarters unit, he maintains a record of vehicles in use and available for use, acting as a sort of masters of ceremonies on the activities of the drivers.

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MAYNARD KNEPPER ON USS FRANKLIN, WHEN HIT

Local Youth Helped Return Ship To New York

"If I'd been standing up, I wouldn't be here today,"

said Maynard Knepper, Mus3-c, who was one of the lucky men to escape injury or death when the USS Franklin was hit in the South Pacific March 19. The Franklin, an aircraft carrier, was hit by a Jap plane just as it was launching an air attack on Kyushu, off the mainland of Japan on that date. Over 1200 men were killed, wounded, or lost, the Navy Department revealed last week.

Knepper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Knepper was in the mess hall, when the first 500 pound Jap bomb struck. A rocket from one of his ship's own planes was released when the bomb struck and crashed down through where he and his shipmates were eating, passing so close he said that he probably would have been killed if he had been standing.

The Franklin was hit twice on the morning of March 19, just as the planes were being launched. The flight deck was covered with planes loaded with bombs and other explosives, ready for the attack. The first bomb went through the flight deck onto the hangar deck where more planes were were also fueled and loaded with bombs in readiness for the take-off. The second bomb also went through the top deck into the superstructure. Explosion of the two bombs also set off some of the explosives on the planes which caused the greatest damage. "It was a flyer's dream of a perfect target," said the ship's commanding officer.

In spite of the fact that all but 16 of its planes were destroyed, all guns were demolished and the ship was totally disabled, it returned to New York under its own power, without escort from Pearl Harbor.

Knepper was one of 704 men of the ship's complement of over 2000 who helped bring the ship to port. Pictures of the horrible tragedy appeared in metropolitan newspapers last Friday, when the story of the disaster was first released. "We didn't have time to be scared," Knepper said. "We tried to reach our battle posts, but live steam was so bad that all we could do was help fight fire (which we did for four days) and care for the wounded."

A musician on the ship, Knepper is also a member of the hospital corps. He said that it took 704 remaining members of the crew most of their trip back to the States to clear the ship of debris. He says they passed over two German submarines which had sunk an American ship earlier that day, but his ship was not threatened.

This is the second close call that young Knepper has had since he first embarked last June. On October 30, the ship was hit and disabled. It returned to the States for repairs and went back into action in time to help with some of the heavy raids on Japan's main islands.

Sixteen of the Franklin's planes were already in the air when the lone Jap plane appeared, heading directly for the launching deck. One of the 16 "got" that Jap. Maynard arrived home

May 8, unable to speak for publication before the official release of news of the disaster by the Navy Department. He will be home 32 days after which he will be assigned to continental duty.

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WILLIAM HART MUSTERED OUT OF WAR

European Vet Gets Discharge For 86 Points

To First Sergeant William Hart of Montpelier goes the distinction of being the first man from Williams County to be discharged from service under the point system adopted 10 days ago by the War Department. He was honorably discharged last week from Ft. Sheridan, Illinois.

He has been with the aviation engineers in Normandy, Northern France, and Germany. He had 86 points, one more than required 85 for discharge. Of these, 39 were given for his 39 months in Army, 32 for duty overseas and 15 for participation in battle campaigns.

Prior to his induction, Sergeant Hart was employed by the City Coal Company. His future plans have not yet been announced.

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Battle With Jap Suicide Bombers Told By Zigler

Vessal Attacked By 150 Planes Near Okinawa

An interesting letter was received recently by Mrs. D. Zigler from her son L.D., who sustained serious injuries in a Navy clash with Japanese planes about 40 miles north of Okinawa. He did not mention the name of his ship. He is in a hospital at Astoria, Oregon.

Among other things, he states, that he had planned to be transferred to Chicago but found the hospitals there were filled and then asked for transfer to New York. He could have gone to Memphis, but figured on better train connections to and from New York.

Telling of the Jap attack, he said, about 150 planes swooped down on them and they knocked down 19 before they got the ship.

"We took three suicides,"

he states,

"Two torpedoes and a 500-pound bomb. One of the suicides hit in the after engine room where I was located. All I know was that I went up into the air and when I came down, the deck plate that I had been standing on was gone. The next thing, the engine room was flooded, so I decided I wasn't dead and got out."

"I climbed the ladder and ran half way down the deck before I knew my heel and foot were hurt. Then, I fell flat on my face. That is the last that I have walked."

"Then another plane hit us and steel from the explosion was coming down on me so I rolled over the side and stayed under

the water as long as I could. When I came up, I grabbed a life raft and went floating away. Soon another plane came over and strafed the ship. The plane was hit and was coming straight for me. So, I left the raft and no one in the world could have kept up with me. I was far enough away that I never felt the pressure in the water when it hit and exploded. The raft was no good to me anymore. I was in the water about an hour before an LCI picked me up. My life jacket was all cut to ribbons so I was pretty tired when picked up."

"I was taken to a hospital ship at Okinawa and in two days was on my way to Tinian. I have gained about 10 pounds since I came to Pearl and back here. You should see me drink milk. I have a quart for each chow and raid the ice box in between. They are not going to operate here and we are going to wait and see if I can walk on it just the way it is. Well, I guess this is it for now."

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THORP BROTHERS TAKE PART IN HOT BATTLES

Letters Give Details Of Campaign In Europe

Darrell Thorp, son of Mrs. Susie Thorp, writes from Wolfenbittle, Germany, giving information regarding his movements during the campaign against Germany and also sends a letter from Captain W.L. Skow, personnel officer of the 359th Infantry, giving information regarding his brother Private Carmon Thorp, who was killed in action.

Among other things, Darrell says: "How long we'll be here I don't know. It's a nice town and we are living in a pretty good house and have a good set-up - lights, running water, and bath tub, etc. We can enjoy movies and some USO shows, athletics and recreation. Yesterday evening, we played a game of ball.

The weather has been swell. It doesn't get dark until about half past nine and we don't have to worry about blackouts any more.

I was on the other side of the Elbe River when the war ended and was in the same town as some of the Russians, which we met there.

We sailed from the States April 6 and landed at Liverpool April 18. We stayed in Wales and crossed the English Channel June 16 but it was so rough we returned to England. We crossed again and landed on the Omaha beachhead June 22, and moved toward Carentan. A little beyond Carentan, I took out to locate Carmon and found him about four in the afternoon. He was about five miles west of us and was standing beside his foxhole, when I first saw him talking to some of his buddies. He was sure tickled to see me and golly, how he had grown up.

This was June 29. We left his buddies and went over under a tree and talked for about half an hour. He said he had written home and had received letter from you. He told me of some of his experiences and of some close calls and how he had brought down an enemy sniper who was firing from a tree.

At first, his job was as a messenger and later he was an ammunition carrier in a mortar squad. When I saw him, I was really relieved because until then, I didn't know whether he had

made it or not. I knew that he had landed on D-Day -H-hour, plus 4, with the 90th Division. We both knew what was in store for us during the next few weeks and knew that it wouldn't be too easy. We had already been through plenty. When I had to leave, we shook hands and told each other to be careful, though I think we were both wondering if this was to be the last meeting. I wish now that I had taken off to see him again within the next four days as we were not moving at that time and not attacking as his outfit was.

His Division jumped off July 3 and our Division right on their left, the next day - my really first taste of combat. The following days were really rough. In my opinion, it was the toughest fighting of the war here. I think it happened on Hill 122. That was my worst day. I'm not quite sure but I believe he was buried in the cemetery of St. Mere Eglise, a few miles north of Carentan. I hoping to get a chance to visit there for services on Memorial Day, but it's a long way from here and I don't know if it can be arranged.

We fought through Normandy, then to Brittany and took St. Malo. Then down to Angers. It was while in this town, that I received news about Carmon. Then to Orleans from which we moved on September 22 to Luxembourg and held there on the Siegfried Line until December 10.

We then moved up through Belgium to the Hurtgen Forest in Germany and pushed through to the Roer river at Duren. The Germans counter-attacked south of us and we were pulled back and put out to the tip of the bulge in Belgium. After they were stopped there, we moved back toward the front and proceeded to cut the Germans off. This was in the Ardennes Forest and the country was rough and mountainous, snow deep and very cold.

About the middle of January, the Germans were pushed back and we were pulled back for a rest and spent a couple of weeks in Tohogne, Belgium. We then moved to Holland two weeks during which we had a few passes and took it easy.

In the latter part of February, the armies all started a full scale attack across the Roer River, then across the plains to the Rhine. Our division was the first to reach the Rhine at Dusseldorf or rather, right across the river at Neuss.

We went back to Holland for a week, then started the drive across Germany and during the next two weeks moved over 200 miles through Germany and established the only Allied bridgehead across the Elbe. Here, we met the Russians and it was here that I was located when the war ended. Now, we are back near Braunschweig. My opinion is that I will be home within the next two or three months."

The letter written to Darrell by Captain Skow says:

"Regarding Private Carmon Thorp, killed in action July 9, 1944, the following information is now available. At that time, the company, of which he was a member, was engaging the enemy on Hill 122, in the vicinity of LaVille, France. The fighting was very close and blind, with the enemy continually counter-attacking our positions.

During this action, Carmon was struck by shrapnel from an enemy "88." By the time, the medics could get to him to administer first aid, he had passed away. He was laid to rest in the United States cemetery at Blosville, France in grave No. 133, row 7, plot K.

While with the company, he performed as a rifleman. We have tried to contact some of the men who might have been with him in his last moments, but were unsuccessful. This information was furnished by his company commander at the time. We convey to both you and your parents our deepest sympathy in the great loss you have sustained.

Page 53 (Abstracted Version)

WAR'S END IN EUROPE BRINGS HOPE OF WORLD-WIDE PEACE

Williams County Pauses To Pray, Then Continues Task Of Helping Fight The Japs

Most of Williams County sent up a prayer of Thanksgiving with the announcement by President Truman that victory over the Germans had been achieved in Europe Monday. Then they went on about their work, fully aware that it was too early to celebrate...The pronouncement closed for Americans, the major combat phase of three years, four months and seven days of European and African war which has cost this nation at least 732,270 Army casualties, including 139,498 dead.

Williams County has suffered in this war, too. Thirty-eight men of the 59 now listed as dead, were killed in the German theater of operations. Another 23 are being held prisoners of war, four others are missing in the area and countless numbers have been wounded by German fighting... At Montpelier High School, where 18 Gold Stars hang in the service flag, an especially impressive program was presented...John Dwyer presented the service flag to the school and spoke on "Our Service Flag." Dwyer reported that at least 513 students of the Montpelier High School were now serving or had served, with the armed forces in the present war; nine faculty members are also under arms. He reported that 18 former students had made the supreme sacrifice.

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KENNETH BRIGLE IS IN JAPAN TYPHOON

90 Ships Beached, 23 Sunk in Big Storm

The Fact that several Montpelier young men were n the terrible typhoon near Japan is attested by the number of letters that have been received. Kenneth Brigle, on the USS Okala writes the following interesting account of how his ship and others weathered the storm:

Buckner Bay, Okinawa
USS Okala, ARS(T)-2
First Div., c/o FPO
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Bush:

I've heard the old timers tell about floods, rain storms, blizzards and what not, but I believe I've gone through a storm that will top anyone's experiences from Williams County.

It was a real rip roaring typhoon. I might say right now that I don't care to go through another one. It all started on May 8, when we got word from the port director to secure our ship for a typhoon that was headed toward Okinawa. There were about six or seven hundred ships in Buckner Bay at the time. About a hundred stayed including the Okala and the rest "highed tailed it" for open sea. Our skipper decided to ride it out in the Bay. Well, about five o'clock on the morning of the 9th, we were rammed in the stern. It was starting to blow pretty hard and we were dragging anchor. The rain didn't do much damage and we managed to pull clear and hold our anchor. At about noon, I thought all hell had broken loose. The wind blew up to 150 miles an hour and the waves were fifty or sixty feet high.

We had both bow anchors out but they didn't do much good. Ships were signaling that they

were sinking and some would go sliding by to be blown upon the beach. We were pretty sure, we were going to hit the beach and the engines were running wide open but it still pushed us back. We completely circled another ship, never being more than fifty feet from her. At about five o'clock in the afternoon, we hit the beach. I was below deck at the time and when the crash came I thought we had been rammed again so I grabbed my life belt and ran topside. I met our chief Bos'n mate and he was grinning like hell. I asked him what was so funny and he told me we had hit the beach. Boy, was that a relief to know you were on good solid ground - we thought. About half an hour later, a cargo ship came tearing in about twenty feet off our bow. She was sinking fast and didn't know that they were on the beach. They signaled us they were sinking and we told them to relax that they were on the beach. About seven o'clock that evening, I hit the rack as I was really worn out.

Next morning, I went topside and boy, what a mess. Ships on the beach everywhere. We decided to try and pull ourselves off and in about two hours, we were back out in the bay. Our only damage being the rammed stern and the loss of both bow anchors. There were ninety ships beached and twenty-three sank. All installations on the beach was demolished. The Fleet Post Office blew away and the day before yesterday was our first mail day. The ship I'm on is a salvage ship and we have plenty to do.

I haven't got any leader for a long time and I sure miss it. Our mail comes through in about a week or nine days so that isn't bad at all. Well, Mr. Bush, I guess that is about all about the typhoon and I say again that I never want to go through another one. I might add that it was the worst one in twenty years. The waves were 150 feet high out at sea. Well, so long and hope to be back around "Bill's Co." before too long.

Kenny Brigle

HELPED ON ATOM BOMB

A number of Williams county persons helped with the research and physical work which developed the atomic bomb, which shortened the war with Japan and is generally credited as being the greatest achievement of science.

Raymond K. Sheline, Jr. formerly of Edon, helped in the fundamental research on the bomb. An honor student at Woodward High School in Toledo, where his family now lives, he began this research in January, 1943, and altho entering the army the next August was directed by Army engineers to continue his work at Columbia University and at the secret bomb plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. His grandfather, Howie Sheline, lives in Edon.

Frank E. Pfaff, Bryan contractor, had a large contract for installations at the Oak Ridge plant, and is still working there.

Robert Arnold, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold of Bryan, has been doing work at Ohio State University in connection with the atomic bomb that hastened the war on Japan. Arnold graduated from West Unity high school in 1939 and received a B.A. and a M.A. degree at Ohio State, where he works in the chemical laboratory where a part of the atomic research was done for the government. The department received a congratulatory message from the President for its part in the work, after which he told his parents what the secret work was on which he has been engaged.

Lamoille Masters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth J. Masters of Pioneer, phoned her family that she could tell them part of the atomic bomb work had been done by Batelle

Institute at Columbus, where she is employed, but she could answer no questions about it. Miss Masters was employed at the law office of Newcomer, Parker & Fenton in Bryan before going to Columbus a few years ago.

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FLORENCE-NORTHWEST TOWNSHIP VETERANS in the SERVICE

NOTE: The following list comes out of the newspaper and may not reflect all veterans from WWII that served from the area based upon the time that the list was published and men were drafted or enlisted prior to the conclusion of the war. It does give a good overall review of the men and women who served from the area.

M.C. Abraham	Lisle Aldrich	Ned Alspaugh	George Appleman
Winston Barnes	Walter Bauer	Jack Baxter	Paul Norman Baxter
Marvin Beach	Donald Beach	John Beres	Carl Berry
Ernest Bigger	Jack Bigger	Leonard Bigger	Dana Bingaman
LaMar Bordner	Adrian Boyd	Charles Boyd	Randolph Boyd
Robert Boyd	Roscoe Brubaker	George Buck	Jack Buck
Lee Buck	Clarence Buda	Kenneth Bunce	Leon Bunce
John Burkhardt	Paul Burkholder	Lyle Burlew	Donald Butler
Lloyd Cain	Leonard Carrothers	Denver Chrisman	Edgar Chrisman
Robert Chrisman	William Chrisman	Russell Coleman	Warren Coleman
Robert Collie	Vernon Cotterman	Orville Cox	Gerald Crawford
James Cromwell	Paul Cromwell	Franklin Custer	Carl Dargitz
V.F. Dargitz	Robert Dewire	Hugh Dillon	Sylvester H. Dirr
Walter Dirrim	Norwin Dixon	Charles Doty	Stanley Doty
Donald Eyster	Ercil Eyster	Lamoyne Eyster	Elwood Faulhaber
Paul Fetters	Lester Flegal	John Foster	Hilda Fox
Hillis Fox	Frank Friskney	Victor Friskney	Emery Fuleki
Hazen Gearhart	Richard Gearhart	James Gibson	Kenneth Gibson
Hayes Gier	Ralph Goelzenlechter	Howard Goshorn	Edward Green
Ray Green	Ceril Griggs	Lloyd Griggs	Raymond Griggs
Leslie Hake	Robert Hake	Dale Headley	Lee Headley
Willis Headley	Ward Harmes	Thomas Hauser	Willard Heckman
William Herman	Earnest Heston	Robert Hinkle	Neil L. Holthues
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Cleo Hug	Jack Hurd	Steve Hurd	Dennis O. Hyland
Gene Ingram	J.W. Ingram	James Ingram	Louis Jacobi
Dr. L. E. Jinnings	Dale Joice	Harold Kaiser	William Kaiser
Dennis Kelble	Donald Keller	Jack Keller	Robert Keller
Adrian R. Kinnison	Marion Kinnison	Wayne Kline	Burl J. Knapp
Max Knepper	Glen Knisley	Gerald Johnson	Russell Kuckuck
Albert Kurtz	Denver Kurtz	Paul Kurtz	Albert Lash
Kermit Lautzenhiser	Max Lees	Wilbur Meyer	Willis Meyer
Denton Michael	Franklin Michael	Everett Miller	Robert Miller
Carl Mitchell	Paul Moffett	John Moritz	Russell Morton
Arthur Muehlfeld	Herbert Muehlfeld	Paul Muehlfeld	Max Nold
Evert Norgard	Leslie Norrick	Beatrice Parson	Henry Parson
Charles Phillips	Robert Phillips	Edward Radabaugh	Robert Reamsnyder
Jacob Rigelman	Wayne Roan	Denver Robinett	Hazen Rockey

Ralph Rummel
Cleo Schlachter
Hershel Skiles
Harold Smith
George Lesnet
Robert Lucas
Carmen Maier
Ray McLain
Sherman Mercer
Leonard D. Metler
Kenneth L. Struble
Donald Thiel
Howard Thomas
Glen D. Towers
Simon Trausch
Garry Vogelpohl
Dayton Willoughby
Vincent Wortkoetter
Lyle Young
Maurice Ziegler

Robert Rummel
Richard Scott
Donald Simpson
Lester Smith
Rex Livensparger
Clarence Lump
James Mallahn
Henry McCool
Ross Messner
Marvin D. Metler
Rex Strubel
Louis Thiel
Darrel Thorp
Carl Towsley
James L. Trea
Bernard Walley
Sammy Willoughby
William Wortkoetter
Wayne Young
Lyle Zieter

Ross G. Rummel
Leland L Sharp
Dwight Smith
Howard Sowles
Cecil Long
Donald Lump
Edwin Mauerhan
Victor McCrea
Donald Metler
Harry Stevens
Rex Suffel
Michael Thiel
Victor Thorp
Donald Trausch
Floyd Vinal
Russell Weaver
Alfred Wortkoetter
Carlton Young
Howard Ziegler
Richard Zulch

Grover Rusk
Laurence Siebenaler
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Maynard Spence
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Thomas McCutcheon
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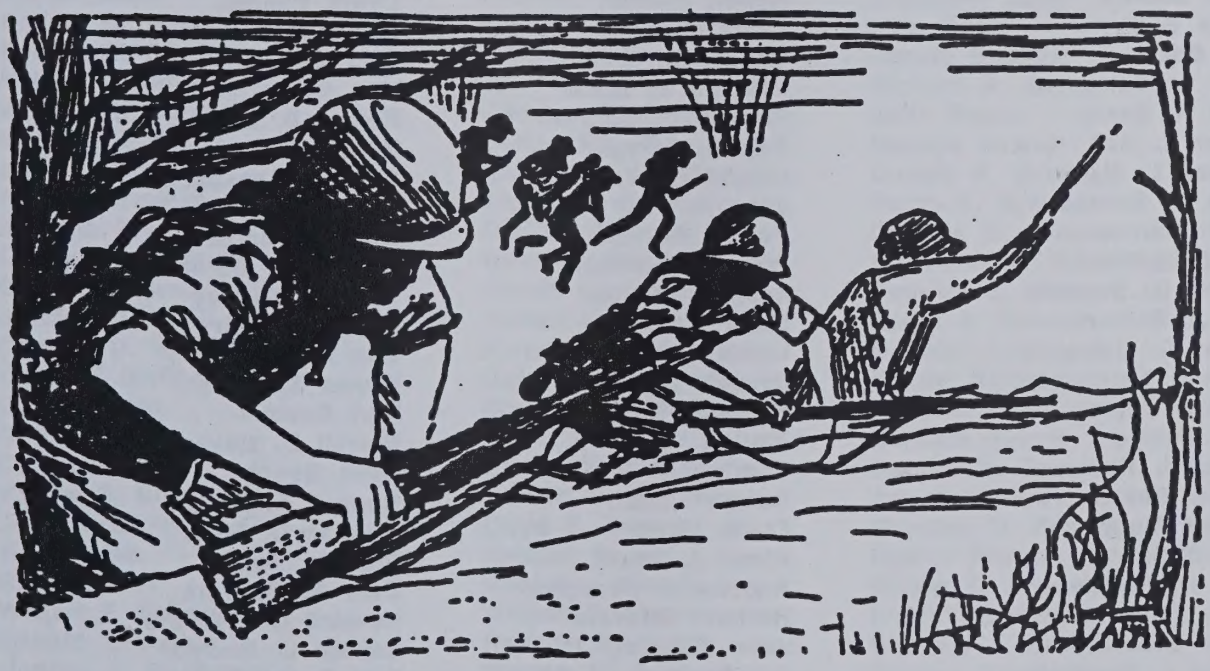

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AAIRMEN, MARINES who served in WWII.

There are surely names missing. The Editor would welcome new contributions. Names in CAPS are men who gave their life during the war

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Jesse Adams
Lisle Aldrich
Herbert W. Alexander
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Herbert K. Ames
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Sherman Apt
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Jack Baxter
Lester J. Bayless
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Everett Beals
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Ned Alpaugh
Richard Alwood
Dr. Russell K. Ameter
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Jerome I. Ankney
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Norman Apt
Rex Armend
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Kermit Baerlin
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Thurlow Beek
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Val Connolly
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Hollis D. Cooley
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Melvin Callender
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Charles R. Camillo
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George C. Card
Delmar L. Carlin
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Benajah Carr
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Burnell L. Chrisman
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Theodore C. Crow
Earl S. Cruse
Ford M. Cullis
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Ellsworth Custer
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Frank L. Dargitz
Jerry Darr
Earl D. Davis
John L. Davis
Quentin T. Davis
Clinton Day
Nile L. Day
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Ray DeGroff
Roe H. DeGroff
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Albert E. DeWitt
Weir Dick, Jr.
Edmund Dierks
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Clare L. Dilworth
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Lawrence L. Dohm
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Virgil W. Drum
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Ross M. Cooprider
Lawrence Corman
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Vernon Cotterman
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Ellsworth R. Cretors
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Kenton Deily
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Montie V. Dewire
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Robert K. Dilworth
WALTER W. DIRRIM
Dale D. Disheaux
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HArold Donley
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Cletus Dreher
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Howard L. Dunlap
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George Copeland
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William E. Cross
Kenny Crummel
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KENNETH V. CUNNINGHAM
Herbert C. Curry
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Carl E. Dargitz
V. F. Dargitz
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Howard Dawson
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Maynard A. DeGroff
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Harley J. Deisler, Jr.
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Robert Dewire
Merve E. Dick
Charles W. Dierks
Ted Dierks
Wayne Dietrich
Arthur C. Dillon
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Meryl J. Dotterer
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Leo Duffley
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Lowell D. Figgins
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Lythwin G. Harter

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Zeke Harvey
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Ralph W. Scott
Charles H. Sears
Marlo H. Semer
Donald A. severence
Richard S. Shafer
Earl R. Shaffer
Stanley Shaffer
Homer Shaler
Harold Shankster
LELAND L. SHARP
William E. Shatzer
Robert C. Shepard
Bill C. Shires
John P. Shook
Hubert D. Short
MONROE SHOUF
Leland Shull
Charles Sickmiller
John Sickmiller
Anthony Siebenaler
Laurence Siebenaler
Lester N. Siebenaler

Robert H. Siebenaler
Earl Sigg
James O. Silliman
Robert S. Simmons
Donald L. Simpson
Maurice Sindel
Raymond Sininger
Maynard L. Sites
Howard Skiles
Herbert Sleesman
Vernon Sloan
Richard H. Slusser
Max Smallwood
Theo Smethurst
Clair W. Smith
Dennis Smith
Harold H. Smith
Dr. J. Fred Smith
Kenneth L. Smith
Lyle D. Smith
Russell Smith
Wilbur R. Smith
Donald D.Snow
Robert M. Snow
Michael G. Snyder
Robert D. Snyder
Robert W. Solier
Edward F. Spangler
Richard L. Speaker
Robert Spence
Robert Spicer
Arthur Speltzer
Donald Sprow
Richard Sprow
Leroy Stahl
Calvin R. Stambaugh
Truman H. Stambaugh
Roe Stantz
Linus B. Stark
Paul A. Staup
Charales Steenbarger
Charles Stevens
Harry Stevens
Wayne E. Stewart
Ralph E. Stine
Otho B. Stockman
Robert Stombaugh
Myron D. Stough
Royce L. Stoy
Eugene L. Strawn
Maurice Strayer
Rex Struble
Donald B. Stryker
Frank Stuller
Jim Sturkey
Dean D. Suffel
Doyle J. Sumner

Red Siebenaler
Eldon M. Siler
James Sillman
Walter C. Simmons
Carl Sindel
Leo J. Sines
Donald P. Sinkey
Robert Six
Richard D. Skinner
J. Cleo Sleesman
Leon F. Slough
James M. Small
Phil Smeltz
Andrew Smith
Charles R.Smith
Dwight Smith
Herbert E. Smith
J. Loren Smith
Lawrence E. Smith
Merritt R. Smith
Theodore A. Smith
William B. Smith
Kenneth J. Snow
Charles Snyder
Ralph A. Snyder
Wesley E. Soldan
Howard A. Sowles
Ted Spangler
Clarence Speith
Bill Sperling
Glenn C. Spire, Jr.
Junior Speltzer
HENRY A. SPROW
LOYD J. SOUTHERN
Theodore D. Stahl
Glen C. Stambaugh
Leroy Stansill
Carl Stark
Vernon Stark
Robert L. Staup
Stanley K. Steman
Clarence S. Stevens
Robert E. Stevens
Carson Stickney
Robert E. Stine
Richard Stoll
Archie J. Stotts
Carlton W. Stoy
Harold Strait
Orville J. Strawser
Robert Strobel
Richard Struble
Seamorn Stuck
Robert F. Stuller
Jack Stutler
Lester L. Suffel

Forrest M. Siebenaler
Willard W. Siler
LaDonne Simmons
William F. Sims
Earl Sindel
Reuben Sines
Louis Sisco
Herschel Skiles
V. L. Slater
Robert Sloan
Wayne D. Slough
George L. Smallwood
Beryl R. Smethurst
Benjamin L. Smith
Cyril Smith
Gerald Smith
Herschel R. Smith
John R. Smith
Lester Smith
Richard B. Smith
Virgil E. Smith
Willys H. Smith
Richard T. Snow
Claude E. Snyder
Robert A. Snyder
Dr. Richard Solier
Carl C. Spangler
Guy E. Speaker
Maynard Spence
Charles Spicer
Dennis Spires
Frederick Sprang
Ned W. Sprow
James B. Stahl
Ralph Stahler
Hal W. Stambaugh
Cleo Stantz
Cleo Stark
Harold P. Starr
Harold L. Steele
Johnny Stephens
Dale A. Stevens
Howard L. Stevenson
Ray Stine
William H. Stine
Darrel Stoltz
Ned C. Stoufer
Ellsworth R. Stoy
Charles Strausbaugh
Paul E. Strawser
Kenneth L. Struble
Walter J. Strup
John W. Stuckey
Rollie W. Stuller
Charles Stutzman
Rex Suffel
Ronald J. Sumner

Jerold Summers
William S. Sutter
Harold Swank
Darrell Sweet
Gerald Swindler
Paul J. Tabor
Richard Tawney
Rex A. Taylor
Merrill A. Tewksbury
Cleland D. Thiel
Louis P. Thiel
William C. Thiel
Harold M. Thomas
Stanley G. Thomas
Elbert Thompson
Paul L. Thompson
CARMEN C. THORP
Quentin T. Thorp
Gale Throne
Paul R. Timmerman
Richard Tingle
J. B. Tingley
Col. H. Tolman
Claire Towers
Don L. Towne
Ralph Towsley
Paul M. Trausch
James M. Trautman
Floyd D. Tressler
Elmer C. Tressler
Kenneth Tressler
Reed O. Troxel
Tommy Turner
Thomas Underwood
Charles Uran
Lloyd B. Van Deusen
George K. Vandemark
Alex Veres, Jr.
Alfredo Villarreal
Maurice E. Vitale
Gary Vogelpohl
John Von Allmen
Arthur L. Wagner
Cliffoed O. Walker
Dwayne Walkup
Earl Wallace
Sylvester Wallace
Bernard Walley
George M. Ware
Robert D. Warner
Olen L. Wasnick
Richard D. Weaver
Russell E. Weaver
Clifford E. Weber
Paul F. Weber
Jack Weidner
Vernon Weisenburge

Joseph Summers
Miles J. Swabb
Elmer P. Swank
Frank Sweitzer
Glen Swindler
Joseph Tahy
Denver Taylor
Robert J. Taylor
Luke J. Thaman
Cloice A. Thiel
Michael A. Thiel
George H. Thielan
Howard Thomas
W. A. Thomas
James L. Thompson
Richard J. Thompson
Darrell E. Thorp
Victor F. Thorp
Richard Tibbetts
ALDEN LAVERNE TINGLE
Robert Tingle
Donald W. Tippie
Giles M. Tomlinson
Glenn D. Towers
George T. Towne
Donald Trausch
Rupert L. Trausch
James L. Trea
Jacob R.Tressler
Ernest L. Tressler
Ross Tressler
Richard Tubbs
Robert Ulm
Vernice Underwood
William E. Urfer
Lawrence A. Van Fossen
Charles Varner
Steve Veres
Floyd Vinal
George Vitek
Fred C. Voight, Jr.
Donald F. Voss
William S. Wagner
Cletus Walker
Kenneth J. Walkup
JAMES B. WALLACE
William L. Wallace
Henry J. Walter
Elden Warner
Max G. Warner
Denver F. Watson
Lawrence D. Weaver
Wayne Weaver
GERALD C. WEBER
Russell A. Weber
Richard Weidner

Melvin L. Suter
Augustus Swank
Dale V. Swanson
Orville S. Swiftly
Ray E. Swindler
Hugh R. Tawney, Sr.
Ralph E. Taylor
Dr. T. L. Taylor
O. D. Tharp
Donald R. Thiel
Richard P. Thiel
George E. Thomas
Richard Thomas
Willie O. Thompson
Jay W. Thompson
William H. Thompson
O. D. Thorp
ERNEST S. THRONE
Adolph L. Timmerman
Paul Tingle
Walter Tingle
Gale H. Tittle
Donald R. Tompkins
Marvin Towers
Carl Towsley
John B. Trausch
Simon J. Trausch
Dean Tressler
James Tressler
Harry Tressler, Jr.
DEAN C. TROXEL
Ross T. Turner, Jr.
Elvin Underwood
Walter S. Unger II
Robert VanPoppel
Carl E. Van Wagner
Richard S. Vaughn
Harold A. Vernier
Theodore Vinal
Tony Vitek
Gene R. Voight
Harold C. Votaw
Richard E. Wahl
James D. Walker
Richard Walkup
Marion E. Wallace
Ralph Wallett, Jr.
Wayne Waner
Gerald C. Warner
Willaim Warner
Charles H. Weaver
Robert B. Weaver
William H. Weaver
James L. Weber
William U. Weber
Robert B. Weidner
Will Welch

Kenneth M. Welling
CARL J. WELLY
Wayne Wertz
Wayne Wertz
Arlo Wheeler
Max R. Wheeler
Robert Wherle
James F. White
Hal G. Whitman
Phares T. Whitney
Robert Wiles
James Wilhelm
Arthur E. Willett
Keith B. Williams
Avery Willis
Avery Wills
Donald Wineland
George O. Wingard
Ralph Wirick
George B. Witmore
Louis B. Wohlford
Vance Wolford
Richard G. Woodring
ARTHUR M. WOOLF
Carmin J. Worthington
Alfred Wortkoetter
William V. Wortkoetter
Otto A. Wygant
Paul N. Wyrick
Galen R. Wyse
Archiel Yarger
George Yarger
Bob E. Yoder
Paul E. Yoder
Dayton L. Young
Wayne Young
Rolland J. Zehr
LESTER ZEIGLER
Donald E. Zeller
Linden Zigler
PAAUL D. ZIGLER
William Zigler, Jr.
DOYLE L. ZIMMERMAN
Wallace Zimmerman
John A. Zuber
Richard Zulch
Marvin L. Zuvers
Harold E. Zwayer

Lewis D. Welling
Paul V. Welly
Richard Westerman
Ivan H. Wesche
CLINTON V. WHEELER
Raymond Wheeler
Robert R. Whitaker
James R. White
Carmen R. Whitney
Earl E. Wiler
Carl Wiley, Jr.
RICHARD F. WILHELM
Edwin O. Williams
Walden J. Williams
Dayton Willoughby
Robert T. Wilson
Harlan W. Wineland
Frederick L. Wingeler
John H. Wischmeyer
Theodore B. Wityk
Donald H. Wolf
Ned Wonsetler
Dane Woodruff
Elwood A. Woolwine
Duane E. Worthington
Francis Wortkoetter
Ralph R. Wright
Tony Wygant
Frederick Wyman
Leroy Wyse, Jr.
Denver O. Yarger
Orville Yarger
JACK W. YODER
Ralph L. Yoder
John C. Young
Charles D. Youse
Don R. Zeigler
Cecil L. Zeiter
Charles L. Zigler
Lowell Zigler
Richard Zigler
Benjamin Zimmerman
Edward Zimmerman
Karrol Zinsmaster
Raymond J. Zuber
Robert Zulch
Bob Zwayer
Vernell W. Zwayer

Victor Welling, Jr.
Albert J. Welsh
Ralph A. Wemple
Richard L. Westerman
Darwin F. Wheeler
Raymond E. Wheeler
Gordon White
Philip C. White
Delmar R. Whitney
Don Wiles
George Wilgus
Raymond Wilkins
Fred Williams
William O. Williams, Jr.
Sammy Willoughby
Herbret Wilson
Paul S. Wineland
Leighton Wirick
Gerald Wise, Jr.
Elvin Witzerman
Andrew G Wolfe
Ira W. Wood
PAUL J. WOOLACE
Carmon Word
Willard Worthington
Vincent Wortkoetter
Harold Wulf
Clair Wyrick
Edward Wyse
Max H. Yager
Eldean Yarger
Henry Yencer, Jr.
Maurice R. Yoder
Chet Young
Lyle A. H. Young
Calvin L. Zedaker
Howard Zeigler
Raymond L. Zeiter, Jr.
Leonard P. Zigler
Maurice Zigler
William Zigler
Clarence J. Zimmerman
Raymond Zimmerman
Nolan D. Zinsmaster
Loren L. Zulch
Paul E. Zuver
Clarence W. Zwayer

WILLIAMS COUNTY WORLD WAR II

PRISONER OF WAR DATA

Paul W. Bohner	German Stalag 13 C	Montpelier Hammelsburg Am Main	18 DEC '44	29 May '45 Bavaria
ElDean Brannan	German Stalag 4 B	Montpelier Muhlberg	21 DEC '44 Sachsen	25 May '45 Prussia
George W. Buck	German Stalag LUFT 3 (Moved to Nuremburg-Langwasser)	Edon Sagen-Silesia	19 AUG '43	08 JUN '45 Bavaria
Donald D. Butler	German Stalag 7A	Bryan Moosburg	29 MAY '44	18 FEB '46 Bavaria
George R. Chester	German Stalag Luft 3	Bryan Nuremburg-Langwasser	03 AUG '44	01 JUN '45 Bavaria
Homer J. Cooley	German Stalag Luft 4	Montpelier Wobbeliln Bei Ludwigslust, Pomerania, Prussia	24 FEB '44	29 JUN '45
Francis Crowell*	Japan	U.S. Army	Shanghai, China	
Donald E. Davis	German STALAG 3 B	Bryan Furstenberg	17 FEB '43 Brandenburg	25 APR '45 Prussia
James R. Dohm	German Stalag 11 B	Bryan Fallingbostel, Prussia (Work Camps)	24 DEC '44	28 MAR '46
Owen S. DeGroff	German Stalag 2 B	Bryan Hammerstein, West Prussia (work camps)	17 FEB '43	09 JUN '45
Homer H. Hayes*	German	Montpelier	22 NOV '44	MAY '45
Willard L. Heckman	German Stalag Luft 3	Edon Nuremburg-Langwasser	03 APR '43	06 JUN '45 Bavaria
Claude M. Kieffer	German STALAG LUFT 3 (Moved to Nuremburg-Langwasser)	Bryan Sagan-Silesia	25 JUN '43	01 JUN '45 Bavaria

Victor D. Klopfenstein	German	West Unity	13 OCT '44	28 APR '45
	STALAG LUFT 3	Sagen-Silesia		Bavaria
	(Moved to Nuremburg-Langwasser)			
Walter J. Luke	German	Edon	17 AUG '44	JUN '45
	STALAG L4	Gross-Tychow, Pomerania,		Prussia
	(Moved to Wobbelin Bei Ludwigslust)			
Harry W. Meyer	German	Stryker	21 FEB '44	27 JUN '45
	STALAG 7B	Menningen		Bavaria
Wilbur E. Meyer	German	Edon	03 AUG '43	MAY '45
	STALAG LUFT 3	Sagen-Silesia		Bavaria
	(Move to Nuremburg-Langwasser)			
Roger D. McFadden	German	Bryan	20 JAN '45	22 MAY '45
	Stalag 5 A	Malschbach-Ludwigsburg		Wurttemberg
Melvin L. McNamee	German	Bryan	03 DEC '44	04 JUN '45
	STALAG 11B	Fallingbostel, Prussia (Work Camps)		
W.E. McKee	German	Bryan	14 FEB '44	04 JUL '45
	Stalag Luft 4	Gross-Tychow, Pomerania		Prussia
	(moved to Weebelin Bei Ludwigslust, Pomerania, Prussia			
Richard D. Oberlin	German	West Unity	14 JUL '44	02 MAY '45
	STALAG LUFT 4	Gross-Tychow, Pomerania, Prussia		
	(Moved to Wobbelin Bei Ludwigslust)			
George V. Parrott*	Japan	Bryan	07 May '42	03 FEB '45
	POW Camp #1 - Cabanatuan, Philippine Islands			
Richard E. Plouck	German	Bryan	13 FEB '44	05 JUN '45
	Stalag Luft 4	Gross-Tychow, Pomerania,		Prussia
	(moved to Wobbelin Bei Ludwigslust)			
Paul S. Shook	German	Bryan	06 JUN '44	03 JUL '45
	Stalag 4 B	Muhlberg - Sachsen		Prussia
Dale A. Stevens	German	Stryker	08 SEP '44	12 JUN '45
	Stalag 7 A	Moosburg		Bavaria
	(Work Camps 3324-46 at Rumbachstrasse and 3368 at Munich)			

Elmer A. Taylor	German	Pioneer	28 JUN '44	16 JUL '45
	Stalag 7 A	Moosburg,		Bavaria
	(Work Camps 3324-46 at Rumbachstrasse and 3368 at Munich)			
Ross T. Turner, Jr	German	Pioneer	28 AUG '44	27 FEB '46
	Stalag Luft 1	Barth-Vogelsang		Prussia
W. Leroy Wyse, Jr.*	Japan	West Unity	07 May '42	01 OCT '45
	Osaka Main Camp - Chikko, Osaka, Japan			

Notes:

Francis Crowell does not show up in the Japanese POW files. A Montpelier newspaper citation is my source for this entry taken from Bessie Van Fossen WWII Collection, compiled by Jacquelyn Whetro, page 11.

Homer Hayes shows up in local area papers as a POW but I was unable to obtain documentation to know where he was held or related data from government records.

George Parrott was captured at Fort Frank in Manila Bay and would end up at Cabanatuan Camp #1. He would be liberated by the Sixth Ranger Battalion raid on January 30, 1945. See Parrott account in this chapter.

Leroy Wyse was captured via the surrender of Corregidor by General Wainwright on May 7, 1942. The men were then marched up the Bataan Peninsula to Camp O'Donnell. See Wyse account in this chapter.

POW MEMOIRS

DONALD E. DAVIS - MY FOUR YEARS OF ARMY LIFE

I left Bryan on October 21, 1941 by train to Toledo, where I was inducted into the Army. I left there about two hours later by train to Indianapolis and arrived there about 1:30 a.m. on October 22, where we were sworn in again.

We spent about four days here at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, then left by train to Camp Wheeler, Georgia, where I would spend 13 weeks in basic training. This consisted of close order drill, rifle range, marching and other related duties.

Bob Herman and I went into Macon, Georgia Sunday morning December 7, 1941 to look around. We were walking around downtown, when the M.P.'s pulled up and said Pearl Harbor had been bombed and we were to return to camp.

We left Camp Wheeler around the last of January 1942 by train to Ft. Dix, New Jersey. Here is where I joined the 34th Division, 168th Regiment, anti-tank Company. This being a National Guard unit from Iowa, all of these boys were sergeants or corporals, there was no chance of getting a rating in this outfit. We left Ft. Dix by train to the Brooklyn Navy Yards to board the U.S.S. Neville, a transport vessel to go overseas.

We sailed the next morning February 17, 1942 for Ireland. We landed March 2, 1942 at Belfast. The Irish Red Cross women gave each of us a kidney pot pie and a piece of cheese. Man that pot pie was terrible!

We left Belfast by train to Port Stewart in the northwest part of North Ireland on the ocean. This was a small resort town and we were staying in apartments scattered around town. We were being fed by the British Army cooks, which consisted mostly of sheep stew, bread and orange marmalade, which was really bitter. Our beds were two ten inch high saw horses with three boards on them. We were guarding 18 miles of beach here with 12 37mm cannons.

We moved by truck about the middle of May to southern North Ireland to a new U.S. camp which was still under construction, named Camp Killadeese near the town of Enniskillen. We moved from this camp around the middle of August and boarded a big landing craft boat to cross the channel to a port town in England. From here, we convoyed by truck to a small fishing village by the name of Inveraray, Scotland. Here, we took training for beach head landings, commando and other tactics.

We moved by truck from here down to a big woods near Glasgow about four times, while there. We moved from the woods by truck, down to the Glasgow harbor, where we boarded the "Awatia", which was an Australian troop ship. This was around the tenth of October. Nobody knew where we were going.

We sailed from here next day in a south-western direction in a large convoy of ships. About twelve days out to sea, we joined a huge convoy of ships from the U.S.A. The convoy shifted then to a south-eastern direction. We were told now that we would land some where around Algiers, North Africa.

We were in the Mediterranean Sea, when orders came we would be leaving the ship at 1:30 p.m. November 8, 1942. This order was delayed till 7:00 a.m., when we went over the side and down scrambling nets into 14-man Higgins boats, these boats were manned by the British.

We went ashore wading water up to our armpits. Meeting only light resistance from the "Vichy" French, which were fighting with the Germans at this time. After getting ashore, we found out we landed at the wrong beach and had to march 20 miles to get to our trucks and cannon. We then went into Algiers, where the fighting was nearly over. Every night, while here, we were bombed by the Germans.

We were here the first of January 1943. By truck convoy to the city of Glida, where there was a small airport. They had 12 C-47 transport planes waiting for us. We loaded our cannon and five man gun crews on board and took off. The trucks and others convoyed down to a large U.S. made air strip by the city of Biskra, Algeria.

We were guarding this large air strip against possible German paratroopers. There were many B-17 bombers with P-38 and British Spitfires fighters operating off this airstrip.

During nearly a year overseas, we have been on British rations except for about five weeks in Ireland, their food is far from good. It was here at this airstrip that Bob Hope, Martha Raye, Lana Turner, Mitzy Maxfare and his band put on a really good stage show.

We moved from here to Tebessa, Algeria. Some went by C-47 airplanes. I went in our truck, because I was made assistant driver when moving. I was also gunner on our cannon. We joined the rest of our 168th Regiment here and convoyed down to Sened Station, still in Algeria. The Germans had been driven out of there, the day before and they were expecting a counter-attack, which did not occur.

After two days and no attack, we pulled out and moved about 50 miles in position at Faid Pass. A mountain area near Sidi Bou Zid, Tunisia. On February 14, 1943, the German Panzer tank units hit us with everything they had. We were encircled and by-passed.

We had no food and on February 16, 1943 at 10:00 p.m., we were ordered to destroy our cannon and move out. More or less, each man for himself. We ran into a German half track that night. Two boys were hit but was still able to walk. When morning came, we found only 14 of us had managed to stay together.

We were tired, hungry, and thirsty, but moving in the direction, we were told to go. About 4:00 p.m., we saw two Arabs and bargained with them to get us some food and water. About 20 minutes later, we saw two German armored cars coming towards us. The Arabs had told where we were at. We scattered in all directions trying to confuse them. I dove into a clump of cactus and hid.

I saw them rounding up the guys with these vehicles. There was no use trying to shoot at these armored cars with a rifle. I thought they were going to miss me but an Arab on a hill had seen me and directed them towards me. They opened fire with a machine gun cutting the cactus over my head.

They drove up beside me and motioned me to come out. Two jumped out of the car and took my watch, then motioned me to get on the back. They drove about a mile across the desert to a road, where two trucks were sitting, in it was the rest of the fellows. This was February 17, 1943. They took us to a large tank bivouac area, where we stayed all night. They gave us water, but said they had no food to spare.

Next morning, they trucked us to Sfax, Tunisia, where there was about 5,000 other G.I. prisoners in a fenced enclosure. Here, we got our first food in five days, a piece of bread, can of sardines and water.

They moved us from here to Tunis, where they loaded us on JU-52 Junkers airplanes (14 men to a plane) and flew us to Naples, Italy. The casualties of the 168th in North Africa up to this date had been tremendous. 23 wounded or killed in the landing at Algiers. 155 killed or wounded at Sened Station and 1628 wounded, killed, missing in action or prisoners of war at Faid Pass.

We moved from Naples by truck about 50 miles north, where we were put in a fenced-in compound with guards around the outside. Our rations here consisted of one can of watery soup a day. Here also, we were deloused, given a shower (first since captured) and our hair cut off.

We stayed here about five days, then loaded into box cars for the trip to Germany. When loading up, they gave a ring of bologna and a loaf of bread for five men, which we divided on the train. We were locked in these cars for three days and two nights. Some of the boys had canteens of water which we divided.

We arrived at Stalag 7-A near Munich, Germany. Everybody had dysentery and a cold, but glad to get out of them box cars and into barracks. Their were all nationalities of prisoners her but were kept separate. We were here about a week. Then loaded into box cars for our trip up to Stalag 3-B near Berlin, where we stayed two weeks. Then 720 of us were sent out by box car to the first American work camp, (U.S. Commando No. 1). We were put in four room barracks, twenty men to a room with bunk beds, no mattress, you slept on the boards. The food here for a day consisted of a cup of coffee in the morning (made from acorns), bowl of soup made from what was available for the time of the year, potatoes, squash, cucumbers, rutabagas, sugar beets, sauerkraut, grass. They would put a little meat in on Sundays, this was the noon meal. For supper, you would get a loaf of bread for five guys.

By this time, May 1, 1943, I had lost about 25 pounds. I weighed 150 pounds when captured. We left the camp everyday with guards to walk down a large hill to the valley along

the Spree River, where we were going to build a large electric plant. Their was an older plant across the river. This is where I came to know John Skurkay, Bob Dermody, Wilbur Batten and Clayton Fink, we five fellows were picked to do different jobs on the railroad. We worked together 18 months before we moved from this camp. I made many other friends here, too many to list them all.

We went to work at 7:00 a.m. till 5:00 p.m. with a 30 minute lunch. They would bring the soup to us. We worked seven days a week. This left us with little time to wash our clothes. The only clothes we had were the ones we had on when captured.

I remember one incident, when we were pouring cement continual into a big hole which would be the base for the smoke stack. We were on the shift working from 6:00 p.m. till 6:00 a.m. About midnight, when the bosses and guards were half asleep, we were dumping the cement and wheelbarrows into the hole. We would go over and get another wheelbarrow from another contractor. They never did wise up to where twenty wheel barrels disappeared that night.

Another incident we decided to go on strike so we could be off Sundays. We went to work that morning and everybody refused to work. The Captain of the camp came down and was talking to bosses but nothing happened till about noon, when five trucks with troops rolled in and they began sitting up machine guns.

They told us to line up in formation and a Captain came down the ranks and would pull a man out at random until they had about 60 men. He then told us to go back to work or he would pull out more men. They loaded these men in the trucks and took off. We thought they would be shot. But later when liberated, I ran into some of these fellows and they just moved them to another work camp. I guess you know, we went back to work but about two months later, we got Sundays off.

On Christmas 1943, we got our first Red Cross box of food and that really made a good Christmas. I have lost another 20 pounds up to this date. We received Red Cross boxes up until October 1944. I think our last box was Christmas 1944. Two men on a box, if it had not been for the Red Cross boxes, I don't think I could have survived.

The Russians were coming and we moved out of this camp February 17, 1945. I had been captured two years ago on this date. We headed west, marching about 20 miles a day. We would stay in barns or woods. We nearly froze and the only food was what we could steal out of the barns, wheat, sugar beets, potatoes and cow beets, if we got a chance, we would cook them, if not ate them raw.

After marching west, over a month, we ran into the Americans. We turned around and headed back south-east. We marched another three weeks and ran into the Russians. The German guards made us run about a mile to get across a river bridge. We were getting Russian small arms fire then. Right after we crossed the bridge, the Germans blew it up.

During this last four weeks of marching, we were bombed and strafed by our own planes different times. The pilots - not knowing who we were. We are now marching south-west and about a week later, we met up with the Americans. The German lieutenant and guards handed over their weapons and we were liberated April 25, 1945. I was a prisoner a little over 26 months.

We were trucked by semi to Halle, Germany, then flown by C-52 to an American Glider Field in France. We then went by train to Camp Luckey Strike, near Le Havre, France. Here, we were deloused and showered. About everybody had grey-back lice on them. We also got new clothes. I was down to about 100 pounds.

Here, we had the best food I have had since I went overseas. I was in Camp Lucky Strike about a week and a half, then boarded the transport ship on my birthday June 7, 1945 to come home. We landed 13 days later at New Port News, Virginia. We were transported by train about 30 miles north to Camp Patrick Henry. We stayed here about three days. We then got on board a train for Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Here I was given a 110 day furlough and would report back to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, I then took a train to Montpelier, Ohio.

It was good to see my folks and friends after being gone for four years. My folks said they had received a telegram, the last of February 1943 that I was missing in action and did not hear until Mother's Day in May that I was a Prisoner of War. During my furlough, I met my wife-to-be, Betty Smith. We were married December 31, 1946.

I reported back to Fort Sam Houston near San Antonio, Texas, where I was discharged two weeks later on October 25, 1945. Of my four years of service, 40 months were overseas, 26 months as a POW and 8 months in the U.S.A. I was awarded the Combat Infantry Badge, American Defense Medal, European, African, Middle East Campaign Medal with one Arrowhead and two bronze stars, World War II Victory Medal, P.O.W. Medal, one service stripe, six overseas service bars and the Army Good Conduct Medal. I was saving this medal for last.

I would not like to go through this experience again, but I made many life-long friends during these hard times.

RICHARD D. OBERLIN - POW TALK

Richard Oberlin gave the following talk at a veterans dinner program in West Unity on November 12, 1997. He was kind enough to allow me to review a video tape of the presentation in which I have taken the highlights of his talk and here present his personal experiences as a member of the U. S. Army Air Force serving in the European Theater. Also present at the program was his life long friend, Victor Klopfenstein, who also was in the Army Air Force and flew with a B-24 Liberator crew until he was shot down and became a German POW.

Richard Oberlin was a graduate of West Unity High School Class of 1942. After graduation, he said that you didn't have much to look forward to except going to the service. He went to Akron though and went to work in the defense factory there. The Goodyear Aircraft factory was building B-26 medium bombers. He went there right after high school.

Betty, Vic and I were all in the same class. Betty and I had been going together for a long time and she moved to Iowa to attend the State Teachers College and I went to Akron and worked in the defense plant. So we decided to meet Christmas Eve in West Unity and got married in 1942. We knew in time, I was going to have to go into the service.

When I went in (February 18, 1943), I went to Bryan and got on a train and it took me to Camp Perry. There were a number of guys from Williams County down there that went into the service on the same day as I. Merle Meyers was in the same class as me and my serial number was 35547736 and his was 35547735. We stood right beside each other and were sworn in the Army together (February 12, 1943). Anybody knew that when you went into the army, you had your number and that was all you own. He then shared that his German POW number was 2862. I can remember stuff like that 55 years later and can't remember what I had for supper last night.

From Camp Perry, they put us on a train and they never told us where we were going. You just got on the train and after a couple of days, we were in Florida. This is where I took basic training, near the St. Petersburg/Clearwater area. From there, they sent me to Gulfport,

Mississippi and trained me to be an aircraft engineer. I was to be a flight engineer on a C-47. I would be shuttling troops and equipment between the U.S. and Canada. That was to be my assignment.

Well, it didn't sound real exciting, I thought if you were going to be in the service, you'd want to go overseas. Well, before I got done with my training, the Army decided they were getting short of gunners. So we packed it up and boarded a train and went clear across the United States. We ended up at Las Vegas, Nevada attending the aircraft gunnery school.

After gunnery school, we then spent a short time in Salt Lake City, Utah. Some of the things that happened there were kind of comical and were probably things we shouldn't have done. While we were in Salt Lake City, we had these tents with wooden sides and canvas tops. And, it was the middle of winter and it was cold. And at the time, we were all corporals or sergeants. We noticed that those on KP were allowed to sleep late, so we put a sign on our tent. It worked for a few days - then we really were on KP!

Finally orders come to report to Alexandria, Louisiana for flight training. There, we started flying on B-17's and getting use to flying. From there, I got a 10 day furlough and got back home before reporting to Grand Island, Nebraska. This is where my crew was formed and we got our new airplane, a B-17 Flying Fortress. They said that was our plane that we were going to go through combat with - so take care of it. And we were all really proud of that.

So, our orders came (February, 1944) and we started for overseas duty. We went initially up to Goose Bay, Labrador and landed there. Then, we flew onto Iceland and landed there. After a couple of days, we flew on to Scotland and landed. After a few days, they said we were going on down to England. They took us over and we got on a train. We asked about our plane and they said some of the officers would get the plane later.

So we went down to the channel, then back up north of Cambridge. We arrived here on February 14, 1944. We were about 100 miles from London. This was where we would be stationed with the 381st Bomb Group, 534th Bomb Squadron. Our first mission, we got one of the oldest B-17's in the outfit because we were a new crew. So much for our new B-17. It was one of the latest models with plexiglass windows and everything else. When we flew our first mission, we got one of the old ones that had open windows. When your standing at your gun position and your up there at 30,000 to 40,000 feet and the temperature gets down to about 40 or 50 degrees below zero. I tell you, its cold. And we did not have good warm heated flying fortresses like they did later.

On our first mission, we had to wear oxygen masks because you couldn't breathe over 10,000 feet because of the lack of oxygen. And the top part of your face was exposed and the air blowing in that open window, it froze around the mask immediately. I know that when I got back, why I had blisters on my skin where the water froze under my mask and my feet got frostbite. Anyway, that's what happen in a B-17.

As we prepared for our first mission, they pulled new crews aside and talked to us. They talked to you about the average life of an airman on a mission. At this point, it was about eight minutes in combat. Well, that's not very long. You were ready to go home but there was no way to get home. But actually, what they were telling us was eight minutes in actual time when a German fighter was coming in and you would be in heavy flak and ack ack fire from the 88's and 105 millimeter anti-aircraft guns going over a target.

You see eight minutes was quite a bit of time. If you stand and fire a 50 caliber machine gun for eight minutes, it would disintegrate. The barrel would just melt. So when fighters would come in on you, you would fire short burst because you didn't dare to bear right down.

So we flew quite a few missions. We had some that weren't too bad and others that we went off and got all shot up real bad a few times. One time, we lost three engines on a B-17. We lost two engines being shot up by flak fire. As we were coming back near the English Channel, we lost our third engine. The fourth engine at the time wasn't even full power and we thought for sure we would have to ditch into the English Channel before we got back to base.

But, we started throwing stuff out of the plane to get weight off of her. We threw out the machine guns, we threw out ammunition, we threw out any extra clothes, any extra flak suits, anything with weight, we threw it out. And we kept our airspeed and was able to get across the Channel with just one engine. Once across the Channel, we landed at one of the closest bases available.

While flying this mission, my dad died. I didn't receive the telegram from the Red Cross yet. I got a letter from my Aunt Marcella. And I was reading the letter, one of those V-mail letters, and as I was reading the letter, I stopped and said something was wrong. After reading a little more, I realized that my dad had died. Well, about a week later they come up with the telegram. They said they had some bad news from home, Oberlin. And I said, "What - my dad died?". They replied, "how you know?". I said I got a letter about a week ago telling me. They did call me into the HQ's there and asked me if I wanted to quit flying. They knew my mother was left with my younger brother and they weren't that well off. They said, I could quit flying and they would put me on permanent status at the base until they got an opening back home. Then, I could transfer back to the United States. They weren't going to let me out of the service. But, they would get me back to help keep an eye on things.

So I thought it over and I said no. I wanted to keep on flying because when you're with a crew, you're with them day and night. You get real close because of all the stuff you have been through with them. And, I wanted to finish my tour with them. I would have felt terrible if I had quit flying and all of my guys had been killed, like they did, and I wouldn't have been with them. So, I made the decision to stay and I am glad I did.

When you come back from these missions, you didn't know when you were going to fly again. They would come early in the morning or night - three or four o'clock - and get you up and yell at you, "come on get dressed". They pick you up in a jeep or a truck and take you down to the mess hall. You would eat a good breakfast. We ate well. We had powdered eggs, powdered milk, we ate better than any of those infantry guys, they had it rough.

They feed us and then take us out to the airplane. You work on getting your guns loaded. You get your bombs on board. On most missions, we would carry 12 - 500 pound bombs. We get them loaded and a B-17 carried 2800 gallons of gasoline in the wings. And with the machine gun ammunition, crew and plane itself, that's alot of weight. We taxi over to the runway and they would power up the engines and the plane would get to bouncing as they tried to get airborne. That was always a little eerie for me. But, they always got them into the air and then you had to gain altitude. There would be a whole bunch of planes in the formation. You had to get into your position to fly your spot in the formation and sometimes it takes one to two hours to get to height. The day I got shot down, we was flying at 25,000 feet. A B-17 could go to 38,000 feet maximum. After you get your height, then you go on your mission.

Say, you were going to bomb Berlin. I say, Berlin because that was one of the tougher targets and I had three missions to Berlin in my tour. It was the capital of Germany and that was probably why it was so well fortified. It was a long way in there and a long way back after you dropped your bombs.

When you were going to make a bomb run, you had to go by your target over the city and do a 360. Then you would come back over the target and drop your bombs. You always did everything possible to drop your bombs because they give you hell if you come back with your

bombs.

Well, it don't take a genius down there with them 88's millimeters and 105's AAA, they would get your range when we flew over the first time. They start throwing up that flak and your up there and making your circle and look back. All you can see is black clouds bursting and red flashes and you were going right down the center of it. If you made it through, then you were on your way back home. If you didn't run into anymore fighters or flak.

Usually when you went over a target, it was very seldom that you made a bomb run of any size at all, that you didn't lose a plane. That's just the way it happened. That's why they had to have so many airplanes, so many replacements, to fly all of those missions.

I was in England from February through June of 1944 and we flew 22 bombing missions. And when I started, if you flew 25 and got completed missions, you would be taken off flying status and sent back to the United States to be reassigned other duty. Your tour of combat would be over. But I don't believe there was one complete crew while I was there. One way or another, one of the crew would be killed or injured badly or one of the crew would be shot down or something.

The last mission, my 23rd, we went to Abbeville, France, which was just across the English Channel. It was not suppose to be a very long mission, four hours or so. We called our short missions, "milk runs". When we went to Berlin and places like that, we would be in the air about 10 hours. I was waist gunner. I was trained to be a engineer but they had a surplus of them, so I was assistant engineer and waist gunner. And you stood there for 10 hours. There was nothing else to do. And you're cold, you didn't have facilities. It was rough.

Another mission, we were down around Cherbourg, France, we had been on the Invasion run. On June 5, we went to our planes and got ready and they scrubbed the mission. Bad weather arrived and we got socked in and had to change our orders to the 6th. That morning was one of the worst mornings I ever remember going up. They had so many kinds of planes in the air. They had every kind of airplane available, any kind, any size. They even had these gliders over England. We were dodging planes all morning trying to get into position and find our group and get across the Channel. We finally got across and dropped frag bombs, small bombs in clusters, we dropped them on German troops right before our troops got there. And, I looked down on the Channel. It looked like you could have walked across the English Channel on ships. There were so many ships down there. You can't believe it. We dropped our bombs and then went back to base and that's when the U.S. troops came into Normandy.

Now back to mission 23, we were going to bomb the railroad yards, they called then marshaling yards at Abbeville, France. If you recall, I had said 25 missions completed and your crews done but while on this mission, they changed it to 30. They were getting short of crews and planes. So they made the adjustment and I would now need seven more missions.

Anyway, we went across the Channel. We had been bombing the runways where the Germans were shooting off Buzz Bombs. The Germans would shoot these bombs across the Channel to terrorize the civilians and cause trouble in England. They have them set to go a certain height, then the engine shut down and the bomb dropped to earth. They never did a tremendous amount of damage. They would set off fires, killed a few people, but they effected morale of people mostly. You always had to be on guard.

Our 23rd mission, we flew group leader. It was June 22, 1944. We were flying the B-17 named "Betty L," that day. When we got our group formed, we headed for France. You had on every mission a group leader, wing man and so forth to get ready to fly your mission. As a

group, you have 50 to a group, maybe. I don't know how many groups they have on the mission. When you go over the target, the lead planes drop their bombs, then the other planes drop after them.

On the Abbeville mission, when we were group leader, the big shots made some changes and they gave us a different co-pilot and we also had a different navigator that day, because we were top crew.

We arrived on site and made our bomb run and there was flak everywhere. The navigator got us lined up and we had the target in sight. We could see the railroad yards down there, we were flying at 25,000 feet. The last thing I remember hearing was the bombardier say, "Bombs Away"! When the bombs dropped from the plane, you could feel the plane lift up because of the weight being released from the plane. You just let go of 6000 pounds of bombs. That's alot of weight being released. And just as he said, "Bombs Away", there was a great big loud explosion and fire and we had been hit. We been hit right in the bomb bay with a direct burst of 88 millimeter flak.

And we were first plane over the target. I was flying right waist gunner position. And the bomb exploded up in the bomb bay, which was up front and it hit me in my left leg. And at the time, I did not have my parachute on. When I was hit, it knocked me right down onto the floor. I tried to get up but the plane was in a flat spin then. I was pinned right down to the floor. I couldn't move and I looked up and could see that our wings were on fire. It was just a blazing being full of 2800 gallons of gas, you can imagine what kind of fire that was.

I was laying on the floor there and my chest suit was lying right beside the door. I had laid it there in case I had to get out. All I had to do was just snap it on and jump out. As it happened, I couldn't walk, I couldn't move or anything, but somehow I was able to get on top of my chest suit. Some how I got it snapped on and the plane is now rolling over in the air and we had a wrench puller on the inside of the door. You had to pull to open the door and I grabbed hold and pulled just as the plane rolled over. I was instantly in the air and I could see pieces of the plane falling to the earth. And just as suddenly, as I fell from the plane, it exploded.

Now I am falling to the earth from around 25,000 feet with just a chest suit. I had to get it opened up. They always told us if it didn't open up and you had a chest suit on, you could tear them apart to open it up. I started tearing at it, it was up above me and I was hanging out there in the air. All I could see of the plane was pieces of it going by.

It wasn't a long time from the moment our plane was hit until it blew up, but I tell you the things that go through your mind when you know your going to die. It don't seem possible that the mind can go through so many things. I could think of Betty being pregnant, the baby, and all of my family. I thought of wanting to be with the other guys and wondering when they were going to get out. And if you were to live, you sure learned to pray in a hurry because you are faced with your mortality and the things that race through your mind. I got out.

As a part of a group, when a plane was hit, there were things to do when a plane blew up or there was an accident. You were to keep an eye on it and when you got back to base, you went to debriefing and would tell how many planes you saw go down. How many people got out. Somebody on the mission would assist you with the reporting of those now missing in action.

And, I knew somebody on base in the same squadron that was flying with us that day. And, they had seen our plane go down. They reported it had blown up and they saw no one come out. They had watched till it blew up and when it exploded, they figured there was no need to watch anymore, for there was nothing but pieces. So what happened, I jumped out just when the plane blew up and they didn't see me. They reported our crew MIA presumed dead.

I float down 25,000 feet. I actually didn't have much idea that I been hit (wounded) till I hit the ground. It don't seem possible that you get shot and not even know it. But when you're scared and all the things happening around you and the thoughts racing through your mind. I had alot of shrapnel in my leg and hand. When I hit the ground, I knew something was definitely wrong. I landed in a hay field. I looked around and here come two young French girls across the field. And I thought now, "I might have made it". They briefed us on what to do if the French Underground got hold of us. They would help you eventually get back to the States and we were to do what they said.

So, they got fairly close and I said, "I am an American Aviator". And for some reason, all of a sudden, they stopped. I looked around me and here coming out of the edge of the woods were Germans. They were coming from everywhere with their machine guns and I knew I'd had it. The Army had issued us all 45 caliber Colt automatics. But I never wore it. I hung mine on the post of my machine gun in the plane. What good would a 45 automatic do you against rifles, pistols, and machine guns. I always figured if you had a gun on you, they might shoot you.

Anyway, they picked me up and took me to a house close by. When we arrived, they threw me into the corner and they had their dinner. They were mostly German officers. They didn't do much to me at all. They took me next to a little jail in the village. I think the name of the little town was Poix, France. They put me into a cell there.

In the meantime, they had picked up my crew members. They had located the bodies and put them into boxes. They had them loaded in the back of a pickup truck. They got me out of the cell and threw me up on top of the boxes. They then took me to my next stop.

Well, my leg got pretty sore and they sent a medic in finally. He wasn't a doctor and I don't know what kind of training he had. He came in and looked at my leg. I had shrapnel in my leg, great big pieces and smaller stuff. I still have the scar yet of my wound.

He decided he would see what he could do. So he had me get ready and he got his bag. He pulled out tweezers of all lengths. I didn't know what to think, it scared the dickens out of me. He started probing and got down into my leg. As he found the shrapnel, he pulled it out. It hurt and I remember him saying,

"you Americans are biggest damned babies I ever seen".

But, he wasn't on the probing end though! It took a few months for that injury to heal.

They took me up to Brussels, Belgium finally. I don't know why Brussels. They had a large building with a bunch of cells in it. And they took you to a room for interrogation. They asked me a whole bunch of questions. And all we were to tell them was name, rank, and serial number. The more they ask you, the more they just got name, rank, and serial number. And they got madder and madder. They continued to try to find out all this stuff about me and they weren't going to give up till I told them something. So, I told them a lie.

The German officer said,

"Your lying to me. Do you think I would lie to you?"

I replied,

"ya."

The German asked,

"Well, what do you mean?"

And that was when I responded,

"You told me one of my crew members had told you this or that about something and I rode up here from Poix, France on top of their bodies."

Ohhh, he sure got mad! He called the guards into the room and he had me sent back to my cell. And he said,

"Call the Gestapo and shoot him at sunrise!"

Now remember, I'm was only 19 years old and I was scared. I don't know, some guys said they were never scared in combat. Well, I was scared. They had me in this cell and it had wooden floors in this facility and a big pad lock on the door. I couldn't sleep at all that night. I could see through the cracks in the door that the sun was coming up. And I said,

"here it is daybreak and they are here."

Then, I could hear these German's coming down the hallway, thump, thump, thump!!! They were wearing these big leather boots with the hard heels and were high stepping it towards my cell. They then stopped at my cell and rattled the lock and grabbed my door. And at that moment, I thought I'd had it - they came back. They kept this up for a while until they had me about half crazy. But they didn't shoot me that time, so I thought well maybe I wasn't going to get shot.

I was the only one to come out of the airplane alive. And nobody probably seen me come out. What would had stopped them from shooting me if they wanted to. Nobody would have known the difference and what difference would it have made anyway, if they wanted to shoot me. They were in control.

Finally, they took me down by Frankfurt, Germany to an interrogation camp. And it was standard procedure again putting me through the same junk. They put you into a cell which was smaller and dark, black in there. It was all you could do to just lay down. And they would come and take you every so often into the interrogation room.

They take you in and interrogate you and this one time they called some nice looking girl. And she came walking into the room and started strutting around the room. The interrogator said,

"I think I'll have some lunch. I'll have a T-bone steak, and some French fries, wine and cherry pie and ice cream."

He named off all that American stuff and we'd been in solitary confinement with just bread and water, that's all we had. They were just trying to break you down.

Finally, they got mad for I couldn't tell them anything they really didn't already know. There was one thing that bugged them. We flew with a 10 man crew on a B-17. But later in the war, we were short of men and we got so many men killed and lost that we flew with only nine men. The guy who handled the waist gun, he didn't handle just one gun. He came to handle two guns. He would transfer from side to side as needed to defend the plane. The Germans could count eight dead bodies and me, that's nine. They couldn't figure out where the extra guy was and I think that's why we really had them thrown because they were trying to figure out where the other guy was.

They sent me back to my cell. They got mad at me and told me in 21 days, if I knocked on my cell door and came back to the interrogation room. If I was in solitary confinement for 21 days, I'd be willing to talk. I said,

"How will I know what day it is? It's dark in there and you can't see."

They said,

"leave a scratch on the wall each day."

Well, you couldn't see it anyway, so I just waited.

My time at the interrogation camp finally ended. After all this, they sent me up on a train and headed to where my prison camp was located. I was sent to the NE part of Germany, near the Baltic Sea. This was where old West Prussia used to be.

During the trip, we stopped one night in Berlin. They left us locked up in the cattle cars in the rail yard. And the Royal Air Force bombed Berlin that night. Now, that was another experience. They had us packed tight in each car, locked down, and we sat there and the RAF bombed the city. The guards took off running and we were locked up in those cattle cars. We couldn't go anywhere. We could hear those bombs whistle and coming down and explode. We could see it through the cracks of the car, shaking and everything, but we got through it unhurt.

The next day, we went on up to our prison camp at Stalag Luft 4B. We stopped at a little station, where they unloaded the prisoners. We then walked to the camp. It seemed like a mile, but it was probably only about a quarter of a mile, maybe less. But I'd been wounded and couldn't walk very well. And these guards were there with guns on you and German Sheppard dogs. I was dragging in behind a little, they would have the dogs nip your heels and the back of your legs. So, I picked up the pace as good as I could. I didn't have it too bad cause some of the guys got bayoneted. The Germans had these pin point bayonets. They would jab your back and butt, moreless to just torment, and they would bleed bad.

Finally, we got to the camp. They had four compounds there. They could get about 2500 men in each one. There was 10,000 in our camp, mainly English prisoners of war. They took us into the camp and got us some clothes. You kinda got a hodge podge of clothing, English, American, German. You got into whatever would fit. Sometimes, the Red Cross would bring in some clothes and fixed us up too.

We were housed in a building with a room about 16 by 20 feet is size approximately. And we started out with 12 guys to a room. We had bunks, but they had no mattress, just a burlap cover stuffed with straw. This was then laid upon board slats for support. They were comfortable (he said jokingly with a grin).

In prison camp, we were non-commissioned officers and so according to the Geneva Convention, they weren't allowed to work us. I know we would have been better off if we could have worked. Those guys, privates and such, would be taken out to the local farms. They worked on the farms and got fed on the farms, some even got paid for it. But, the noncoms did not work.

We just had to make our own provisions to pass time. We didn't have anything to do. We would have to stand roll call. They would get us out there and line us up. Then they would count the men. And, of course, we being POW's and enemy, we were supposed to foul them up when we could. So as they counted, guys would move around and mess up the count and they would have to start over. We screwed them up as much as we could and we did pretty well at

it. The rest of the time, we didn't have anything to do. We didn't have hardly any recreation. I think, we had one ball and bat for one compound of 2500 guys. So you had to be pretty good to even be on a team (he chuckled).

And, we didn't have enough to eat, so you didn't have too much energy to do much anyway. The food, when we first got there, we were supposed to each get a Red Cross parcel every week. But, I never did get a Red Cross parcel. I think the best was one for four guys. And they contained five packages of cigarettes, jar of instant coffee, maybe a bar of soap, canned salmon, pork & beans and hard chocolate. The best we ever got was one for four men. Then it got down to one for eight men and at the end we got down to one parcel for 24 men. When you split a can of spam into 24 pieces, that wasn't much.

So, what we got to doing was we pooled all the stuff we got. We would take it up to the mess hall, where the guys did the cooking. They usually fed us cabbage, kolarabi, turnips, or sauerkraut boiled in water. We very seldom got any meat. The only time we got meat was when a horse was killed in a bombing or sometimes a dog. I tell you, whenever you're hungry, you eat–most anything.

Once in a while, the Germans brought us a ration of German stuff. I don't know why, something was not to good about the food, I guess. I remember one time they come in there with a ration of rice and a little bit of cheese. It was limburger cheese. It was stinking so bad that some of the guys, no matter how hungry, they couldn't eat it.

I liked limburger cheese, so this was my chance and I took some. It had an aluminum wrapper on it. I peeled it away and something started moving. It was white, look like rice krispy's and it was alive! It was maggots. I just cut the maggots off, scraped it down and what was left, I ate it.

There was times when the Red Cross parcels came and the Germans would punch holes in the canned salmon. And, it got warm there and you know what salmon will do sitting in the heat, it spoiled. Germans said they poked holes in it to try and find contraband. They would take bars of soap and just break them all up.

We did have some laughs in prison camp. We had to do something to pass time sitting in there day in, day out, locked up. You just had to have something to do. We made decks of cards out of cardboard from the Red Cross parcels. This is how I learned to play Bridge. Not very well, but we had tournaments and stuff. And you take 52 cards made out of cardboard and try to shuffle them. We would just put them on the table and stir them and them pass them out. You would have a hand full or two hand fulls of cards when playing, but it was something to do. We had a few books but we didn't have much there.

Somewhere on the compound, there was a radio hidden. I don't know where it was, never did learn where it was. But they would bring around the news each day and each night. And, I would go around the rooms and tell where the troops were and what was happening. Some how they got the parts in for the radio. They probably did it by bribing the guards and that's how we kept up on things on the outside.

I was one day cutting a guys hair. Somehow, I became the barber for a while. We would cut hair with a comb and a safety razor. We didn't have anything else, no scissors or any barber stuff. You used safety razors and pulled it across the comb. It pulled half the hair in the process and you get a cigarette or two for the job.

If somebody offered you a $10,000 bill or a pack of cigarettes, you took a pack of cigarettes. For what good was money? There was no place to spend it. You get some cigarettes, you could work with the guards and maybe get them to do something for you with trading cigarettes.

Anyway, I was cutting hair and somebody came in and said,

"Hey Oberlin, some guy over there in the other compound wants to see you".

I said ,

"sure".

You know that a lot of guys went stir crazy in there. They went loopy. One guy said one day,

"I'm going home".

He went out there and he went across the line rail over to the barb wire fence and started climbing. The guards in the towers are yelling at him to halt! halt! And, he kept going until he was shot by machine guns. He had just had it and said he was going home.

Well, I was cutting hair and pretty soon another guy come in and said Obe some guy really wants to see you. And, I knew it couldn't be that any one wanted to see me. So pretty soon, a third guy come in. He says,

"Hey Obe, there a guy over there that said to tell Minnie to get out here".

Well, when I was in High School, they called me Minnie, that was my nickname. We gathered at Jacoby's slaughter house and store and he gave about every kid some nick name. When I heard that, I went tearing out of there. I went across the grounds and there was Vic (Victor Klopfenstein, high school classmate). I said,

"What you doing here?"

That was really something to be over there all this time and in a German prison camp. Then, you see a friend that you went to school with all your life.

At this point, Richard lets Victor Klopfenstein tell about their attempts to stay in touch. We weren't allowed to talk between the compounds. We were only about 50 feet apart. They had a line wire and then about 20 feet to a high wire barbed fence. Then between the barbed wire fence is where the Germans had the guard towers placed down the middle of the compounds. And it was the same then on the other side of the compound. And, we weren't allowed to talk back and forth.

So when we get out there, we get behind a building, so the guards in the towers couldn't see us. And, then we would talk. The last time, I think it was around Christmas time or shortly after that a couple of boys were walking along the line wire. That was where you would exercise if you didn't get too close to it. And, a couple of guys came along and said you better get back because one of the guards was coming around the building. We was near the wash building and he said,

"they're coming, you better stop talking".

So, I tried to out smart the guard and I slipped around the other side of the building. And he was smarter than I was and he slipped around the other side too. And, I was coming into the building and he had his gun out just as I come in. And, I didn't understand him but, he was waving his gun threatening to shoot and that was the last time we talked.

Richard now resumes his talk. At Christmas time, I would say the main thing in as far as

being physically abused, we weren't bothered. The main thing was being locked up and not having enough to eat. They locked us up at night and they didn't have shutters, just open windows. And, they had German Sheppard's running all around the compound. I don't know what you would do anyway if you went outside after curfew, the dogs would have nailed you. They locked us up every night and at certain times of the night all the lights went out so it was dark.

The worst part of the treatment was from the young German soldiers. The older ones didn't really bother us. Anyway, at Christmas time, they gave us some extra privileges. They gave us a little more to eat. We got cooked cereal in the morning instead of just water and black bread. And, they did let us yell across the fence and talk to someone on Christmas Day.

You have to remember, all walks of life were in prison camp. And some of these guys would and could do anything. And, they put on a Christmas show in our compound. They somehow got some instruments from the guards and there was a guy who played with Jimmy Dorsey or Tommy Dorsey. Alot of these guys were good musicians. They had a trumpet, a trombone, clarinet and the Germans brought in a piano. And, we had a Christmas show and it was good! But, it didn't take too much to entertain us. We'd been locked up for so long. Somehow, they put this together and they practiced and they put on a good show. Maybe, one of the best of my life playing some of the old "Big Band" pieces. And sound good, the German officers sat right down in the front and were just laughing and having a great time.

And, I don't know how they found it but, they had some women's clothing. They dressed up some of these young good looking POW men. And, I tell ya, they looked awful good (chuckling). And you know guys did talk about women but the main topic of conversation was FOOD. You get so hungry that it was always on your mind. There was one guy, a POW buddy of mine from Indianapolis, who said when he got back home the first thing he was going to do was get a whole bunch of Milky Ways and a pie crust and melt the Milky Ways into the crust and cover it with whipped cream and he was going to eat the whole thing.

We didn't have any flush toilets in prison camp. And they had to remove the waste some how and they used a siphoning machine to pump out the privy's. The one we had was manned by Russians prisoners. The German's hated the Russians worst than they did us, by far. They got pilots officers to run these machines and they had an old tractor they hooked up to haul the machine. They would back up these machines to the outhouses and put the hose down into the pit. They had an outfit on top that they lit and it blew up. The first time I heard that, I was scared that they were bombing us. Fire flys out of it and it makes the most awful explosion you've ever seen. And it creates a vacuum and sucks the waste up into the tank. They then took the waste out and put it on the German farmers field in the area.

I was shot down the 22nd of June, 1944 and it was the 1st of November, when I got a letter from home. The first mail I got and it was the first I knew my daughter had been born and what had been happening. The day I got shot down, I was listed as MIA (missing in action) and Betsy was born on August 2. They came in and brought Betty a telegram from the War Department in the Wauseon Hospital that said I was a POW. And she said all the doctors and nurses were celebrating the good news that I was alive. I learned also when my mother learned the news, she went honking her horn up and down the streets of West Unity.

This was the first mail though I got and food packages were coming in but, I never got any of them. They gave us cards we could write a message on. They gave us so many a month. I said things are fine, getting plenty to eat, and I am having a good time. If you didn't, they wouldn't send them and you get black balled. At least, they heard from you back home.

We left the camp - they came in and issued us overcoats and we knew something was up. The Germans were being closed in on by the English, Americans, and Russians. They wanted

us to be moved immediately so we would not be liberated. So on February 6, 1945, in the middle of the morning, we started walking from the camp. We had guards and dogs on each side of the road and we marched down the middle of the road. And Winter is just like here, it cooold, icy and stuff. We slept in barns and fields for the next 86 days. And that's when it was rough, we didn't get anything to eat. At night, they marched us into barns and locked us in. You go through a line inside the barn. They had scrubbed and steamed potatoes, half rotten, that were for the hogs. You would go by with your hat out and they would give you three or four. That's what you would get to eat. And you ate what you could of the bad potatoes. That was the roughest part of the whole thing.

And, so many of the guys got dysentery, diarrhea and got weak and dropped out. Many of them had just had it. It finished them. But you tried to keep going anyway you could. I remember one place we stopped and stayed one night. And, I guess the next day, some guys worked to make charcoal. Guys would eat it to try and stop the diarrhea. Because they were getting weak and died of exposure.

We continued the march and we were strafed by our own planes, P-51's. We were marching in columns down the road, they didn't know we were Americans or Germans or what we were. One night, we went into this huge barn and slept there about three days. A horse had gotten killed and they dressed him out and brought him in and cut it up and made soup in big iron kettles. We added kolarabi, onion, and carrots. And, I tell you that really tasted good. It really got some nourishment in you.

We stayed in these barns at night in the Winter and each of us carried a blanket. At night, you got with someone and got close together to share body heat to keep warm. But, the rats in these barns liked the body heat too. You feel them crawl over you at night. They crawl over your head or body and it was weird. I got up one night and a rat went up my leg. At that time, I didn't have much body fat. I was down to around 120 pounds. And, I unzipped my pants and jumped out of them. The guys hit him and I didn't get bit, just scratched up real good and a good scare. Other than that, I was alright.

And while on the march, we went by one of these camps one day. It was all girls in there. And, they were all pregnant. I asked one of the guards who could speak English,

"What's all of them girls there?"

And he said that was one of Hitler's breeding camps. They took these young women and got the best officers they could find to breed with them. They were going to have a "Super Race". This really happened. Now some people think that this stuff didn't happen but, I saw it. It was cruel some of the things he did.

One night, we got close to a concentration camp. So they kept us in one part for the night. We looked out and could see these great big brick ovens. They had stacks of wooden boxes of killed Jews and were putting them into the ovens to cremate them. We wasn't sure if that was why we was put in there. We stayed there for a couple of days, and we thought maybe that was what was going to happen to us. But we finally left.

We were marching through these towns and it was understandable that the German people would be mad at us. They would throw stones at us and cuss you. We bombed their places, killed their people. You could see why they'd be mad at you. We were getting close to where we were going to stay for the night. We were walking in formation and some girl came up behind me and pushed against me. I looked down and there was a loaf of black German bread. I grabbed it and stuck it into my overcoat. I tell you that was the best gift I ever got in my life. We were hungry. On that forced march, I probably lost 40-45 pounds in 86 days.

We didn't get much food. We didn't have water, good water, half of the time. We had to drink out of streams or water holes. They wouldn't let us go over to a good well.

I took this loaf of bread and my buddy I slept with, we'd tear up a little of the bread each day. We rationed it out. You couldn't give it to everyone. You had to be careful, some of the guys would kill you for a loaf of bread. That's just the way it was. The German gal probably felt sorry for us and took a chance to help us.

Alot of things happened, I wouldn't want to go through it again but, I'm glad I done it. After we got out of prison camp, we were liberated on May 2, 1945 by the English 2nd Army. When the English showed up, the German's threw their guns down and we left the camp.

The English had one of these large field kitchens out there. OH Boy! We'd been POW's and they were going to take care of us. So they fixed us a meal,

> "Oh my God, they fried up eggs, bacon, sausage, pancakes and I don't know what all. We was hungry and tried to eat and got sick. Our stomachs were all shot."

They took us back to Brussels, Belgium to a huge armory. They had us take off our clothing and they burned them. We had those clothes on for 86 days, 86 nights. We never washed. We never shaved. What else could we do in the situation. We had long underwear on and we took them off too. We were all red from underneath our arms and between our legs. Lice had bitten us so bad. We had worn stocking caps to keep warm and our heads were full of lice. They deloused us and gave us a change of clothes. Then, we went back to France for recuperation.

They sent us back to France by sticking us onto C-47 transport planes to Le Harve. When we got there, they fed us milkshakes about every hour and worked on getting our stomachs used to eating again.

We got on this C-47 and they put all the guys in there they could pack in. I was just standing up by the pilot and co-pilot. They were English enlisted men flying. They went down to the end of the runway. They revved up the engines and I was standing right back of him and he turned around and said to me,

> "I hope that this bloody thing flys".

And, I thought,

> "oh my God, I went through all this and now I'm going to get killed".

They got into the air and we go back. And they got us back on our feet in Le Harve. We then were sent home about June 1, 1945 by boarding onto Merchant Marine ships. One day, Dwight Eisenhower came in there and asked if we was willing to ride on deck to get back home. Some sailed back on the top deck, I was down below. Thought I had it made. I had one of those hammocks. I wished I'd been up on top. It would have been better. Anyway, we got back to Boston on June 8, 1945. I ended up at Miami Beach, Florida, where I was separated from the service on September 21, 1945. I was back home on the 23rd, a happy civilian again.

For a long time, I didn't want to talk about this. For a long time at night, I'd grab the bed while sleeping thinking I was going down in that airplane again. I never flew again in an airplane for 50 years after I got back. I never wanted to get anywhere again that fast. Then a few years ago, I went to Puerto Rico for a family wedding, my grandson. That's a long way to swim, so we took an American Airlines flight out of Miami, and I loved it. Them jets, they just

zoom right up there. They don't bounce and shudder like our B-17s. I thank the lord, I got through this and I got home. That's my story. Thank you.

DEATH MARCH ACROSS GERMANY

In Honor of National POW Day -- April 9 -- VFW Presents the Virtually Unknown Story of the American Airmen who, in 1945, Marched 600 Miles in 86 Days During One of the Cruelest Winters on Record.

Say the phrase "death march," and most Americans respond with a single word: Bataan. When Japanese troops overran the Philippines in 1942, they forced thousands of GIs and Filipino soldiers to march across 60 miles of the Bataan Peninsula in tropical heat with little or no food and water. Hundreds of Americans and thousands of Filipinos died in the five-ten day trek that came to be called the Bataan Death March, one of the greatest atrocities ever perpetrated against American fighting men.

But there was another death march inflicted upon American POW's during WWII -- a journey that stretched hundreds of miles and lasted nearly three months. It was an odyssey undertaken in the heart of a terrible German winter fraught with sickness, death, and cruelty. Though experienced by thousands of GIs, it was all but forgotten by their countrymen.

STALAG IN POLAND

By early 1945, the war was going badly for the Germans, with Allied forces poised to overrun Hitler's homeland. As the Russian army approached from the east, the Germans decided to move the occupants of certain POW camps, called stalags, farther west.

Every American POW who experienced this evacuation has his own unique tale of misery, but none is more gripping than the incredible death march made by the men of Stalag Luft IV. ("Luft means "air" in German, and it designated a camp holding mostly Allied airmen.)

Stalag Luft IV -- in eastern Prussia, part of what is now Poland -- held an estimated 9,000-10,000 POW's. The food was lousy, but it did exist, and the Red Cross parcels that arrived with some regularity contained enough additional nourishment to keep most of the men fairly healthy. Soap was abundant.

The prisoners, almost exclusively NCO's and other enlisted personnel (including some Canadian and British airmen), were not made to work. Some medical care was available. Clothing was adequate. "Life in the camp was at least tolerable," recalls former POW Joe O'Donnell. "Compared to the march, it was a snap."

In late January, the Stalag Luft IV airmen could see the distant flash of artillery fire, which meant an advancing front -- and probably their liberation -- were not far away. Then came the evacuation order and the departure of sick and wounded prisoners by train. More men went by rail a few days later. Finally, on February 6, the remaining POW's set out on foot. No one knows for sure, but they probably numbered about 6,000.

GIs were given access to stored Red Cross parcels, a tremendous windfall of food and other essentials, and many men started out bearing heavy loads. After a few miles, however, the roadside became littered with items to heavy -- or seemingly too unimportant -- to carry. After all, their captors had told them the march would last only three days.

German guards divided the POW's into groups of 250 to 300, not all of which traveled the same route or at the same pace. The result was a diverging, converging living river of men that flowed slowly but predictably west and (later) south.

During the day, the prisoners marched four or five abreast, and at night were herded into nearby barns. With luck, a bed consisted of straw on a barn floor. Sometimes, however, the Germans withheld clean straw, saying the men would contaminate it and make it unfit for livestock use. On occasion, so many men crowded into a barn that some had to sleep standing up. And if no barn was available, they bivouacked in a field or forest.

EATING RAW RATS

Water (often contaminated) was generally available, but the Germans provided little food. GIs usually scrounged their own meals -- and the firewood to cook them -- often finding no more than a potato or kohlrabi to boil. On the irregular occasions when Red Cross parcels arrived, the GIs traded cigarettes and other items to guards and civilians for delicacies like eggs and milk.

Some men resorted to stealing from the pigs the feed that had been thrown to them and to grazing like cows on the roadside grass. A handful of stolen grain, eaten while marching, provided many a mid-day meal.

The acquisition of a chicken generated great excitement, but the little meat available more likely came from a farmer's cat or dog. T.D. Cooke tells of appropriating a goose and a rabbit from one farm: "We couldn't cook either one for about three days, and then we could only get it warm, but we ate both right down to the bones – then we ate the bones." Some men were even driven to eat uncooked rats.

Physician Leslie Caplan, one of the few officers on the trek, later calculated that the rations provided by the Germans provided 770 mostly carbohydrate calories daily, and Red Cross parcels, when they were available, added perhaps 500-600 more.

Troops often marched all day with little or no mid-day food, water or rest. Adding to the misery was one of Germany's coldest winters ever. Snow piled knee-deep at times, and temperatures plunged well below zero. Under these conditions, virtually all the marchers grew gaunt and weak.

Virtually every POW became infected with lice. On sunny days, the men stripped to the waist and took turns removing the tiny livestock from one another. "I had no stethoscope," Caplan later wrote, "so (to examine someone) I would kneel by the patient, expose his chest, scrape off the lice, then place my ear directly on his chest and listen."

RAMPANT DYSENTERY

Diseases -- pneumonia, diphtheria, pellagra, typhus, trench foot, tuberculosis and others -- ran rampant, but the most ubiquitous medical problem was dysentery, often acquired by drinking contaminated water.

"Some men drank from ditches that others had used as latrines," recalled Caplan. Dysentery made bowel movements frequent, bloody and uncontrollable. Men were often forced to sleep on ground covered with feces of those who passed before them. Desperate for relief, they chewed on charcoal embers from the evening cooking fires. Some men welcomed the frequent foodless days because it made the dysentery less severe.

Blisters, abscesses and frostbite also became epidemic. Injuries often turned gangrenous.

Medical care remained essentially nonexistent. "As a medical experience, the march was nightmarish," Caplan wrote. "Our sanitation approached medieval standards, and the inevitable result was disease, suffering and death."

The Germans sometimes provided a wagon for the sick, but there was never enough room. When a GI collapsed and could not march, he was put on a wagon and the least-sick rider had to get off. Severely ill GIs were sometimes delivered to hospitals passed en route -- and usually never seen again. Straggling marchers were sometimes escorted by guards into the woods and executed. "Often, there was a shot, and the German guard came back to the formation alone," recalls Karl Haeuser.

Throughout the ordeal, marchers hung together, helping each other. They quickly developed a buddy system in which two to four men ate and slept together and looked out for one another. Many survivors credit their combine (as these groups were called) with saving their lives. When the Germans produced a wagon for carrying the sick but no horse could pull it, weary GIs stepped into the yokes. At night, aching and tired men carried their dysenteric comrades to the latrine. "Even beyond our combine buddy system, everyone tried to help everyone else," says O'Donnell.

The death march was not without its lighter moments, however. John Kempf tells of two POW's who ran, against a guard's wishes, to the bottom of a muddy slope to grab a choice piece of firewood. In pursuing them, the irate guard slipped and jammed his rifle barrel into the mud -- just before the weapon discharged, splitting the barrel wide open.

On another occasion, POW Clair Miller traded a chocolate bar from a Red Cross package to a German woman for two loaves of bread. She probably had no way of translating the label on the chocolate that read Ex-Lax.

BLACK COMEDY

Day after torturous day, the shoe leather express continued. In late March, weary GIs arrived at their supposed destination, two stalags near Fallingbostel in north-central Germany. The camp's sights and smells -- of food and smoke from warm stoves -- set up this bizarre situation: POWs inside the camps wanted to get out, and the weary, starving men from Stalag Luft IV wanted desperately to get in.

And for a time, they did, with some of the men taking their first showers in nearly two months as part of a delousing regimen. But these camps were already crowded, and there were no quarters for the marchers. Permanent residents received regular meals, but transients were forced to fend for themselves, much as they had done on the road. O'Donnell recalls following a Russian prisoner around, picking up the discarded Kohlrabi skins the man threw to the ground.

After only about a week, even this respite ended. With British and American troops approaching, guards mustered the men from the Stalag Luft IV out of the camp (which was liberated a few days later) and set them marching again. Incredibly, they doubled back on their earlier route, covering many miles a second time. For several more weeks, the great march continued as a kind of black comedy that saw the weary GIs herded first in one direction, then another, depending on the position of advancing Allied forces.

FINALLY FREEDOM

Eventually, however, the long-awaited liberation came -- in various ways. Some GIs escaped and hid out until they could find an Allied unit. Three such airmen even stole a twin-engine plane and flew to France. One POW appropriated a farmer's horse and rode toward

approaching U.S. forces -- with the steed's irate owner not far behind.

Other GIs had the relative misfortune to be "liberated" by the Russians, which sometimes meant additional days of confinement at Soviet hands. Most of the POWs, however, simply marched into the glorious presence of American or British forces.

Although these GIs had anticipated deliverance, their bliss was without bounds. "We were elated beyond words," says O'Donnell. "It was a tremendous joy."

Finally, in spring 1945, the hideous march was over. From beginning to end it spanned 86 days and an estimated 600 miles. Many survivors went from 150 pounds or so to perhaps 90 and suffered injuries and illnesses that plagued them their entire lives. Worst of all, several hundred American soldiers (possibly as many as 1,300) died on this pointless pilgrimage to nowhere. The overall measure of misery remains incalculable.

Though often overlooked by history, the death march across Germany ranks as one of the most outrageous cruelties ever committed against American fighting men. Fittingly, a memorial to these soldiers now stands on the Polish ground where Stalag Luft IV once stood.

Editor's Note:

This article is reprinted with permission of Mr. Gary Turbak, a free-lance writer based in Montana and frequent contributor to the VFW Magazine. The article appeared in the April, 1999 issue of the VFW Magazine. See "Sources Cited" section for full citation of article.

It is presented following Richard Oberlin's memoir as added commentary on his discussion of this period of his incarceration prior to his liberation by the English 2nd Army on May 2, 1945.

VICTOR DEE KLOPFENSTINE

would serve with the U.S. Army Air Force and attained the rank of Staff Sergeant during his period of service. He was inducted into the service in November of 1943. He was processed at Camp Atterbury in Indiana. He would go to Miami Beach, Florida for basic training. Upon completing his basic schooling, he was ordered to Tyndall Field, Florida for gunnery training. Prior to his overseas assignment, he was stationed in Charleston, South Carolina executing overseas flights.

June 1944, he left U.S. via air to North Africa by the way of the Azores to Italy. He served as tail gunner on B-24 and on his 20th mission would be shot down over Vienna, Austria. He was taken prisoner by Germans on October 13, 1944. He was interrogated and taken to Stalag Luft 4. Here, he learned of Richard Oberlin's presence in adjoining compound and made contact under perilous conditions.

They would leave this camp in cattle cars in January, 1945 to points not remembered. He would ultimately end up in Moosburg at Stalag 7 after a forced march from Nuremburg. He would be liberated by General Patton about April 28, 1945.

He would then work his way back to Le Harve, France and made initial recovery from his internment by the Germans. He would leave Le Harve by Liberty Ship and arrived in New York

City in early June 1945. He received a 60 day leave and then reported to Wright Patterson Air Force Base until discharged in October of 1945. Victor received the POW Medal, Purple Heart, Air Medal, Silver Star, Bronze Star, European/African/Middle East Campaign Medal, and WWII Victory Medal for his honorable service.

Note:

See Richard Oberlin POW Story for events concerning contact with Richard Oberlin.

PAUL SHOOK - MY ACCOUNT OF MY POW STATUS DURING WWII.

I was working at Willow Run Bomber plant after graduating from high school. And, one morning, we were going back (old Cardinal Lewis of Bryan and one girl from St. Marie, (Chief of Police's daughter) and we had a little accident. I went to sleep.

And on that same morning, November 17th, day after my friends birthday; we got our draft notices, all four of us. The fella that owned the car, Gene Kosier, didn't get hardly hurt. The spare tire, which we took loose to get all the spare luggage in, came loose. It took a spot about the size of a half dollar or silver dollar, out of his head. Just scalped him. They patched him up and sent him home. He paid $995 to Hugh Lindsey for that 1940 Plymouth Club Coupe. He got a check for $995 from the insurance company.

Anyhow, we was put in 4 F. Dick Slusser, myself and Dick Welling from Pioneer. Dick and I graduated together and were in the hospital until February, 90 days. Well, make a long story short, come next September, we got draft notices again. And, we went into the service together. Neither one of us had recuperated that much but, we were sent in anyhow.

We got sent to Ft. Benjamin Harrison, over in Indiana, below Ft. Wayne. We were there and got indoctrinated and all our shots, physicals. We were sent then to camps. Dick was sent to an infantry camp, I don't know where. I went to Ft. Belvoir, Virginia, just outside of Alexandria, which is a suburb of Washington, D.C.

You couldn't go into town because you was beating your head from saluting so much. They had enough personnel around there, you didn't have to go looking for any extra. Anyhow, they made a combat engineer out of me. I had tried to get into the Air Corps because my brother was in the Air Corps, Rex. And, they wouldn't hear of it because I had been beat up so bad in the accident. I had broke my leg, an arm, broke a few other things, knocked out some teeth. They didn't want anybody that wasn't perfect. So they said.

But, I was teaching fellas up there in Ypsilanti. I was teaching them Air Corps boys how to put them bombers back together, when I was drafted. Anyhow, when we completed our basic training, we had to accomplish several different things. One was to build eight miles of highway. Well, they sent us up into the Blue Ridge Mountains and I helped put in eight miles of the Blue Ridge highway, up there. Today, it is a big four lane highway. But, then it was nothing but trees, hills, stone, and what have you.

We got our job done and went back to camp. Next thing I knew, they were giving us orders to ship out. We went into a camp for assembly up in Pennsylvania. No body knew where Bryan, Ohio was, so I told them, it was just on the outskirts of Toledo. Got a three day pass to come home on the weekends. We were there for two weeks. And, I hitched hiked home because connections were so poor and I could beat the train home by 12 hours.

We were sent then to New Jersey. We had to assemble and get on to a ship over in New

York harbor. If you remember, the Queen Elizabeth was set fire by somebody or something. Anyhow, it had a fire, it capsized and laid on her side. Well, on the other side of the dock was sitting the I'le de France and that's where they put us. It was second largest ship then.

We got on ship and down into quarters and found out they was putting us on KP duty all the way across - eight days. You ask the English crew that was on it and they said, "ight diys, if were lucky." But, we were unescorted, we had none! So, we zig zagged all the way across. We had two days out - they had sent air escort out. When we got out two days, we lost our escort. Then two days before we got into Glasgow, Scotland, why we had escort by the British side. It was American boys based in England.

Those English, they scared the heck out of you. They didn't give you too much information. They had these big galvanized cans, trash cans, garbage cans - about every two rows in the mess hall. You would have to empty every dam one of them because they was full of vomit, every time, they ate.

Well, I got so sick, I didn't get out of my bunk. I stayed in my bunk. I would sneak out and go up on deck to the PX and get me some cookies and candy. Then come back and crawl in and that's what I lived on the last four days.

Well, in Glasgow, Scotland, when we pulled into the harbor, why you could see submarines, battlewagons of all sizes, LST's and everything else in there. All kinds of equipment. Even, the civilians were coming out there in their rowboats to greet us. And they tried to barter with us to get our cigarettes. They liked those American cigarettes. And, for a pack of cigarettes, you could get a liter of scotch. And, I got two. They run out of whiskey.

They put us into barracks over there belonging to the Scottish Army. It wasn't dirty, but it wasn't clean either, if you know what I mean. It just didn't have the smell and stuff like we had to keep our barracks back in the States. We were there 24 hours and then put onto trains. We then went into England.

I ended up clear down to the other end of the island. And on a clear day, you could see France. We weren't too far from Dover, the white cliffs of Dover. The reason that we were stationed there was a castle that we could get quite a few rooms in. They started sending in recruits after a while. I was there about a month and they started sending in recruits for the invasion.

The commanding officer went over and talked to the owner. He asked him if he could have another 20 rooms and he said no. I don't have anymore spare rooms. You have 150 and I have only 75 left for myself. Kind of strange, right? Well, we were put in the hay mow, up above the stable. Of course, there was no horses down there. There was room down there too. But, if you remember, I had just come in and I was put upstairs with a bunch of other fellas.

Every, about five places, in the upstairs, there was a coal burning stove. And, if you wanted to keep warm, you kept your fire going. And, if you wanted a pot of tea, you could boil the water there. That's also where you washed your pants and stuff, you boiled them. They were impregnated clothing, that we wore. It just didn't feel good at all.

The Army had a place down around the bend, near the ocean, there on the coast. We went down there to practice for the invasion. That was called Slaptin Sands. It was a beach that was redone and modeled after where we was going to land on D-Day. It was Normandy, called "Dog Red Beach", Omaha Beach on Normandy.

We practiced there about every other week. We would run in and invariably somebody always got hurt. Usually, they died but why I don't know. We didn't use live ammunition, but

invariably, somebody got hurt bad enough that they would die.

Back in Padstol, we had the run of the town. We didn't have to get a pass, we just had to sign out and we could go into town. We got our hair cut. They had some neer beer, it was black as the ace of spades and tasted awful. So, I didn't imbibe. We had fish and chips and stuff like that, which was a far cry from Army chow.

My sergeant was a chauffeur for the Ku Klux Klan in civilian life. 40 years of age, he never asked us to do anything that he couldn't do and he showed us how to do it before we asked. He would make us run and get down on our hands and knees and build a pyramid, 12 men high. We had to run and do a flip in the air and keep on running with a full field pack and an eight pound rifle in your hands.

My rifle over there was a Springfield 03. Now, a Springfield 03, for your information if you don't know what I am talking about, is a bolt action, five shell clip. Every time you fired, you had to use the bolt to get another shell in it. It wasn't automatic or semi-automatic, nothing like it. It was a long ways from the M-1's that most of the guys had. But they were running out of guns - not the ammunition, it shot the same ammunition, but they was running out of guns. When we were going from London, out to Padstol, we passed on the streets as you passed through the towns, they had supplies stacked up higher than the trees. Just whole rows of it. Well that stuff all was put onto ships and shipped over to France. But alot of it was ammunition, alot of it wasn't. Alot of it was just supplies. They didn't have enough guns. I got pretty proficient with that Springfield 03. They gave me enough ammunition to go out on the range and practice. I could take a dime out of your hand at 100 paces. It was very accurate but cumbersome.

Well, they brought in the ships, a few days before D-Day. Everybody was quarantined the last three weeks before D-Day. We weren't allowed to go into town. We weren't allowed to go to the latrine without telling somebody where you were going. And then, they send an escort with you. They didn't trust nobody.

We got on our ship about three days before D-Day, which was supposed to be the 5th, not the 6th. The 5th, so we got on about the 2nd. We had to get everything ship shape. Get the mess hall cleaned up. Get the cooks in there and help out the sailors that were manning the Flagship. We got everything cleaned up and then started sending in the rest of these servicemen.

Well, I seen these officers, they were going downstairs. I didn't like that place up there, we was going to have to sleep under the trucks and what have you on the deck. That was awful hard, you could see it was steel. I went down stairs and crawled into an upper bunk. I pulled my shirt off and threw it into my duffel bag, went up there and crawled into the upper bunk. Nobody spoke to me and I didn't start no conversations.

Come night, I went over, and everybody else went up to the mess hall. I went over to the bulkhead and knocked on the bulkhead. Some young navy man came up there and opened the door. I pushed him aside, stepped in and he says,

"What do you want?"

I said,

"I want cover, I was just a PFC, a private period."

And he says,

" In another word, you don't belong down here."

And I said,

"that's right."

He says,

"Well, come on. Have you had anything to eat?"

I said,

"NO. I had an apple and a glass of cider or something, it didn't taste good."

He said he would go up on deck and see what he could find.

There was about 10-12 men in that particular area. I sit down and was talking with them and finding out where they was all from. Nobody was from Ohio, so I didn't pay much attention as to where they were from. But, I was sure glad when they brought back a big can of something. I didn't know what it was. They didn't know what it was. We weren't allowed to turn on any lights. All we had was these shadow lights. What they called them, I call them night lights around here in the home. Anyhow, we opened it and it was a gallon can of pineapple. And these fellas and I ate it in just a little bit of time, we had her gone.

That was one of the worst things I could do. It didn't bother me until we got on our landing craft, going in. And, I landed on a barge of 275 gallon drums, oblong drums that were about four foot long and about 30 inches wide. They welded a whole mess of them together and made a barge. Well, what it was - it was our landing dock to get our trucks in from the deck and get them decosmolined and run them off to get another one.

We had two big Buick motors, one on each rear end of it. We drowned out the left one, the ocean did. On the 5th, we started to go in and we were out there circling and all of a sudden, we got our orders to pull back. Ike called it off because the waters were too bad and it was raining like the dickens. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face.

But the next morning, he didn't call it off, it wasn't raining I guess. But the sun was out nice and bright and it turned out to be a nice looking day. But the water in the channel wasn't cooperating. We went out about 4:00 a.m. and started circling. We were told to get on our craft and we got on. I climbed down on the side on the ropes. Looked like big nets you know. It wasn't too bad getting down to the craft. But, once you got down there, it was bouncing around alot more than that big landing craft, we was on. It had two rows of big trucks and each of them was pulling a 155 and the ammunition was in the back end of them. There supplies were also in the trucks, you know their food, ammunition, and what have you. I crawled underneath one of them and tried to keep calm. First thing you know, I was hanging over the edge, Oh I vomited, I vomited, I vomited something awful. It was a long time before I could even look at a piece of pineapple.

We went in and could see, we were probably 800 to 1000 yards from the beach, up came a big battlewagon. And of course, going around in circles, we couldn't steer to good. We run right into the side of them. About that time, they put their guns down and started in firing them. There was a pill box setting up there that was shooting 88's at us. In fact, they put one back of us and one in front of us and going around in circles, it landed off to the left of us.

This time, the battle wagon came up there and she fired - woom, woom, woom, woom - about 10 or 20 times. I don't know how many. But after they quit firing, somebody come over there to the edge and hollered down at us.

"Who in the heck is in charge of this contraption down there, whatever it is?

(That's not really what he said, I cleaned it up) And this here boatswain, he said,

"I am sir."

And he told him his name and rank and he said

" If you'll just give me a bump, I'll try to steer away from you. I only got one motor and I am going around in circles. And, if you give me a bump out and get out of the way, I'm going in right where I belong. And, it looks like I am the only one that is."

So that's what they did. And we went in.

We got in there and my 2nd platoon Lieutenant came up and took my 25 pounds of TNT that I had on the top of my back pack and my fuses. They were still cleaning the beach, when I landed. I landed in the 2nd or 3rd wave, I think it was the 2nd. We had a little trouble with that 88, it was still going. See that there pill box was about 8-10 feet thick solid concrete. The 2nd Lieutenant went over there and pulled the pin on a hand grenade and when that 88 came out, he just dropped one down the barrel. And she went, "kaboom!" on the inside. The top vibrated a few times and settled down and we didn't hear anything else out of that pill box.

Fellas came out trying to get away and they never made two steps. But, we got our beach head established and decosmolined everything, our rifles and got everything situated. We were supposed to advance then.

Well, they had taken all of our mobile equipment away from us. We had half tracks, jeeps with machine guns on them - 50 caliber. We had a few other, you know, ammunition trucks and stuff to make it a lot easier for us. But on this day, we were a carrying everything. We started up the shore or up the road there. We were at Vierville-sur-Mer, you see that on the map, you'll know exactly where we were then. It was about a mile or two in from the beach.

We went through Vierville-sur-Mer and we seen what was wrong back there. The Germans had been there so long that they had built these trenches that were just like underground highways. They had tops on them and had grass growing on top of them. And with enough manpower, they could raise them up and have a trench to shoot out of them. But, they could close them too and you could walk over them and never know they were there.

They had underground tunnels everywhere. And every once in a while, a small one would pop up and somebody would shoot. Well, we got on to that. We just stand there and drop a hand grenade right down on them. They would drop them lids as soon as they pop up and shoot you. So, we didn't have anything to worry about just standing right there on them. We were told then to advance.

They had minesweepers out, sweeping the roads, which were macadam. But they had false spots in them. We put a little quarter pound TNT on them, set here off, and this usually done the job. If not, we had a bunch of work to do to get the darn thing plugged up again. Other-

wise, it was just a very small hole.

We would advance up on the other side of town. We were given orders to take the bridges that were back in there 10-20 miles because this was a swamp and if we didn't get those bridges, we were going to have to build some. So, we went up and got them all taken care of. We were told then to go up on to such and such an area. We got up 10-15 miles and came to a junction in the road. It was getting pretty dark and so the Captain says,

"I think we'll have chow and bivouac here for the night."

So, I and four other fellas were sent out on outpost on up the road. There was a bend in the road and we were told to go up there to the bend in the road and get in the trench on the left side of it cause the curve turned to the right. And, if we seen anybody to fire and they would come up and relieve us. Well, about 10:00 p.m., we got visitors. We opened fire, nothing happened so the Germans quieted down and we quieted down. We didn't even try to get anyone back there to tell them what was going on cause every time we would make a rustle, there would be a couple of corresponding rifle shots. And my back pack was getting pretty well full of holes.

So we stayed there till, oh, long towards 5:00 or 5:30 a.m. in the morning. And, the Germans came up and set a, what we call a burp gun down, and started in firing. It looked like a rifle with an automatic chamber on the bottom of it. It was about the same as a machine gun only it wasn't as accurate. But they held us down and they threw a hand grenade in and I was the last man back towards the beach in the trench. So, I got the full benefit of that. When I woke up, I was a prisoner of war and the German's were smoking my cigarettes all up and down the trenches.

Right across from us, all during the night, there was a fellow laying there that had been hit by a flame thrower. Whether he was American or German, I don't know but he stunk like the dickens. And, if you have never smelled human flesh, you don't know anything about stench. We had to lay there with that nice soft breeze coming across us, all night. They took us from the trenches then, back and tried to interrogate us. We didn't know nothing about what was going on anyhow. We gave them our name, rank, and serial number.

Well, come to find out, they had 40 to 50 of our personnel already captured. We marched up and were sitting by some fruit trees in the yard of a church. We could look down and see the beach. We were kinda high. You could see the beach and over towards England. If you would have been long enough jumper, to jump from ship to ship, you could have walked back to England.

Airplanes overhead were blocking out the sun once and a while. A whole slew of them would fly over. They were still bombing and bombing good. So, they held us there the rest of the day. Along toward evening, they took us and headed us back to St. Lo. We marched in circles, kinda like when we came across on the I'le de France. We marched in circles. It wasn't circles exactly, it was zig zags. We were strafed and bombed by our own personnel everyday. One morning, we were falling out from sleeping along the hedgerows there and just getting assembled, when a P-38 came up hedge hopping and he had seen us when he flew over. I saw him fly over anyhow.

He left off about a 2-3 seconds of shots and we were standing out there waving our undershirts and they were olive drab. We was waving them and waving our helmets with the other hand. He wagged his wings and took off. We went out and assembled and got to marching then. Every day, they would take a head count. If we took a break for any length of time, they take another head count. There was, for every 10 men, there was a guard and they looked uncomfortable as heck. Their boots didn't fit. There clothes were either too big or too

loose. But, I didn't feel sorry for them. They asked for it and we was giving it to them.

We marched and got to St. Lo and they put us in one of the cathedrals that was still standing there. There was an air raid while we were staying there. They dropped a 500 pounder down through the roof of that thing and it didn't explode. Either that or I wouldn't be sitting here.

I teased a young guard there. I was getting thirsty as heck. Hadn't had anything to eat or drink for quite a while. So, I finally teased him in giving me a drink. He pulled out a canteen, poured out a little glass full, probably looked like a double shot into the top of the canteen.

And, I just tipped that up and put her down. My God, I thought I was on fire! It was Schnapps. Boy, that was that awful, but I was cold and after that, I felt pretty good. But, I didn't ask him for anymore. They took out then and we started in marching. My gads, when we got out there, you could look clear across town. There wasn't nothing left! They had lowered the boom. I never realized that inside there. We were in that there cathedral and I guess alot of it didn't come in there. We knew they was having an air raid, but that was about it.

Then, we marched out and started to go on up the road. We came to a cheese factory. This cheese factory, they invited us to spend the night. Right around there - there was a bunch of roads. We noticed that they had all been bombed. And, we watched them bomb one. They missed the first time and came back a second time and they just bombed it all to dickens. They weren't going to use that road for a while. We were on the right side of it and didn't have to get wet that day.

This fellow that owned the cheese factory said that we could sleep in the factory that night. It was a little damp, but it was inside and protected us from the cold. We got up the next morning 5:00 a.m.. Didn't think he would be around. Here he come, he and his wife. They brought out a two wheel cart. He had stacked up a bunch of cheese. And his wife was filling up another cart. He handed us each a roll of cheese. Well, this cheese was about 12 - 14 inches long, 3 inches thick. He gave each one of us one. I don't know that fellows name, but I sure like to see him again.

We started in marching eating cheese all the way. That's all we had, Germans didn't have nothing, we didn't have nothing. He didn't give the Germans any. But, they took it. They went back in and each of them got a round of cheese. We started in marching. We went up to a gathering area that they had planned evidently. We had some trucks to take us on up further.

But every place we marched, if it was full of woods, it was full of personnel, trucks, tanks, and everything. They been strafed and bombed and it looked like somebody had hit the place with an atomic bomb. Everything in those woods that had stuff in it, like that, had been knocked out. There was nothing moving in them, not even personnel. We didn't applaud or nothing. We just recognized it and our 1st Sergeant was with us. He told us don't be to loud praising that because we might get shot. We didn't want to find out if we would.

So on up we went to these trucks they had assembled. They took us up to a camp in France there that was close to a railroad yard later. But, this camp had a Focke-Wulf underground hangar over there just a hop, skip and a jump from us.

This camp we were in had an area where we could go out and exercise, march and walk around and do calisthenics and stuff like that. And that's where we had roll call every morning and every night. One night, we was having roll call and a bunch of fighter planes, I think they were P-38's and P-40's, came across. They wagged their wings at us and we seen them a coming. So we made an arrow pointing over towards that underground Focke Wulf airport.

The next morning, when they came across there with the B-24's, they bombed it. And did we catch hell, OOOHH boy!! They said, if we ever did that again, they said they would just mow us all down. They had these machine guns on opposite corners in these towers. They had towers up 15-16 feet. It was barb wire fencing above about all away around, nothing really sophisticated, but it was sufficient. You got the message. They had these guards up there 24 hours a day. So we didn't argue with them too much.

They made us go over and patch the holes that had been made in the runway. I didn't go in there. I went into town, a warehouse there and got something to eat for us. We had a horse and wagon to bring it back to camp. We loaded it up with what they would give us and brought it back. Part of it was a bunch of stuff that was wrapped in cellophane and tinfoil. It had several wrappings on it. Come to find out, it was all dated to the thirties, you know. Thirty-one, three, five, seven, nine. They had dehydrated bread. It was about the size of these triskets you get today. About a 1-1/2 inch square. It was about like the bread you get for a cocktail bread sandwich. The rye bread they have for that purpose. It was around a quarter of an inch thick. You break off a piece and chew it a while and it tasted good. It was a very high quality stuff. If you was to buy it today, it would cost you dearly. We swiped all that we could get. Took some meat that was dehydrated, too. We had a couple of pretty good meals.

We didn't stay here very long. They brought in a railroad train. We were taken into the outskirts of Paris in France. Near Paris, it was another air drome out there, where they put us. There's no facilities in there at all. No running water, no nothing!

They had a pot, like a five gallon bucket, and 1500 people. It didn't take long to fill that up. And, if you go over there today and find that spot. You'd find a bunch of American invasion money because that's all we had to wipe with.

We was there long enough to get rested up a little bit. And, they took us into Paris by truck. On the outskirts of Paris, they kicked us out of the trucks. And we marched into town, four abreast, taking up the whole road. Of course, there was nothing moving except personnel and the Army. We marched through the Arch de Triomphe, the whole city of Paris through to the Eiffel Tower and back out again.

You look up into the windows upstairs in the buildings around there. The business area, you could see them standing back there with their "V" victory signs telling us that they were with us.

They would shove sandwiches into your hands. The Germans would hit them with the butt of their rifle to keep them away form us. We went back out again into this airport hangar. They brought another train in and took us into Limburg, Germany. That's where I signed my prisoner of war papers on July 4, 1944. I will never forget that day. They gave us another tetanus shot. The way they gave us a tetanus shot was with an old fashion split end pen. They dip that down into the serum and make an "X" on your chest till they drew blood and cut you all the way across about a foot each way. Tick - Tack - Toe. Alot of the fellows passed out, They couldn't take it. But, we went from there to a tent camp then out in the outskirts of Limburg.

We had to sleep in a tent that had straw on the floor. That was fresh straw. We was the first POW's in that area. We got a serial number for being a POW. Mine was 80248. We got a couple of POW parcels while we was there. We were suppose to get one of those a week. We were lucky if we got one every two months. Most generally, you didn't.

In the POW parcel, there was cigarettes, butter or marmalade or prune or some other dried fruit. And, if you got dried fruit, you only got half as many cigarettes. Cigarettes was money. When we always got a little can of - it was usually some kind of canned meat or a diced beef or C- rations. We'd get one apiece - see. So, I take my cigarettes and go out and buy myself a

can of butter. Some of the fellows would fight for that. I'd take that can of butter and I would trade it for two packs of cigarettes and a can of marmalade with the British. It worked pretty good, I done alright by myself.

If you got a haircut, it would cost you 10 cigarettes. I got my hair cut regularly about every two months. That was all that was necessary over there. I wasn't being inspected. We were given orders then that we were going to move out the next day. We had to get into another boxcar.

These boxcars were forty and eight. They could hold 40 personnel or eight horses. That's where the terminology for the 40 & 8 club in the Legion come from in WWI. It meant just that. Now usually they put 40 of us in or sixty. If you sneezed, everybody knew it because you vibrated everyone in there. You didn't lay down to sleep and usually you were in there for 12 - 15 hours, they didn't count and neither did we.

We went up to Muhlberg, Germany. Limburg was 12A - Muhlberg was 4B. The stalags were - that's their camps - were all a letter and a numeral. We were then assigned to a barracks and I and a young fellow about my age from London, England teamed up together. I took the upper bunk because he had a sore leg, where he got hit. His name was Howard Myers, he was a very nice fellow. I corresponded with him for quite a while after I got home.

We had an epidemic there, diarrhea. They had a hospital right there and I contracted it and he didn't. They were dying like flies around there. Everyday, somebody was buried - around 10 or 12.

We had French doctor's that were Army men that would come over there for six months. Then, they would go home for six months when relieved by the other doctors. The Germans controlled them, but they ran around, went into town. They didn't have any kids, they brought their wives with them. The wives done the cooking. They had their own house and everything like that. They doctored us up pretty good. We had little stoves in there that were coal burners. They looked about like these here little stoves you see around here for fellows that have woodworking shops. That just heat up just a little bit of an area. Another words, if you were 20 feet from it, you were freezing.

Hey, we had blankets and they kept us warm the best they could. We had a Frenchmen, we called him "Doc," but he was a nurse. And he was a heavy set fellow. He was a real good nurse. He took care of us.

There was one fellow that was Belgium. He had escaped six times and each time they would put him in shackles and throw him into a box for six weeks. Bread and water for six weeks.

I played Bridge while in the camps. We played for blood because we didn't have any money. We didn't have any cigarettes or nothing. But, we would have the Poles or Italians, anybody that had a Bridge partner, we challenge them to a game.

Now if we was playing with the Poles, we spoke in Polish. We had an unwritten rule that as long as the cards were being shuffled, and we only had one deck and it was getting awful thin and worn, but you could still read the cards. If the cards were being shuffled, you could talk in your own language and correspond. But, as soon as the first card was dealt, all talking ceased. Didn't make any difference what it was. If you had something going, it was done. And that was the law! Unwritten, but it was the law.

We had some pretty good contest over there. The Italians, the Polish, everybody but the Russians, we never played any Russians. British, French, all of them, we play any of them. Some of them were pretty dam good. Now, I don't know how to keep score today, but I won

quite a few games over there. And I'm proud that I played the game. I loved it.

We played alot of Pinocle too, but it was kind of hard. We had to make our own cards. So, we past the time the best we could. We had a monopoly set there. And believe it or not, the English, Polish, Italian, and French all had their own soccer teams. About two or three times a month, they would have a soccer game. Everyone would go out and watch them and cheer on your team.

We even had some fellows come in and entertain us that were POW. And they were entertainers too. We had a Bob Hope special on - you know (chuckles) only Bob wasn't there. We had some pretty good entertainment but time passed and we were sent out on a work party then.

It was a 30 day work party that I went to a flax factory. This flax factory was way and the heck out in the country. And to get there, we had to go through Dresden. It was a city about the size of Toledo. We pulled in there in our train and we had to get out and walk across because all around there, anything that came in there was bombed. There was probably four to five high, nothing but engines from the trains - big engines. They was bombed and no good, so they just stacked them up. We walked clear across that city to the other side and got on another train and continued on.

We went through there a second time, a few weeks later. Everywhere you looked in the downtown, they had Red Crosses on their buildings. And everywhere you looked, there was soldiers there. They all had their weapons slung over their arm. So next time, we went through, the place was bombed. You could look on one side and see clear across to the other side. In fact, they came and took a bunch of fellows from our camp to go in town to bury the dead. They had to pick up their bodies, carry them over and buried them in trenches.

(Note: Dresden was a German medical center for the German Army, as he remembered.)

We continued up to Konigstein, up to our work party and that is where they had the Polish officers. Generals, Colonels, what have you. And all the upper echelons of the Polish Army was stationed there. They had their families there with them. What was alive and what hadn't been recruited into the German Army. They had their own gardens, their own houses and everything there.

We got to go to our barracks, which were up on top of a mountain. We had to lay a water pipe up there. This was in February, when this happened and it was 10 degrees below zero. But, we had to put a pipeline up there so there was water up there for the Germans and us. The Germans didn't have anything up there either. They had to have it carried up there with horses over the rocks in a cart. It would be frozen. You would have to use wooden sticks and light a fire to warm it up to get any water out of it by the time they go it up there. This was a resort area for the rich and famous. I wouldn't want to stay there, I didn't but it was where they put me. I was there quite a while, till the President died.

We were building an underground railroad. We had to cross the Elbe River everyday to and from work. They put us on a big barge and the operator would throw the rudder the other way. The force of the water would then take us across. About half way over, he would switch it over the other way and it would shove us over to the beach. We would pile out and he would go on back and bring another load over.

I had broken my POW dog tags in two and used them as a knife to gather dandelions. In fact, I raised a couple of vegetables gardens and got some brussel sprouts. There was no brussel sprouts on them, but the stems were there. You peel them and get down to the goody.

You then put them in a can and boil them for a while. Then you would drink the juice and eat what you could. No seasoning, but you got enough vegetable vitamins in you, it helped keep you a going. And I did.

We had an underground radio system. They took a wire and put it into a saucer that had water in them. And they had a box that had the receiving end of it. They could get the BBC news. And, as soon as they got it, they would send out reporters. They came to all of the barracks and give us the news. We kept up on it pretty good. That's how we learned the President was dead.

They had a civilian overseeing us doing our work on the railroad. This civilian spoke fluent English. In fact, he had lived in Wisconsin for quite a while. He had been educated in the States. He had come from a very affluent family, but now he lived in a compound that they pooled all their food. They had one kitchen and that's where they ate. Everybody in the town. We teased him till he brought us in some sauerkraut and wieners. It tasted good, but he didn't want any of the German guards to know that he had done that. And, we didn't rat on him. We each got a couple bites of sauerkraut and a bite of hot dog.

There were six or eight of us. He came around, when we was going to be leaving. Shook hands with us and wished us well. Said he would like to hear from us if we got around to it. And, if we ever came back, to look him up. I never been back. If I go back, I'll look for him. What his name was, I don't have the slightest idea. We called him some nickname.

When the President died, we had been serenaded by 155's every night about 5:00 p.m. They would start in throwing shells over us to keep the Russians back. The Russians were advancing and the Germans didn't want nothing to do with them. They were the White Russians and the White Russians took no prisoners.

So, come to find out, the White Russians were after the SS troops that were in there, too. They would shoot those guns off for ohhh about an hour anyhow, every night. And, they sound just like the old Purdue bass drum. That things was about 10-12 feet - you know - that's what it sounded like. Somebody standing there just a pounding the hell out of it. We were glad to get out of there.

We got down off the hill and we started in marching. I was in charge of 150 men. We was suppose to march like we were being inspected - you know - at attention. Well, I didn't do that. Tried it, but it didn't work. I knew it wouldn't, so I didn't worry about it. We had one officer there and he was a Staff Sergeant from North Carolina. They didn't believe him when he said he was a sergeant. He wasn't wrapped to sharp. He had been in the old Army. He didn't care much for the Army now. He was supposed to be in charge of 20000 men. And all he did was appoint people to take over for him. And, I never seen him after that day.

We marched and they would stop us and we would take a break and continue on. These German guards we had, they were elderly people. They weren't marching as good as we were.

I was down to skin and bones, slept on straw tick mattress. You had to move every so many minutes or your body would go to sleep on you. And, it wouldn't come back for quite a while for the simple reason your blood wasn't circulating. I went down from 225 pounds to a little over 90 pounds. I was nothing but skin and bones and all of us were. Those tick mattresses, if you didn't fluff them up two or three times during the night, you didn't get any rest. That's all we had to sleep on.

We got into about two or three days marching when we noticed the guards were not with us anymore. So my buddies and I who were real close, six or eight of us, we see all these Germans coming our way. And, here came a bunch of Germans in a one horse wagon and they

had the wrong uniforms on and we relieved them of that burden of having to drive that horse.

After we got down the road a piece, we got up and rested the horse and watered it. We opened the top of the seat we were sitting on. And here it was about the width of a horse wagon (probably 3' x 30" x 3' high) and it was full of German silver. I mean solid silver. There was a complete service for probably two or three families. We took it and everyone helped themselves to a knife, spoon and fork. We dumped everything out. We was out in the country anyhow, there was no place or nobody to give it to, so we dumped it. Didn't hurt it any, if anyone found it, they could have it.

We started in going through houses then taking food and filling that thing back up. We had alot of canned fruit. We ate pretty good. We got into Teplitz, Czechoslovakia and that's where we was told by Ike to go. And we got in there and there was this family come along. A man and his sister and he had his wife. They also had some children. They asked us to stay with them. They could speak English. And, they told us why. The Russians were there and they were raping and doing whatever they wanted to anybody they wanted to do it with. And, so we took them up on their offer. I took the horse and buggy over and gave it to a local farmer. I told him it was his and to take care of it and feed it good. The lady, she translated for me and he got down on his knees and kissed my hand and thanked me and everything else. But, we were done with it, it had served its purpose very good!

We got to their houses and their houses were very nice. They were stone houses, two stories and had about four or five bedrooms in each one. And a nice front porch and big, big living room, big dining room and a big kitchen. But, it wasn't Ohio. We stayed there until Ike got us into a train. So, we started looking around the town. We found out they had some places where they made cognac, a nice little brewery. We went downtown and got ourselves some nice shining galvanized buckets. We then went over there two or three times a day and came back with about two buckets per house. And in stead of water, that's what we drank. Then, we found out they had a cigar plant there. They made dam good cigars. They were real good - mild! We chain smoked cigars. We'd bring them back by the whole big - took a pillow case and filled a pillow case every day. We lived as high as we could, we didn't do nothing. Slept, rested, got fattened up a little bit and put on a little strength.

We got notice from Ike that he was going to back a train into all the places where us guys were hold up. And, he said that he was going to bring everyone of us out of their by the end of the week. Hey, three days, he had a train backed into Teplitz. We filled it full, we had about 60 - 80 to a car. And, we went into Nuremburg, Germany, where Adolf Hitler had his little place and his private airport was our camping area. We had pup tents to sleep in and we were given an 8 man meal. A box for eight men for every two people. And, it didn't take us long to convert that to burning material. You seen alot of fires going on around there. People sitting around talking, very content.

They was going to take us over and show us his area, they said they were going to fly some planes in. We never did get over there. But, that didn't bother me a bit. I was just that much closer to home. So, they flew these airplanes in and they was what the paratroopers were using. Two engine planes, they had no parachutes or nothing. We just sat in there and they flew us out. So we went into Rouen, France. Rouen, France is the city of cathedrals. Just one Catholic church after the other. And inside, they had there little hats or whatever those are called fastened to the roof. The story was that whenever one of those fell down, that priest's soul had left and went to heaven. But there was still alot of them up there yet. But that church, I forget, was how many hundred years old. And there was one right after the other. I don't know how many.

Also, in that same town, that's where they were firing those buzz bombs over to England. All along the docks there, they had these trusses of 2 x 6's nailed together about 20-25 feet

long that had these buzz bombs there ready to go. All they did was light them like a fire-cracker or skyrocket, you know, and they would take off and fly over to England. They would come down whenever they ran out of fuel. And they were very efficient in that they reached there. They bombed alot of places there in England.

We were trucked off then, out of there and taken to Camp Lucky Strike. They had a hospital there for us and we were assigned to different tents that were hospitals. They had their little white uniforms, nurses and doctors - all that.

We had cots down both sides of the tent and then through the middle, there was another six feet. These were about 18 feet wide. They had the area down the middle, they had tables. And on the tables, they had food. One end to the other, they had food, nothing but food. Food and drink. And on the side of each bed, there was a little night stand with two pitchers on them. One was ice water and the other was egg nog. As soon as that egg nog was empty, they'd bring you another. It had ice in it, they kept it cold and it was very good. I drank myself nearly half to death.

As soon as we got there, before we were assigned our hospital areas, they lined us up to get our name, rank, serial number and the last time we had been paid and all that stuff. They gave us subsistence, they gave us $20.00 a piece. I had my payroll sheet with me and he said that's good and we'll just put it in there. And that's what they did. They initialed it and I still got it.

We played cards and Ike came around once. He made another promise to us that we was going to get out of there the easiest way we could get out. He'd get the ships in, he'd get airplanes in, whatever it took to get us back to the States. And, that's why I think he got elected President. He kept his promises. Within a few days, we had a - I think it was the Northampton, it was a hospital ship, we went home on. Hey, it was just like a mirror out there, that ocean. We was up on deck one day walking around. There was a crap game going there. This one officer there, a Navy officer, came over there and said,

"Do any of you fellows know who I am?" NO - who are you?

And, he said,

"I am the leading officer of this ship and nobody is giving me any respect and I think I'll court martial everyone of you."

We say,

"good, would you hold this $30,000, so we can get back down here and make a little more."

(chuckled) We left him alone after that but he was the leading officer, but he was also the chaplain. He didn't care what we were doing as long as we were not tearing up the place.

We landed in Boston. In Boston, we went directly to a big hospital, what was it called? The next day, we was lined up and given another payment. He asked us how much we wanted. I said,

"give me a couple hundred. I don't want it all, I don't have anywhere to keep it safe."

And he said,

"Well, how long were you a prisoner?" And I said "A year." He said "o.k."

And, he gave me the two hundred and I signed for it, put it into my book and I went back into my barracks.

Well, I seen these here officers in the mean time lining up to buy new uniforms. So, dummy me, I went over and got in line, too. And I bought myself two shirts and two or three pair of pants, a hat and I went back and changed clothes. I got out of those dog gone, well, I called them sweat suits. The shirt and pants were all impregnated and didn't breathe to good. And by that time, it was late May, early June, I forget. It was pretty hot, so I put on those sun tans right away.

Maybe, I looked like an officer, but I wasn't. I didn't have no bars on or any thing like that. I wasn't impersonating. And, I never got questioned where I got them. I paid for them. So, I wasn't worrying about it. Anyhow, a few days later, we was shipped out by train to Ohio. We landed in Cambridge, Ohio, where they had a brand new hospital, brand new! They had everything in there. They had their own theater. They had their own bank. They had their own everything in there.

And, we had parties there. They allowed you to have parties. Everyday, you had to go out and do calisthenics, every morning and every afternoon. In between the barracks there, they had a nice grass lawn. You could go out there and do your calisthenics. It was only 20-30 minutes, but you go back inside, you had to get into your bunk and rest for an hour. It didn't make any difference if you slept or not, you just had to rest. You had to stay in there.

So it was a pretty nice place but then they started in offering us three day passes. Again, I had to tell them where Bryan was - just the outskirts of Toledo. So I was allowed to come home on a three day pass. If it was over 150 miles, you couldn't come, see. So, hey - Toledo was within reason. I came home and every time I came home I brought a duffel bag full of clothes. But, that was too heavy for me to carry back, so I had three duffel bags full of clothes when I got discharged.

And, I was given a couple of false teeth there, artificial teeth bridged in. There was a bird Colonel from Toledo that done my work. We was very efficient and a very nice man. Don't ask me his name, I don't know. But, he was a bird Colonel and he put me in a nice gold tooth. Its long gone now, I got an upper plate.

We shipped out of there and went to Camp Atterbury. Ft. Benjamin Harrison was closed and we had to go to Camp Atterbury. We got in there, to Indianapolis, and the State Legion was having there shindig for the year, their State Convention. So they were throwing fire crackers around something awful. And every dam time one would drop down by me and go off, I'd jump underneath a car. I got a little tired of that. I had worn a leather jacket back and it was getting just a little bit heavy for that kind of work.

I went into the closest liquor store there and I got two pints of whiskey. And, my buddies around me, we went into a beer joint. See you couldn't buy liquor in a beer joint. If you wanted liquor, you had to buy it at a liquor store. You didn't dare even drink it in a beer parlor, but after three or four glasses of whiskey, two - three beers, I wasn't bothered by those fire crackers. I got along just fine.

The trouble was, I had all the dam papers for 150 men. And, I told a couple of the fellows that were teetotalers to keep an eye on me and watch those papers. When the train came, make sure that I got out there. It was on the 9th of December and by the 10th, I was at Atterbury and discharged on my birthday - December 11th.

They wanted me to reenlist. They were going to straighten out my leg and fix my face and make me look like Clark Gable, I guess. I told them, no. I said, I been waiting a year for this discharge and you can give it to me today and I'll walk home. He said, "no that won't be necessary."

So, we had to go in and pee in a bottle and get some more shots. They sent us home. I grabbed a ride with a guy that was going to, I think it was Ft. Wayne. I got into Ft. Wayne and I hitch hiked out of there. I had another duffel bag full of clothes and I just hitch hiked by holding up a carton of Camel's. You'd be surprised how many brakes squealed. They back up and ask,

"How far you going?"

I say,

"Bryan, Ohio - where you going?"

Well, it was usually just up the road a little ways. He says,

"How far do I have to take you to get that whole carton?"

And I said to Bryan, Ohio.

"Oh, I haven't got enough gas ration stamps for that."

I said,

"Well, take me as far as you can and I'll see if I can't give you a couple packs."

And, I usually get 10-20 miles out of them and I'd give them a couple packs and thank them and wish them well. Then, I'd hold up another carton of cigarettes until somebody stopped.

I got a trucker to pull up. Well, by that time, I was up on 30 heading east towards Columbus again. He took me past where I wanted to turn off, but I stopped him at 49. I gave him four packs and I said,

"you didn't do me too much good. I'm going to have to back track a little here.

He said,

"just go north on 49. You'll be right up there by Bryan. I said, Ya, I know that, but that takes me west again."

So, I got by with just a few packs instead of giving his a carton.

I went up the road a ways and got a ride into Defiance, Antwerp, I guess it was. I got on 24, he was going to Defiance. I gave him a couple packs. He was happy and I was happy. I got into Defiance and hell, I got lost. I didn't know where I was at! I was standing in front of the Courthouse. Well, I went up to the corner there and seen the old mill sign. It wasn't on, it was

two o'clock in the morning. But, that little restaurant that's now closed and torn down. It used to be ketty-wompus across from the old mill. If, I'm not mistaken, it was an old railroad car. I went in there and I had a sandwich and a milkshake.

I started in waving my carton of cigarettes around again. Somebody came over there and said,

"Where you going?"

I said, Bryan.

He said

"You give me that carton of cigarettes if I take you all the way to Bryan?"

And, I said,

"No, I'll give you this one, its full."

and he said,

"O.K., let's go."

He took me out to a car and the way we went. He brought me right home.

And, I always end this little speech by saying that I wouldn't take ten million to do it again, but I wouldn't take twenty million for the experience I've had.

Thank you and good day.

A FIGHTER PILOT'S LAST MISSION

Mr. And Mrs. Ross D. Turner received a letter recently from Cpl. Crellis F. Meythaler, 513th Fighter Squadron, 406th Fighter Group, somewhere in France, regarding their son Lt. Ross D. Turner, Jr., and his last mission from which he did not return. Cpl. Meythaler and Lt. Turner were both from Flint, Michigan and had become close friends.

Cpl. Meythaler was Ground Crew Chief over the group of mechanics that kept Lt. Turner's P-47 Thunderbolt flying. Often in his letters, Lt. Turner praised the work of the mechanics and how they "sweat out" the hours while the squadron was on a mission.

Following is the letter as received:

Dear Mrs. Turner,

I received a letter yesterday from my mother telling me that she had heard from you asking for my address. Since I now have your address, I will send this letter that I have been meaning to write for so long regarding Ross.

Because of security reasons you must understand that it is impossible for me to give exact locations, times or dates, but I will try to tell you as much as I can about his last mission.

It was early in the Normandy Campaign. Our squadron had just recently come over to France. I came by water with the equipment and Ross had flown his plane over. About a week or more after our Beach head base had been set up, missions were being flown as fast as they could put them in the air. The Infantry needed air support badly for the St. Lo break through, that was to be the lightening thrust through France. Ross, an element leader of red flight, was sent with his flight on a ground support mission with Patton's Third Army in the St. Lo area. The mission took off and arrived over the target area, where they found many targets of opportunity. After dropping their bombs and making several strafing passes, the squadron formed and headed for home. Ross's wingman noticed that on his last pass that Ross had difficulty in gaining altitude and assumed that his ship had received some flak damage. Ross had previously reported being low on gas; but said that he thought he could make it home. He was not seen to bail out, so the flight leader took it for granted that he had joined the rear and was coming on in with them.

After the mission had landed, Ross's plane was missing so we checked with the flight control and were told that he had just radioed for air-sea rescue. This usually means that because of battle damage, the pilot would "ditch" the plane over the channel and bail out. We waited for word of his being picked up as this thing is fairly common in a fighter squadron and the pilots are usually returned soon after going down.

This was the last that we heard from Ross.

It could have been that he "ditched" further up the coast and German ships picked him up or he was not able to make our lines and had to crash-land in enemy territory. In either case, I feel sure that he was not injured in any way. We do know that when he was last heard from, he was all right. We have never had any information of any kind on his capture until we receive, as you did, his prisoner of war address from the War Dept.

I know it is useless to tell you not to worry, but he is no doubt being treated very well, as the Germans have respect for our airmen. You should receive some word from him before long, but do not be discouraged if you don't, as it is often months before word gets through and especially now that our enemies are so hard pressed.

While in England, Ross and I became good friends and had many talks about old times in Flint and mutual friends we knew. We had planned to see each other after the war (and I have no doubt that we still shall). The first few days in France, Ross, Lt. Cox (our Intelligence Officer), and I took a trip to the front lines, where we gathered furniture for the pilots lounge and gathered souvenirs. We had a very interesting and exciting time. Each of us picked up a German rifle as a souvenir. Ross test fired his after returning to the base. I wanted to get that rifle and send it on to you but in the confusion of packing and moving, it was lost and I have never been able to locate it. Ross will no doubt get some better souvenirs when he is released in Germany, which (by the grace of God) will not be too long.

Ross is a son to be proud of Mrs. Turner, a fine fellow and a credit to the Army Air Forces. He has done much to bring the war to a close, and will be on hand to see that peace is preserved in the post war world. I feel sure that you and your son will have many more years together. These dark years will soon be just an obscure, painful memory that can be shut out of the mind like a bad dream.

If there are any additional questions that you have concerning you son, I will be only too happy to answer them if I possibly can. Forgive me for not writing you sooner, but I did not have your address and had no way of obtaining it. My kindest personal regards.

Crellis Meythale <u>The Tri-State Alliance</u>, March 22, 1945, Page 1

HAPPY YOUTHS HOME FROM REICH PRISONS

Hays, Cooley, Davis, Glad To Be Back In U.S.A.

Montpelier welcomed home a number of native sons during the past week. Among them were three liberated prisoners of war and a veteran of the Pacific conflict. Private Homer Hays of the infantry and Tech-Sergeant Homer Cooley of the Air Corps, arrived Sunday morning and Private Donald Davis, all German prisoners of war came Monday.

Corporal Weldon Dukes, a musician with the 37th Division Band in the Pacific and a veteran of all their campaigns also came home this past week, having received a service discharge under the point system.

Private Hays, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hays, northwest of Montpelier, will be here for better than 60 days. Although he appears in good condition, he is still suffering from the rigors of captivity. Judging from the beaming faces of his parents upon his arrival home, it is probable that he will soon forget the countless days when he went hungry in Germany. He and the other prisoners with him were forced to work on railroads in sub-zero temperatures after having had very little except a watery soup for sustenance. It wouldn't have been so bad if the Red Cross packages had come through regularly, but they only received a few during the time of his captivity. He was taken prisoner November 22, 1944, after having been in France only a few weeks.

Tech-Sergeant Cooley, son of Mrs. Alda Cooley, south of Montpelier, reports that he is feeling fine and looks well. He will be home 60 days before being called back to service.

Private Davis was the first man from Williams County to be taken prisoner, having been captured in North Africa on February 17, 1943, in the battle of Faid Pass. He is now visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Davis, and sister, Evelyn.

He was rather reluctant to speak of his experiences, other than to say there were times when he didn't expect to come home again. Treatment of prisoners in his camp was fair, he said. If the men were careful they were able to avoid some trouble with the trouble-minded Nazi's. The older prisoners managed to fare better than some of the later ones, he said, because of their longer experience in camps. His weight dropped to 115 pounds while in Germany, but is now nearing his normal weight of 145.

One amusing experience he recited was the attempt of his guards to keep the men prisoners when the Russians and Allies began closing in on Germany on all sides. He said that, in all, the prisoners were forced to march about 600 miles back and forth, evading the allied armies. First, they were marched east towards the Russians, but when they got too close, the group was turned around and marched in another direction. After several days of this, they finally marched right into the American army, guards and all.

Montpelier Leader-Enterprise, June 28, 1945

PARROTT TELLS OF OVER TWO YEARS AS JAP PRISONER

Bryan Man Lost 75 Pounds In Prison Camp On Southern Luzon

Coming from the Crile General Hospital at Cleveland, where he is recovering from effects of nearly three years in a Jap prison camp at Cabanatuan, Luzon; Cpl. George Parrott was in

Bryan Saturday and Sunday visiting his brother, Robert Parrott and family.

He was on Corregidor and was captured on Fort Frank in Manila Bay, May 8, 1942, by Japs who took him and others to a camp 25 miles south of Manila. After 20 days of brutal treatment, they were forced into the hold of a livestock boat and taken to Manila to march in the Jap Victory Parade. He was then sent to Cabanatuan and after 33 months of starvation and labor freed by the Sixth Rangers in January.

Altho the 511 prisoners in the Cabanatuan camp had built a radio and knew of MacArthur's landing in the Philippines, the Rangers coming was a complete surprise. The Rangers came 30 miles behind the Jap lines and hid outside the camp four hours until dark, when they fired on and killed the guards. "When we heard the firing," said Cpl. Parrott, "we thought the Japs had finally begun to kill us all."

After reaching American lines and spending ten days filling out temporary service records, the American men were flown to Leyte, then taken by transport to Hollandia, New Guinea, and to San Francisco to Letterman General Hospital. Cpl. Parrott was transferred later to Crile hospital.

Worked Dawn to Dark

Prisoners at Cabanatuan had to get up early and details worked from dawn to dark on the prison farm or Jap airfields, roads, bridges and other work. As the men weakened under heavy work and little food, the hours lessened until at the last some details worked only six hours and many could hardly do that.

They were fed mostly rice and after the ration was reduced to 500 grams daily, or 1100 calories, the American doctors said men could not live on that, as a man only staying in bed all day uses up over 1200 calories. Nevertheless, the rations was cut to 500 grams daily and the men still lived, altho they were only skin and bones. Cpl. Parrott weighed 193 when taken prisoner in May, 1942, and weighed 128 pounds last December.

He says ability to steal kept him strong enough so that he was among those who could walk when the Rangers arrived. "I'll brag about my ability to steal the rest of my life," he said. With four partners who were equally quick-fingered, he would steal a few ears of grain while at work on the 320 acre farm altho closely guarded by the Japs and this extra food pulled them through.

Fooled Japs On Radio

The prisoners kept up on events in the war by a radio built by navy men. Japs would bring radios in for the sailors to fix and the sailors would tell them a part was bad. The Japs would bring a new part, and the navy men kept the old one. Eventually, by assembling these old parts, which were good all the time, the prisoners made a radio set.

They saw American planes again, the first time September 1, 1944, when carrier planes flew over the camp. Cpl. Parrott was with 100 Americans working on the farm when the 150 planes roared over and they stayed out in the open while the Jap guards hid like rats. "The more planes came over, the more the Japs jabbered," he said. A slight trickle of Red Cross supplies came through, he reports. He got a British, Canadian and American Red Cross package one Christmas.

PHOTOGRAPH EASES FAMILY'S FEARS

In 1942, a photo in Life magazine helped ease the fears of a West Unity family uncertain about the fate of their soldier son. When that same photo appeared this month in Time magazine, commemorating the Pearl Harbor attack's 50th anniversary, memories of those wartime years were rekindled.

At the opening of the World War II. Leroy Wyse, Jr. of West Unity was a coast artillery gunner at Corregidor in the Philippines. Corregidor became a fortified holdout against the Japanese advances.

As the fighting progressed Leroy's parents, Carrie and Leroy, Sr. of West Unity, had received no word regarding their son.

"They had no idea whether he was dead or alive,"

explained Bonnie Morgan of West Unity, niece to Leroy, Jr. and granddaughter to Carrie and Leroy, Sr. According to Bonnie, her grandparents were on their way home from a funeral when her grandfather said,

"Lets stop here and get a life magazine, and see if Junior's picture is in it." It was.

On page 25 of Life's April 13, 1942 issue, in a photo showing Gen. Douglas MacArthur on Corregidor, Leroy, Jr., is pictured standing near a tunnel entrance. Although Leroy, Jr's family was overjoyed to learn he was safe, their worrying was far from over. On May 6, when Corregidor fell, Leroy, Jr. was taken prisoner by the Japanese. And three of his brothers - Galen, Russell, and Bob - also saw military service during the war.

As another of Leroy's, Jr's brothers, Ed of West Unity, related to Bonnie for a family history.

"Mom had four stars in the window. Your grandmother was a pretty brave lady. She cried and worried like everybody else did."

After his capture by the Japanese, Leroy, Jr. took part in the infamous Bataan Death March. American prisoners, deprived of food and water, were marched to the point of exhaustion. Many didn't survive the march. Leroy lived through the ordeal, however, and was put to work in Philippine rice fields.

"They didn't get much to eat",

Ed Wyse explained.

"They survived on rice. He had a little box he called that his rice box. That's what he got his food in once a day."

Later Leroy, Jr. was taken to Japan, where he worked in the shipyards at Osaka.

"They all learned how to loosen rivets",

Ed explained.

"They would bang them down and then loosen them with a hammer. The checker would come along and check them and find them loose and they would have to go back and put them in again. The Americans just kept that up and the Japs never caught on. They just thought they were dumb!"

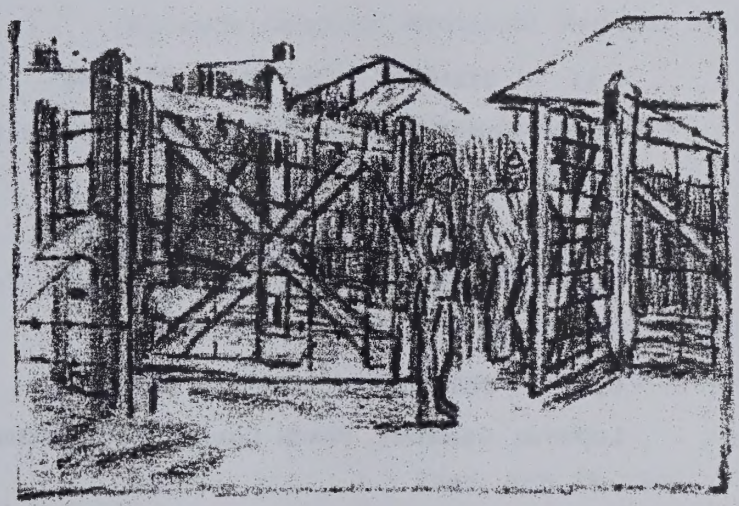
After the Osaka shipyards were bombed out, Leroy, Jr. was transferred to the mountains to work in the copper mines. They'd bring them out of the mines after it got dark, Ed said, and put them back before it got light. They'd march them up this road and he said some of those old Japanese were pretty nice people. There was one old guy who used to walk down ahead of them and he'd lose vegetables. I told him I heard that they fed them fish guts. Junior said it would have been nice if they would have, we couldn't get anything like that. They didn't get any protein and that's why they got so sick...They were so hungry that if they found a snake along the road they would take it back to camp and eat it.

Leroy, Jr's health was seriously impaired by the time the American army liberated him on September 25, 1945.

"My dad said that when he was liberated, he weighed 80 pounds",

Bonnie explained. Following his discharge from the Army, Leroy returned to West Unity. But his harsh prison existence so seriously impaired his health that he never recovered. His health failing, Leroy, Jr. was admitted to a military hospital in Cleveland. There, in September 1947, the effects of his POW ordeal claimed his life.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, December 6, 1991



Stalag III B

Don Davis sketched this view of a gate at Stalag III-B, one of the German POW camps in which he was housed during his 26 months of captivity during WWII.

WWII ROLL OF HONOR
WILLIAMS COUNTY, OHIO

Donald W. Allison	MM2c	06268922	Died: MAY 3, 1945	NV
Tablet of the Missing, Honolulu Memorial, Honolulu, Hawaii				
James R. Boucher	SSgt	35544768	Died: APR 29, 1944	AAF
Ardennes American Cemetery, Neupre, Belgium				
Richard V. Breininger	2 Lt	01323505	Died: JUL 10, 1944	AR
Lost Creek Cemetery, Defiance County, Ohio				
James Edward Brewer	Pvt	35349223	Died: SEP 26, 1944	AR
Metz Cemetery, Metz, Steuben County, Indiana				
Charles Wayne Buda	Sgt	35296161	Died: OCT 7, 1944	AAF
Farmer Cemetery, Farmer Township, Defiance County, Ohio				
Jack Laws Buda	2 Lt	01318053	Died: APR 28, 1944	AR
Farmer Cemetery, Farmer Township, Defiance County, Ohio				
Carl L. Burkhart	PFC	35766086	Died: AUG 13, 1944	AR
Brown Cemetery, Center Township, Williams County, Ohio				
Charles Butzin	Cpl	37245114	Died: NOV 27, 1944	AR
Lutheran Cemetery, Miami County, Peru, Indiana				
Raymond D. Calvin	PFC	00356285	Died: NOV 21, 1943	MC
Tablet of the Missing Honolulu Memorial, Honolulu, Hawaii				
Lloyd Clark, Jr.	Pvt	35903670	Died: NOV 25, 1944	AR
Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio				

Delbert L. Coe PFC 35894971 Died: APR 29, 1945 AR
Manila American Cemetery, Manila, Philippines

James R. Coe Pvt 35896690 Died: JUL 7, 1944 AR
Normandy American Cemetery, St. Laurent-sur-Mer, France

Frederick H. Converse Cpl 35544778 Died: JAN 10, 1946 AAF
Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

Raymond J. Coon PFC 35345440 Died: JUL 8, 1944 AR
Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

Kenneth V. Cunningham PFC 35280191 Died: JUL 12, 1944 AR
Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

Warren D. Custar TEC5 35017371 Died: DEC 21, 1944 AR
Luxembourg American Cemetery, Luxembourg City, Luxembourg
Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier Memorial Marker

Howard R. Day Pvt 35836983 Died: DEC 16, 1944 AR
Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

Walter W. Dirrim 1Lt. Died: SEP 21, 1945 AAF
Forest Lawn Memorial Cemetery, Space 1, Lot 2462, Wispering Pine Section, Glendale, CA. Edon High School Memorial Marker

Robert A. Dunseth Pvt Died: APR 29, 1945 AR
Ney Cemetery, Washington Township, Defiance County, Ohio

Ercil F. Eyster 1 Lt O-435758 Died: APR 4, 1943 AAF
Normandy American Cemetery, St. Laurent-sur-Mer, France. Edon High School Memorial Marker.

Dale E. Fast PFC Died: MAY 23, 1945 AR
Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

Albert J. Fenicle TEC5 35280147 Died: JAN 10, 1945 AR
Rock Island National Cemetery, Rock Island, Illinois
Memorial Marker Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

Samuel L. Fetherolf Pvt 35030518 Died: MAY 02, 1942 AR
DNB at Camp Polk, Louisiana

Carlton D. Fisher Sgt 15345324 Died: MAR 14, 1945 AAF
Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

Stanley L. Fisher Lt. JG O-335594 Died: APR 06, 1945 NV
Tablet of the Missing, Honolulu Memorial, Honolulu, Hawaii
Memorial Marker Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

Richard H. Gabriel Sgt 35019362 Died: MAR 20, 1943 AAF
Tablet of the Missing at East Coast Memorial, New York City,
USA. Memoral Marker, Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier

Elmer L. Ginter 1 Lt O-718611 Died: APR 8, 1945 AAF
Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams Co., Ohio

Robert L. Hake PFC 35547730 Died: APR 19, 1945 AR
Edon-Florence Cemetery, Edon High School Memorial Marker

Ralph L. Haldiman SSgt 17128348 Died: APR 20, 1944 AAF
Ardennes American Cemetery, Neupre, Belgium

Earl W. Hart PFC Died: DEC 1, 1944 AR
Evergreen Cemetery, Ransom Township, Hillsdale Co., Michigan

Arthur L. Hemenway PFC 35547722 Died: DEC 17, 1944 AR
Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery, Henri-Chapelle, Belgium

Darwin E. Hemenway PFC 00832022 Died: FEB 1, 1945 MC
Tablet of the Missing, Honolulu Memorial, Honolulu, Hawaii

Perry D. Hopkins PFC 35018722 Died: SEP 8, 1944 AR
Edon-Florence Cemetery, Edon, Ohio

Andrew J. Hornyak F2C 04098622 Died: OCT 25, 1944 NV
Tablet of the Missing at Manila American Cemetery, Manila, Philippines

Stanley C. Howard Sgt 15343701 Died: JUL 30, 1945 AAF
National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, Honolulu, Hawaii

John W. Ingram 1 Lt O-691394 Died: MAY 24, 1944 AAF
Ardennes American Cemetery, Neupre, Belgium. Edon High School Memorial Marker

Lemuel Johnson SEA1 3113349 Died: FEB 19, 1942 NV
Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

Paul E. Johnson Pvt 35227436 Died: JUL 4, 1944 AR
Normandy American Cemetery, St. Laurent-sur-Mer, France

Richard H. Johnston GM3c 07231289 Died: OCT 24, 1944 NV
Tablet of the Missing, Manila American Cemetery, Manila, Philippines. West Bethesda Cemetery Memorial Marker

John C. King PFC Died: OCT 1, 1944 MC
Zachariah Taylor National Cemetery, Louisville, Kentucky

John W. Koch — Pvt 35297412 Died: JAN 7, 1945 AR
Boynton Cemetery, Springfield Township, Williams Co., Ohio

Burl J. Knapp, Jr. — Cpl 36402694 Died: AUG 25, 1944 AR
Rhone American Cemetery, Draguignon, France. Edon High School Memorial Marker

Maurice G. Kosier — Cpl 15072139 Died: OCT 3, 1943 AAF
Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

Daniel E. Kuszmaul — PFC 35345415 Died: SEP 19, 1944 AR
Oakwood Cemetery, Stryker, Ohio

Maurice R. Lovejoy — PFC Died: JUN 15, 1944 MC
Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan. Edon High School Memorial Marker

Marvin L. Maier — F1c 06230706 Died: JAN 9, 1946 NV
Tablet of the Missing at Honolulu Memorial, Honolulu, Hawaii

Robert H. Maugel — Sgt 35547737 Died: DEC 12, 1944 AR
Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery, Henri-Chapelle, Belgium

Richard G. Miller — Capt. Died: APR 7, 1942 RCAF
Lost at Sea during air mission. Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier Memorial Marker, Royal Canadian Air Force Memorial Roll of Honor

Warren U. Mills — PFC 35552987 Died: SEP 18, 1944 AR
Fairfield Center Cemetery, Dekalb County, near Salem Center, Indiana

Orland A. Mixter — Sgt — Died: JUN 15, 1944 — MC
Zion Cemetery, York Township, Fulton Co., near Wauseon, Ohio

Richard V. Moore — PFC — 35227437 — Died: JUL 26, 1944 — AR
Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

John F. Moriarty — TEC5 — 35016215 — Died: FEB 13, 1945 — AR
Epinal American Cemetery, Epinal, France

Robert M. Munk — Ensign — Died: MAY 30, 1944 — NV
Oak Grove Cemetery, Morenci, Michigan

Frank R. Myers — TEC4 — 35288181 — Died: SEP 9, 1943 — AR
North African American Cemetery, Carthage, Tunisia

Harold McFann, Jr. — 2Lt — Died: SEP 29, 1944 — NV
Evergreen Cemetery, Lake County, Hobart, Indiana

Donald P. Neff — 2Lt — O-680269 — Died: DEC 16, 1943 — AAF
Tablet of the Missing at Netherlands American Cemetery, Margraten, Netherlands

Joseph E. Otis — Flt Sgt — R/82872 — Died: JUL 19, 1942 — RCAF
WWII Canadian Roll of Honor, Buried: Malta (Capuccini) Naval Cemetery, Malta in Protestant Section (men's) Plot F, Collective Grave 7. He was a pilot with the 426th Squadron.

Harry Pace, Jr. — TSgt — Reported MIA in St. Louis Post-Dispatch Sunday, August 8, 1944. Parents were notified. He was a gunner on mission with AAF — AAF
WWII Memorial Court of Honor, St. Louis, Missouri

Ross I. Pendleton PFC 35835022 Died: April 21, 1945 AR
Ney Cemetery, Washington Township, Defiance County, Ohio

Jack A. Phillips Cpl 35040412 Died: FEB 11, 1944 AR
St. Joseph Catholic Cemetery, Blakeslee, Ohio

Forest V. Pursel WT3c Died: JUL 30, 1945 NV
Tablet of the Missing, Manila American Cemetery, Manila, Philippines. KIA on USS Indianapolis by enemy sub attack

Verl L. Richard Cpl 06987378 Died: APR 30, 1942 AAF
Manila American Cemetery, Manila, Philippines

Clyde Ridenour, Jr. RM3c 03600163 Died: DEC 7, 1941 NV
Tablet of the Missing at Honolulu Memorial, Honolulu, Hawaii

Thomas H. Roberts 1Lt O-794504 Died: JAN 12, 1944 AAF
Tablet of the Missing at Manila American Cemetery, Manila, Philippines. Floral Grove Cemetery Memorial Marker, Pioneer

Hillard J. Rodgers F1/c Died: SEP 8, 1944 NV
Evergreen Cemetery, Ransom Township, Hillsdale Co., Michigan

Rex M. Rutledge TEC5 35345403 Died: JAN 13, 1945 AR
Shiffler Cemetery, Pulaski Township, Williams County, Ohio

James E. Sanders 2Lt O-700988 Died: MAY 25, 1944 AAF
Normandy American Cemetery, St. Laurent-sur-Mer, France

Lester E. Schelling Pvt 35284460 Died: DEC 5, 1944 AR
Riverside Cemetery, Superior Township, Montpelier, Ohio

Walter B. Shambarger 1Lt O-700998 Died: JUL 7, 1944 AAF
Ardennes American Cemetery, Neupre, Belgium

Leland L. Sharp Sgt 36113030 Died: DEC 28, 1942 AR
Columbia Cemetery, Northwest Township, Williams County, Ohio

Howard Monroe Shouf PFC 35766611 Died: DEC 4, 1944 AR
Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan, Ohio

Loyd J. Southern Pvt 35735120 Died: DEC 3, 1944 AR
Henri-Chapelle American Cemetery, Henri-Chapelle, Belgium

Henry A. Sprow Capt. Died: MAR 27, 1946 AR
Fountain Grove Cemetery, Pulaski Township, Bryan, Ohio

Alden Lavern Tingle 2Lt. 16059706 Died: JAN 29, 1943 AAF
Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams Co., Ohio

Carmon C. Thorp Pvt 35227438 Died: JUL 9, 1944 AR
Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

Ernest Stanley Throne 1Lt O-732783 Died: JAN 29, 1945 AAF
Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan, Ohio

Dean C. Troxel PFC Died: MAR 22, 1946 AR
Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

James B. Wallace SM3c 08566789 Died: APR 13, 1945 NV
Tablet of the Missing at East Coast Memorial, New York City, USA

Richard F. Wilhelm 1Lt O-026149 Died: JUL 12, 1944 AR
Normandy American Cemetery, St. Laurent-sur-Mer, France

Gerald C. Weber PFC 35345433 Died: MAY 17, 1944 AR
Brown Cemetery, Center Township, Williams County, Ohio

Carl J. Welly Pvt 35543752 Died: JUN 18, 1943 AR
St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

Clinton V. Wheeler TEC5 35326832 Died: FEB 4, 1944 AR
Evergreen Cemetery, Ransom Township, Hillsdale County, Michigan

Paul J. Woolace PFC Died: DEC 9, 1944 AR
Pleasant View Union Cemetery, Fulton County, Fayette, Ohio

Arthur M. Woolf PFC 35227439 Died: APR 15, 1945 AR
Netherlands American Cemetery, Margraten, Netherlands

Jack W. Yoder T/Sgt 35552660 Died: FEB 11, 1945 AR
Wheeler Cemetery, Wheeler, Jasper County, Illinois

Lester Zeigler PFC 35347921 Died: MAR 17, 1945 AR
Manila American Cemetery, Manila, Philippines

Paul D. Zigler MSgt 35015796 Died: JUN 6, 1944 AR
Normandy American Cemetery, St. Laurent-sur-Mer, France
Riverside Cemetery Memorial Marker, Montpelier

Doyle L. Zimmerman 2Lt O-691028 Died: MAR 24, 1944 AAF
Oak Grove Cemetery, Morenci, Michigan

THE KOREAN CONFLICT

JUNE 26,1950 - JANUARY 31,1955

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DONALD JAMES ANDREWS

was one of many men who had civilian jobs and family to provide for as he received his induction notice. He was living in Montpelier and was employed with the Wabash Railroad. He received his Selective Service announcement shortly after October 5, 1950. Donald was told to report to the third floor, Citizens National Bank Building in Bryan, at 7:00 a.m. on the 17th of October 1950. His notice was signed by A.R. White, who was a member of the Local Board. He would travel to Bryan and then sent onto Toledo for his physical. He returned home and then began the waiting process for call up to active duty. That day came on February 20, 1951.

He left for Toledo and after initial processing, he was sent on to Ft. Sheridan, Illinois, outside of Chicago. Transportation was by train and he remained at Ft. Sheridan only a short time. He was sent south to Ft. Rucker, Alabama for his basic training. He would be trained as a gunner in the Armor Corps. His primary MOS was tank gunner, but he was crossed trained to handle any of the positions of the tank crew.

After his training, Donald got leave and headed for home. He would see his wife and new born son prior to leaving for Ft. Lawton, Washington, near Seattle. Here, he would be loaded on board a U.S.S. "General Patrick" Troop Transport, and they made their way to Korea. He would take the direct route and land on the peninsula of Korea.

Don did not recall where his ship landed, but they disembarked and were loaded into Army trucks for their initial trip to the closest train depot. They then boarded a train for the trip north towards the front beyond Seoul. Once the train had gone as far as it could take the men, they again were transported by truck and driven to their final destination. Donald was assigned to Company A, 245th Tank Battalion, 2nd Division. He would serve his final six months of military duty on the front lines in the battle torn hills and mountains along the 38th parallel. His tank battalion would provide infantry support answering calls for various fire support missions. They would load and fire various types of ordnance to support the troops on the front.

The fighting was fierce with enemy mortar rounds at night. When the rounds began, Don said you just hunkered down in your foxhole or bunker and prayed you didn't take a direct hit. After the enemy had completed their barrage, that's when the infantry mounted their frontal assault. It would begin with thousands of Chinese and North Korean troops moving out of the trenches and hills and forming lines. Then they would blow on their bugles and whistles and get themselves all psyched up for the attack. Once they were at a frenzy, they moved forward in a vast human wave. Upon reaching the American perimeter defenses, which were a series of barbed and concertina wire barriers, the leading troops would simply fall upon the wire and create a human bridge for the remaining troops to march across the wire barrier. I came away from my talk with Don that this was a very eerie feeling to be in that situation. It was just like the Chinese and North Koreans were robots with one supreme mission - to kill you, period!

The Americans had huge spot lights on the tanks that would be lit up when the enemy decided to charge them. They lit up the area very well. But, of course, the lights became prime targets. The enemy didn't want to be lit up in open exposed positions. When they lost the lights, the mortar squads would send up flares into the night sky. They would help in locating the enemy and you couldn't shoot them out of the sky. They would furnish illumination until they had used up all of their charge as they floated down lazily to the earth.

Don recalled one mortar attack, when his tank would be hit. The tank crews had improvised and put racks on the side of their tanks. These racks were necessary for carrying their logs they used to get through the rice paddies. Without them, you got stuck in the mud and were a sitting duck. They put in a call for a welder to be sent up to their location to make the repairs. The welder was dispatched during the mortar barrage and as the jeep was coming, they took a

direct hit. No one survived. This was the reality they all faced daily when on the line.

Don and his comrades, upon arriving at their new station in Korea out on the line, told of being greeted by the commanding officer and were quickly oriented to the fact that,

"This is the real thing, now, boys!"

It was their wake up call.

The various tank company's of the 245th Tank Battalion would serve up on the line for a time, then after so long, they would be replaced by another company. They would go back to the rear and get some rest, resupply, make repairs and be ready to move forward again, when called upon.

Don told of one situation where they had just been replaced by C Company. They had just gotten to the reserve area, when they got immediate orders to return to the line. Company C had been overrun and taken heavy casualties. Don's unit turned right around and went back into the line. They had to restore the position and then they recovered the units deceased by placing them into body bags and sending them back to the rear.

Being on the line was not something you ever got used too. You, even as a seasoned soldier, was always on guard. You didn't let down totally. You get knots in your stomach. It was a feeling, only those who have been on the lines, can truly relate to and appreciate.

Korea, where Don was located, was hills, hills, hills. It was not prime tank terrain. You did not have safe roads to run on especially in the winter. You would be going down these mountain passes and if you were not careful, you would slide off the road. They were often too narrow for the tanks to negotiate. They were always scraping the side of the tanks along the narrow passes and you had to be careful not to damage a track or other attachment.

Mud was a real challenge for the tank crews. Certain members of the crews would have to take charge of the logs. The logs were used to lay over the mud so the tanks would overcome the conditions and move to their assigned positions in the field. It was rough fighting the enemy in the hills and mountains of Korea. You did the best you could to support the infantry.

Don told of spies who would watch over the camps and sent mortar rounds in on the American soldiers via their reports. These mortar rounds were bigger than grenades and the shrapnel was deadly."The shrapnel is what injured many and sometimes killed our men".

Mines were a constant threat, too. Don told that when they came upon a mine field, they would try to go around them. Some of the units had mine detection equipment and some did not. If they did not have detectors, they either went around it or if this was not possible, they would go and search through the field and disarm them. In many cases, they simply marked the mine field with ribbon and then marked a safe path through the field to get the men across safely.

Don told his granddaughter about the living conditions while in Korea. They had no running water. They had to bring in all their water from local sources. They generally filled their water bags out of a nearby river or stream. They would purify the water with chlorine. Personal hygiene was something you did the best you could while in the field. When you got to reserve, you had a chance to get clean clothes, good showers, shave and rest.

"It wasn't no five star hotel".

By February, his period of enlistment as a drafted soldier was coming to an end. He was pulled from the line and transferred to the rear for processing home. He would be sent from Korea in February 1953. After his trip back across the Pacific aboard the U.S.S. Marine Phoenix, he would be ordered to Ft. Custar, Michigan. He would be discharged here and returned to Montpelier. He would become active with the Army Reserve unit in Bryan. He remained with the Reserve for ten years before he left the unit because of his civilian job with the railroad. The schedule of the two organizations did not synchronize and Don did not want to be reactivated into the service for not being able to make his monthly meetings. Don is like many veterans, he done a job when called by his nation, but wouldn't wish anyone to have to go through the experience of combat.

LYLE DEAN BRIGLE

was born April 17, 1933 on rural farm between Edon and Montpelier, Ohio. After graduating from Edon High School in 1951, he would be inducted into the U.S. Army on May 23, 1953. He left Bryan by train to Ft. Meade, Maryland. He was processed into the service and would be given an M.O.S. (military occupation specialty) in the medical corps.

He then traveled by bus to Camp Pickett, Virginia. He entered basic infantry training and then on to schooling in medical procedures and treatment of combat victims until August 20, 1953.

Upon completing his training, he received one week of leave and came home by train to Toledo. He was met by his parent's at the train station and they would take him home. Upon the conclusion of his leave, he went to Waterloo, Indiana and boarded the train there. His next destination would be Ft. Ord, California.

At Ft. Ord, he enrolled in advanced medical training and administered shots to soldiers going overseas to Korea. He spent three months at Ft. Ord before being reassigned to Ft. Lewis, Washington. He boarded a plane and upon being posted at Ft. Lewis was assigned to the 23rd Infantry Regiment, Second Army Division as a medical corpsman. Lyle spent the remainder of his active duty time at Ft. Lewis and would be discharged with the rank of Corporal on May 23, 1955. He would take a bus home and arrived in Ft. Wayne, Indiana on May 26, 1955.

During his tour of duty at Ft. Lewis, he was in charge of the 23rd Infantry Regiment's medical dispensary. Three corpsman handled sick call everyday, seven days a week. There were two doctors assigned to them. They were Second Lieutenant's, just out of medical school. The rules were quite simple as they instructed that they didn't want to see anyone unless they were dying.

Lyle performed minor surgeries, suturing wounds and incisions, removing cysts, and even assisted in circumcising a soldier. He administered thousands of shots - flu, tetanus, penicillin, etc. He dispensed drugs and of course as all soldiers know APC's and PBZ's. Many of the drugs he dispensed and had available are now illegal.

While in the army, he had the opportunity to take additional schooling. He would complete three U.S.A.F.I correspondence courses for credit. He completed algebra I (College Prep), Mathematics for Radio Design, and Understanding the Elements of Radio and Transmission. At his discharge, he received two letters of recommendation from his commanding officers (army doctors he served under). They both highly encouraged him to enter the medical profession. Lyle would go on to college. He would enter Tri-State University and used his G.I. Bill to help finance his education. He would obtain a B.S. in Electrical Engineering.

NORRIS M. BRILLHART

I received my draft classification of 1A in the Fall of 1950. Inducted into the Army in March 1951. Approximately six men, some of us married, left our families and boarded a bus at Bryan en route to the Induction Center in Toledo. There, we were given physical exams, written exams and personal background exams. I scored well in radio communications and automotive mechanics.

From Toledo, we were sent to different basic training centers. I was sent to Ft. Knox for six weeks of Ordnance basic training. Then, I was transferred to Atlanta, Georgia General Depot for twelve weeks of schooling in automotive and track vehicle maintenance. My wife, Margaret, came to Atlanta and got a job and we lived off post.

During this time back at my Company in Ft. Knox, our Commander tried his best to have our Company sent to Korea to gain combat area pay. But, the Command decided that we should be assigned to the 517th Ordnance in the 7th Army. So the complete 7th Army was sent by ship to Germany as occupation forces.

Since our country was involved in a war, we did not know where we were headed until we were at sea. During the 13 days crossing the Atlantic, we encountered a severe storm and we lost engine power. The Captain done his best and headed the ship into the storm for three days until power was restored. I never realized a ship could take such a beating and be under the waves so much of the time.

In Germany, our Company was stationed at a World War II German Armored Tank Depot in a city named Karlsruhe on the Rhine River. It was heartbreaking leaving my wife to take care of our home in West Unity, but we were thankful I was in Germany.

While there, I toured by foot much of the battle grounds, where our military fought and sacrificed so much during World War II. It was a great experience. In March 1953, I was sent home to the good ole U.S.A. and discharged at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania. I am proud to be a member of the West Unity American Legion Post 669.

BURTON BUELL

Burton Buell was with the 155th Howitzer Company serving in the Korean War.

"I was about 1,000 yards behind the front line of battle,"

spoke Buell.

"A howitzer is a short cannon firing shells in a relatively high trajectory."

Burton Buell was a 1949 graduate of Edon High School. Just before Christmas, December 18, 1951, he received his draft notice and left for the U.S. Marines training camp at Parris Island, South Carolina. From there, he went to Camp Lejeune in North Carolina and further training at Camp Pendleton, California.

October 1, 1952, he arrived in Korea and was stationed at Inchon. His training to be a tractor driver, mostly of Caterpillar tractors with continuous roller belts on each side, helped

immensely in the rough Korean ground.

Nine months after Corporal Buell arrived in Korea on July 27, 1953, the cease-fire was signed by Lt. General Nam Il and Lt. General William K. Harrison at 1:09 a.m. at Panmunjon. About 12 hours later the fighting stopped.

Corporal Buell became ill and was flown home to an Army hospital in the states. He received his honorable discharge in April of 1954.

RAYMOND R. BURROWES, A MARINE'S LIFE AT THE DMZ

Raymond R. Burrowes life changed on January 1, 1951. He would be inducted into the U.S. Marine Corps after passing his physical and completing initial paperwork. He would then be shuttled to the train station and loaded into a troop car for his one way trip to Beaufort, South Carolina. Upon his arrival in Beaufort, the car was separated and pushed to Parris Island. There recruit #1170895 began the regimen that all recruits go through in becoming U.S. Marines.

Raymond recalled there being 66 men in his training platoon. He noted that there were 65 white men and one negro. Prior to the Executive Order signed into law in 1948 by President Harry S. Truman, in all previous wars since the Mexican War, blacks fought in segregated units and trained separately, under white officers. But beginning in 1948, the Armed Forces were desegregated and Korea would see men of all backgrounds fighting together and training together for the first time since the War of 1812.

Upon completing basic training, Private Burrowes would be ordered to Quantico, Virginia for advanced training. After completing his advanced training, he was sent to Camp Pendleton, California in preparation for overseas deployment by troopship to Korea. He would board the troopship "General George Pope" at San Diego, California in December 1951.

As a young 20 year old soldier, he arrived with 4500 other Marines on the East coast of Korea at Pusan. He was assigned to the 1st Marine Division, 5th Marine Infantry Regiment from December 1951 through December 1952. He was an artillery forward observer, stationed at the DMZ around Panmujon, Korea. Here, he served on the front lines for his tour of service. He noted how they could watch the North Koreans and U.S. 'Negotiating Teams' come to meetings everyday.

Where he was stationed, they had numerous bunkers and trench lines with 'no-mans' lines in between them and the Chinese and North Korean forward units. There was always lots of direct fire from each side across the valley into each others bunkers and trenches. The enemy was always probing the lines every night by scouts and infantry squads to find a weak spot to infiltrate into U.S. lines.

In August of 1952, Burrowes would see his 21st birthday on a hill in Korea overlooking Panmujon. He still had five months to go before rotating out of Korea in December. He noted that he would be 70 in August of 2001.

Burrowes would be sent home via troop ship once again arriving at Treasure Island, San Francisco, California. After returning to the United States, he fulfilled the remainder of his time by going to school, completing field maneuvers, pulling his share of guard duty and special details and going through the daily calisthenics. He would complete his active duty service and would receive his discharge from Camp LeJeune, North Carolina after having completed three years service on January 1, 1954. He then got a car and drove home. He was

at the time of discharge a sergeant and was presented with the Marine Good Conduct, United Nations, and Korean Service Medal with 5 battle stars for his service.

He noted that Gerald Short and brother, Galen, were both overseas in Korea from the Summer of 52 through 53 with the 1st Marine Air Wing. Also, Walter Winchell's son was in basic training at the same time he was at Parris Island. Recruit Winchell's got sick and ultimately died of pneumonia.

As to Raymond R. Burrowes, he went on to college earning his degree and going onto Veterinary School. He has served as a practicing veterinarian in the county for many years.

'I COUNTED THE HOLES...THERE WERE 83 SHRAPNEL WOUNDS'.

JIM CUPP'S STAY IN KOREA WAS SHORT, BUT NOT SWEET.

Jim Cupp's stay in Korea was short. But it wasn't sweet. Not when the Russian tank blew up.

"While I was in the hospital, I counted the holes."

he said.

"There were 83 shrapnel wounds."

People around Bryan associate Mr. Cupp with glass (with the former Leever glass and later Cupp's Home Improvement and Glass), which he closed last fall so he could retire to his home south of town. But before he began that career, Jim was on the first boatload of wounded American soldiers brought back from the Korean Conflict.

Jim grew up in Defiance, and as a 19-year old in 1949, he found jobs there were scarce. So he enlisted into the Army, he explained.

"I took my basic training at Fort Knox for 17 weeks.
Then , I was transferred to Fort Benning, Georgia to
the 73rd Heavy Tank Battalion."

While he was at Fort Benning, the Korean War broke out. The date the war began - June 25, 1950 - is indelibly etched in Jim's mind.

"They loaded all our old tanks and all our old guns from
the 73rd on a troop train and shipped us to San Diego."

After a short stay in San Diego, the 73rd went by ship to Korea.

"We got to Korea on August 1, 1950,"

he said,

"and then we went up to the front lines."

It was a confusing war, Jim said, because the North and the South Koreans spoke the same language, and even their uniforms were hard to tell apart.

"That was a big problem at the beginning. You couldn't tell your enemy from your friend."

Because the fighting went back and forth across the same area, the dead bodies often lay unburied, decaying, and covered with blow flies. Snipers were an almost constant threat near the front lines. A soldier next to him was killed while they were eating lunch, he said.

Jim's armored unit was in high demand in the war's opening stages.

"There was nothing to stop those T-34 Russian tanks,"

he explained. The T-34's were the newest in Russian technology. When a T-34 lay disabled near the front lines, abandoned by its North Korean crew, the Army's high command was eager to bring the vehicle in for a close examination. Jim was part of the detail sent to retrieve the tank. Two days of retrieval efforts were unsuccessful. But after a one day break, the American decided to try again.

It was August 24, 1950 - little more than three weeks after Jim's arrival in Korea - and he was part of the retrieval team.

"We had a tank recovery vehicle, which was another tank with a boom on it,"

he said. An eight-foot cable was stretched from the recovery tank to the Russian T-34. Jim was standing next to the Russian tank, directing the driver of the recovery vehicle, when the T-34 hit a land mine, the Koreans had placed under the right track.

"I wasn't any further from that tank than four feet when it blew up. Everything went above me, but the small stuff."

At first, Jim thought the recovery tank's engine had backfired.

"Then, I took my fatigue jacket off, and a piece of shrapnel had gone through my arm and hit an artery, and there was blood everywhere. Jim was placed on a jeep and taken to a M.A.S.H. unit - like the one from the famous TV show and movie of the same name - that was set up on a river bank. "When I got out of that jeep, I told the people I'll walk. But, I only made it about five steps and I passed out."

When Jim came to he was on a table, with flies buzzing around.

"I had seen the blow flies on the dead bodies, and it bothered me,"

he said, explaining that he asked the doctor to wave away the flies.

"So he asked me, 'Do you want me to chase flies or stop you from bleeding to death?" "I just told him both. I could not get hurt much worse than I was just then."

Jim was wounded at 4:30 p.m., one of a dozen Americans hurt when the tank blew up.

"By 9 o'clock that night,"

he said,

"I had been through that M.A.S.H. unit and was airlifted to a hospital in Japan."

For the first two weeks, Jim drifted in and out of consciousness, but when he regained his senses, he demanded that a doctor change a dirty bandage on an injured finger and have a piece of shrapnel removed from his midsection.

After Jim recuperated a few weeks in Japan, the men got orders to stand by their bunks in the hospital. A group of officers came through and they came to Jim.

"They picked the chart and said, 'This one goes,' I thought , 'Oh no, I'm going back to Korea'."

Instead, that evening Jim was on a ship bound for the United States, as part of the first boatload of wounded soldiers home from the war. On October 6, he arrived in San Francisco, and was flown by B-17 bomber to a hospital in Mobile, Alabama. There he got the royal treatment.

"In that year, 1950, Miss America was from Mobile, Alabama. I was scheduled to take her to the football game that night because I was one of the first wounded in Korea."

Unfortunately for Jim, the Army had other ideas and instead he was ordered on a plane that evening bound for an Army rehabilitation hospital in Fort Bragg, North Carolina. After five days at Fort Bragg, he got a leave to go home and took a bus to Defiance. From there, he tried unsuccessfully to hitchhike and ended up walking to his parent's home on Stever Road, surprising his parents.

For the balance of his Army service, Jim served as an instructor at the U.S. Army Armor School at Fort Benning - the same school where he received his training. When it came time for Jim to be discharged in the Fall of 1952, he was in the hospital to have a piece of shrapnel removed from his leg. The rest of the shrapnel was left in place and he carries it to this day.

After Jim returned to Northwest Ohio, he embarked on his career in construction and glass. Also important through the years has been his family. He has four children by an earlier marriage and with his wife Jan, has two children and two stepchildren. He also has 16 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Eventually, with the help of the Defiance County Veterans Service Office, the Army recognized him for being wounded. "It took me 25 years to get my 'Purple Heart'," Jim explained.

"They didn't even have me listed as wounded when they discharged me from the Army."

Jim doesn't know what happened to the others wounded with him when the tank exploded.

"I never turned around and looked back to this day,"

he said.

"I don't know if they ever got that Russian T-34."

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, February 9, 1998

WILLIAM GEARHART

"I sure would not like to have a war in our country,"

says William Gearhart.

"I saw the city of Seoul, Korea in total destruction, just the shell of buildings standing."

He left for Korea in May of 1953. The ship sailed to Pusan, Korea and from there the troops were put on a train to ride north. The company lived in squad tents, six to eight soldiers per tent, just outside of the city of Seoul.

William Gearhart was a 1950 graduate of Edon High School and is now a retired Edon area farmer. He was drafted into the U.S. Army in October, 1952 and received training at Aberdeen, Maryland, the largest and oldest testing grounds of the U.S. Army. William was trained as a tank mechanic and served with the Eighth Army. The tank mechanics worked on track vehicles, mostly tanks, repairing them or getting tanks ready for service. The truce was signed on July 27, two months after he arrived in Korea. Corporal Gearhart spent 16 months over there before receiving his honorable discharge in October of 1954.

FIRST COUNTY WAR DEATH IS LISTED TODAY

BOB HARRINGTON Dies In Korea Aug. 23, Is Word

First death of a Williams county service man in the Korean conflict was reported today when Mrs. Florence Harrington of West Jefferson received word from the government stating that her son, Robert Harrington, 31, had been killed in action.

The message said that Harrington died on August 23 from wounds suffered in the fighting in Korea, but gave no other details.

Previously, three other county soldiers had been reported missing in the Korean fighting, the latest being Pvt. Clayton F. Hephner, Alvordton, whose name was on today's casualty list.

Harrington, a veteran of World War II, served about seven years in the army during and since the last war, and had reenlisted. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L.C. Harrington; seven brothers, including two in the service, and four sisters. He was a brother of Tom L. Harrington of 521 East Hamilton Street, Bryan.

Front Page, The Bryan Times, September 11, 1950

ROBERT B. "Jess" HENDRICKS

of Kunkle, Ohio. He was in the U.S. Army Infantry and worked as a Supply Sergeant. In his own words:

"I left home on December 11, 1952 from Bryan Ohio. I went to Toledo and was inducted as US52228487, and stayed overnight. I arrived at Fort George G. Meade by train on December 12, 1952 and remained until December 17, 1952. I arrived at Camp Polk in Louisiana on December 20, 1952 by train and was assigned #13 in Easy Company of the 148th Infantry Regiment of the 37th Division for basic training. At the end of basic, we received our next orders which was to go to Korea. This was April 20, 1953.

I arrived back in Bryan by train on April 21, 1953. Enjoyed seeing family and friends again. I married my sweetheart, Janice Mercer of Montpelier, Ohio on April 28, 1953. I left by plane from Cleveland, Ohio on May 4, 1953 to Fort Lewis, Washington and arrived on May 5, 1953. On May 12, 1953, we left Fort Lewis, Washington via USS S.D. Sturgis. On our trip over, the ship received orders to go to Japan instead of Korea. We arrived in Yokohama, Japan on May 25, 1953 and stayed at Camp Drake for one day.

We arrived at Camp Fuji on May 27, 1953. While standing in ranks and receiving our orders, my name was called out to come front and center. I was then taken to the brig, locked up and never told why. On the second day, I was questioned about a tattoo on my right hand explaining that nearly everyone in our basic training platoon had the same one. I was told the following day it resembled a tattoo some gang used. I was allowed to leave, but had to be reassigned to Company C of the 34th Infantry Regiment of the 24th Division. We trained for about one month. This was the rainy season and it seemed we only saw the sun a couple times and not for too long. This was at the base of Mount Fuji.

We left Camp Fuji by truck on June 30, 1953 and stayed overnight at Tachiawa Air Base. The following day, July 1, 1953, we flew to Pusan, Korea and stayed at the 8069th R + R Center for 17 days. On July 17, 1953, we left Pusan by truck and arrived 30 miles north of Seoul (Kansas Line) on July 18, 1953.

We left the Kansas Line on the morning July 21, 1953 and went to the Wyoming Line, arriving later that day. We left the Wyoming Line on July 27, 1953 and stayed overnight at the 34th Replacement Depot and arrived at the 96th Q.M. Battalion at Inchon on July 28, 1953.

We left Inchon on September 25, 1953 and arrived at Prisoner of War Camp #2 in Pusan on September 26, 1953. We left Pusan on January 1, 1954 and went to Ascom City (Inchon),

arriving on January 10, 1954. We then left Ascom City on February 2, 1954 arriving back at P.W. Camp #2 in Pusan on February 3, 1954. We left Pusan on February 19, 1954 and arrived back at Ancom City on February 20, 1954. We left Ascom City on February 23, 1954 and went back to the P.W. Camp #2 in Pusan, arriving on February 24, 1954.

We left P.W. Camp #2 in Pusan on March 3, 1954 and arrived on Koje-Do Island the same day. We left Koje-Do Island on April 5. 1954 and arrived at Camp George which is 30 miles north of Chunchon on April 6, 1954 in the Yanquan Valley.

On September 3, 1954, we went by air to Hosokawa, Japan for a week of R + R. We left Camp George on October 7, 1954 and went to the 24th Replacement Depot near Chunchon. We left the 24th Replacement Depot on October 8, 1954 and arrived at the 509th Replacement Depot in Inchon the same day. We left the 509th Replacement Depot on October 13, 1954 via the USS General Pope and arrived at Fort Lawton in Seattle, Washington on October 27, 1954.

I left Fort Lawton on October 27, 1954 for Fort Sheridan, Illinois and was discharged November 2, 1954.

I was appointed squad leader and given my PFC stripe soon after our arrival in Korea. Shortly after my appointment, the supply sergeant came through the company asking for someone who could type. I said I had taken typing in high school, but had not used a typewriter for a couple of years, however I thought I still could type with a little practice. He was looking for a supply clerk and he had to do some typing. I was given the job and after a couple of months, I was promoted to corporal. About ten months later, I was promoted to supply sergeant. After I was in Company Supply, there was no more K.P., latrine duty, guard duty, etc. Just because I took Typing at Kunkle High.

Most of the time in Korea, we were doing some type of infantry training exercises. After the cease fire was final and the POW exchange began, our unit rode the rail cars delivering the North Koreans back to Freedom Bridge. There were three guards between each car, but I can't remember any problems occurring. Each POW was issued certain items by our government which were taken aboard the train. As soon as the train was going down the tracks, they began discarding it out the windows with the South Koreans picking it up and running off. The biggest item was an Army blanket. They took nothing back to the North. We made one trip per day, but occasionally made two. The round trip was about three hours. I also have some patches worn by the POW's on their shirts. On the train trip, I would talk to them by hand motions and on occasion they give me a patch or an emblem. I don't know what is written on them as they are probably Korean.

For our tour of duty in Korea, we received the United Nation Service Medal, Korean Service Ribbon, National Defense Service Medal, and the Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation. Some of the fellows who went into the service with me are Bob Vincent of Bryan, Jim Connolly of West Unity, Jack Ostenheimer of Alvordton, Jim Wallace of Montpelier, Howard Sleesman of Edgerton, and Russ Buchs from Edgerton, who is deceased".

PAUL HERMAN

"I spent a year in South Korea, not at the front lines
but close enough to hear the guns go off at night,"

recalled Herman. Paul was a 1949 graduate of Edgerton High School. He was sure he would be drafted, so he enlisted in the U.S. Air Force for a four year tenure.

On February 8, 1952, he entered the service and was sent to Sampson Air Force Base in New York. Upon completion of his initial training, he was then ordered to Sheppard Air Force Base in Wichita Falls, Texas. In April of 1953, he left the U.S. for overseas duty. He boarded ship and landed in Japan and then the troops were flown into Korea.

"I was trained as a mechanic and wrecked air planes were brought to our base and it was my job to repair them,"

said Paul.

Trucks with flat beds were used to bring the airplanes in. Paul spent a year in Korea before returning to the states in April of 1954. Airman First Class Paul Herman spent the next two years in Mountain Home, Idaho, serving in flight maintenance.

"I have flown in every state west of the Mississippi except Montana,"

noted Paul. On February 7, 1956 Paul received his honorable discharge from the regular Air Force and he would reenlist for two more years in the Air Force Reserves before receiving his discharge in 1958.

PHILIP J. LUPIEN, JR., enlisted with the U.S. Army on December 29, 1953. He left from Owosso, Michigan by bus and traveled to Detroit. He completed his entry paper work and physical and would take his Oath of Obligation. He would then be sent by train to Ft. Knox, outside of Louisville, Kentucky. He would spend the next eight weeks in basic training. He would follow his initial training by remaining at Ft. Knox and moving into advanced training in Armor. He would spend ten more weeks learning the skills to fire mortars and related ground armament. The care and operation of half tracks, tanks and related matters specific to Armor. Upon graduation, he was ordered to Ft. Hood, Texas, near Killeen.

Private Lupien would spend the next eight months in Texas. He continued to drill and would be a part of the reactivation of the 4th Armor Division attached to the 37th Tank Battalion. During his first five days at Ft. Hood, he and four other were assigned to Company C initially. Once things shook out, he was assigned to Company A. He recalled the experience telling of the heat. His unit had to march in a parade in Austin in their dress uniforms (wool) on a typical Texas summer afternoon. You never seen a group of men glad to see a day come to an end and head back to base.

By early 1955, an opportunity for volunteers for assignment overseas became available. Private Lupien jumped at the chance to get out of Texas. His orders were cut and after taking a 30 day leave, he was to report to Ft. Kilmer, New Jersey. He would then be processed for his tour of service in Germany. He would be sent across the Atlantic Ocean aboard the U.S. Naval Transport "General M.B. Stewart". They left from New York harbor and landed in Bravenhaven, Germany on March 9, 1955. He would board a train and was transported to Manheim. Upon his arrival in Manheim, he would complete the final leg of his journey to where he would be stationed. They trucked him out of Manheim to Sandhofen, where he was assigned to Coleman Barracks, Combat Command A, 57th Tank Battalion, 2nd Armor Division, Headquarters, Headquarters & Service Company, Seventh Army Corps.

From this point, I refer to his units morning reports to follow his activities in Germany. As of June 22, the reports tells they are involved in usual organizational duties. On 23 June, '55, the Company departs Coleman Barracks, Sanhofen at 0610 hours and by motor convoy headed for Baumholder to participate in Baumholder field training. They arrived Baumholder at 1100 hours at map coordinate MA 790044 having traveled 74 miles with 167 enlisted men attached for duty.

The next report of 25 June tells us of Private Lupien being reported on sick call, absent from duty in the hospital in Baumholder, Germany. On the preceding day, 24 June, while performing his duties, he suffered an arm-shoulder injury. He was transported by jeep to the Army Medical Holding Detachment, 14th Field Hospital in Baumholder. He would remain here for treatment and rehabilitation for 14 days. He would then be released from the 14th Field Hospital and returned to Hq & Svc Co., 57th Tk Bn, 2nd Armor on 7 July, 1955. Shortly thereafter, they returned to their base at Sandhofen.

25 July, '55, the unit clerk reports that they had been performing usual organizational duties from 21 - 24 July. July 25, the Company would leave Coleman Barracks for night blackout motor march at 2230 hours. They arrived at their bivouac area in the vicinity of Coleman Barracks 2330 hours. They completed the night exercise and returned to the base the following morning.

As of 3 August, the Company is again departing Coleman Barracks at 0710 hours by motor convoy for Baumholder to participate in Battalion test. They arrive 1130 hours and set up their field camp. They would complete their mission and depart Baumholder by motor convoy at 1300 hours. They arrived at base 1630 hours. They resumed usual organizational duties as of 9 August through the 31st.

Beginning September 1-6, they remained on usual duties. As of 7 September, they depart Coleman Barracks by organizational transport at 0700 hours to participate in CCA FTX (Combined Command A Field Training) "GRAPE JUICE". They arrived at their bivouac area in the vicinity of Ilbesheim at 1100 hours. They traveled 22.5 miles with 1,180 enlisted men attached for the exercise. 8 September, they departed bivouac area Ilbesheim at 1000 hours and arrived bivouac area in vicinity of Hessloch at 1200 hours. They stopped for four hours and departed bivouac area near Hessloch at 1600 hours arriving bivouac area near Mettenheim at 1615 hours with 180 men attached. 9 September, they depart bivouac area near Mettenheim at 0915 hours for Coleman Barracks. They arrived at base 1100 hours.

Morning Report dated 12 October 1955 under basic personnel data records Private, E-2 Lupien being promoted by Orders Number 37 to PFC, E-3.

4 November 1955 will see PFC Lupien given assignment from duty with Company to temporary duty with 2nd Armor Division NCO Academy APO 34 in Baumholder. By 20 December, he returns to the Company and is again performing usual duties.

As of 1 January 1956, PFC Lupien is entering his final year of active duty. The Company clerk reports normal organizational duty for the whole month of January up through February 24. On 25 February, the Company departs Coleman Barracks at 0600 hours by motor convoy for Camp De Baumholder to participate in field training exercises. They arrive 1100 hours and set up bivouac. They would remain in field camp for firing exercises until March 15. They would on 27 February, have attached to them Co. A, 746th Armd. Inf. Battalion.

By March 15, they depart Camp Baumholder by motor convoy 0800 hours and return to base at Sandhofen at 1100 hours. Co. A, 746th Armd Inf. Battalion was released from attachment to 57th Tank Battalion Hq., Hq & Svc Co. As of 16 March, the Company returns to usual duties through 17th June.

On 18 June, the Company depart Coleman Barracks at 0600 hours by motor convoy for Camp De Baumholder to undergo field training. The 57th Tank Battalion Medical Detachment is also attached for the operation. They begin training on the 19th. By the 22, they are on the move undergoing field exercises in the vicinity of Baumholder. The 1st Platoon, Co. B, 29th Tk BN and 1st Platoon Co. B, 42nd Armd Inf. Battalion are attached as well.

They would complete their field training and depart their position in the vicinity of Baumholder on 10 July. They left 0800 hours by motor convoy and arrived Coleman Barracks in Sandhofen at 1145 hours. The attached units were released as well.

They would resume usual duties beginning 11 July and remain in Sandhofen through 28 August. In the meantime, PFC Lupien receives order announcing his promotion to E-4, Corporal. On 29 August, the Company departs Coleman Barracks at 1330 hours by motor convoy as a part of Operation "Bilge Water". They arrive bivouac area (map Coordinates MA6612) at 1630 hours. The next day, they depart at 0830 hours and arrive back at base at 1445 hours having traveled 42 miles.

Philip told of training on the Rhine River doing river transports in M-59 half tracks. All crew members had to take their turn at the wheel driving the M-59 through the river. They would prep their unit and put up the washboards, which diverted the water while crossing so it didn't flood the drivers compartment. Then through the river you would go as fast as you could. The engines had their carburetors modified with a stack that was above the water so it could stay running during water exercises. It was an exciting ride while it lasted.

The Company is reported performing usual duties as of 31 August 1956. This would be the daily routine through 25 October. Corporal Lupien would celebrate his 20th birthday on 18 October in Germany. 26 October would again see the Company depart Coleman Barracks by motor and tank convoy for the vicinity of Ilsdorf, Germany to participate in field training operation, "Final Drive". The weather was noted as being cloudy and mild but morale excellent. They are still continuing field training as of 28 October.

They would remain involved in Field Training exercise "Final Drive" until 1 November. At this point, they would receive orders to join into Operation "Saber Knot". The unit was now in bivouac at map coordinates NB238290. 2 November saw the unit move from current position by motor and tank convoy at 1440 hours and arrive new bivouac at Map Coord NB261258 at 1550 hours having traveled 5 miles. 3 November, they are still with Operation "Saber Knot" and depart current position by motor and tank convoy at 1645 hours, arriving at new bivouac area, map coord NB254176 at 1900 hours covering 17 miles. They continue operating from current location through 7 November.

As of 8 November, the unit in Field Training "Saber Knot" departs bivouac area, map coord NB343957 at 0815 hours and arrives new bivouac area, map coord NB350020 at 1220 hours having covered 20 miles. 9 November 1956, the unit completes field training "Saber Knot" and at 0930 hours at current location. The unit prepares for heading back to base.

10 November, unit departs bivouac area at 0510 hours by motor convoy for home station. They arrive Coleman Barracks in Sandhofen at 1230 hours having covered 109 miles. They resume usual duties on 11 November and Corporal Lupien is nearing completion of his active service. The unit remains on usual duty at their home station. 10 December, Corporal Lupien receives orders which take him off duty with the 57th Tank Battalion to depart to U.S.A. as of 15 December 1956. On 15 December, he is released from his assigned duty station and reassigned to Traffic Station 5043 SU Ft. Sheridan, ILL via Operation "Flyaway". Redeployment orders 11 S10 Seventh Army via air trans for separation from service (refer Morning report 10 December 1956). Corporal Lupien departs for Frankfurt, Germany to catch his flight home.

This was the time period of political unrest and social movement in Hungary. The people of Hungary were rising against their Soviet bosses. The Hungarian Uprising was put down by Russian military force. It was a tense period in the region as the events worked themselves out. There was concern of potential war.

Corporal Lupien did board his C-150 transport and they flew out of Frankfurt to Glasgow, Scotland. Once they refueled and had completed their checks, they headed west over the Atlantic. Their next stop was New Foundland, Canada. They would land for fuel, the men were not allowed off he plane. Corporal Lupien remembers landing on this snow covered landing strip in the snow. It was a safe landing but unnerving as the plane touched down and snow blowing everywhere. He recalled the pilots putting the big props into reverse to help slow the plane down. It was quite a ride. This completed an 11 hours non-stop flight across the Atlantic from Scotland. After completing their refueling and checking things out, they were off again to the U.S.A. Their destination was McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey. Upon landing here, they disembarked and were directed unto connecting flights to their separation centers. Corporal Lupien was flown to O'Hare Airport, Chicago, Illinois. He would be met by the army and transported to Ft. Sheridan for final processing out of the service.

At Ft. Sheridan, Corporal Lupien was discharged from the active service and placed into the inactive reserve for the balance of his eight year commitment. He was released on December 22, 1956. He would receive his final Certificate of Separation from the service on December 29, 1961, when his reserve time expired.

After being released from the service, he headed back into Chicago and caught a bus for Owosso, Michigan. Arriving in Owosso, he then began hitchhiking his way back to Colby Lake Road, just outside of Laingsburg, Michigan and home. Very shortly thereafter, he borrowed a car and went south to visit his girl. They were married on January 19, 1957 in Laingsburg, Michigan. They would settle in Williams County, Ohio. This was where Viola had been raised and was previously living with family. Phil has made this his home since that time and now resides in Bryan, Ohio having worked at the Aro Corporation for over 40 years.

Philip's military occupation was basic armor and it had no related civilian occupation to transfer skills or certificates. He was qualified as a sharpshooter (pistol) Expert (Sub-machine Gun) and was a Second Class Gunner. He received the Army Good Conduct, National Defense Service and Army of Occupation(Germany) Medals.

ROBERT MESSNER

Boy To Be Home! Montpelier GI Tells His Story Of 10 Months Of Combat In Korea

Oh Boy - just like Heaven!

That's the way Pfc. Robert Messner found the states after serving the last 10 months with the fames 25th division in Korea. Messner, 21, is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cook, who live six miles west and a mile south of Montpelier. He arrived in the U.S. June 9 and in Montpelier, a week later.

It was on August 27 that Mr. and Mrs. Cook got a wire from the War Department saying that Pfc. Messner was missing in action. Three weeks later they received another wire saying the young GI had been wounded and hospitalized in Japan.

"We thought he was dead after we got that first wire," said Mrs. Cook. Messner was wounded by North Korean mortar fire August 19, last year, in the valley on the Masan front.

He was driving a jeep in a motor platoon when he got out and lay down behind it to catch some shut-eye. North Korean artillery fire had passed overhead, he said, but his outfit wasn't in any particular danger.

Buddies Killed

The next thing he knew, he was bounced a couple of feet in the air and he had severe pain in his side. It was the first of 10 succesive rounds of 120 mortar fire. Messner got the side wound and a couple of buddies, including his top-kick, were killed

He didn't lose consciousness but became sick and weak. He said seven of the mortar shells exploded while three were duds. Medics rushed up and put him on a stretcher and took him back to an aid station where the wound was patched up and he was "shot full of penicillin." From there he went to a Korean collection station and then to a clearing station before being sent to four different hospitals, two in Japan and two in Korea.

The concussion of the shell had torn his insides which were pierced with shrapnel. His outfit had been shifted along the front while driving toward Taegu, site of a strategic U.S. airstrip.

Sent Back To Front

Early in October, Messner was sent back to the front, rejoining the 27th Infantry Regiment of the 25th Division. The 25th was then mopping up North Koreans in the Chonju pocket after the Inchon amphibious landings split the Communist in two.

Messner was assigned to a machine gun platoon this time and he said mopping up wasn't too much of a job. "A lot of North Koreans were ready to surrender."

After the big U.S. victory, his unit was slated to go back to Japan. Then in November came the Chinese Communist intervention and his regiment was alerted and sent up north near the 38th parallel.

The Chinese cut both flanks of the U.S. line and were pounding the middle, protected mainly by troops of the 2nd Division. The 27th regiment was to reinforce the line, but an overpowering number of Chinese forced them to pull back and dig in.

In comparing the tactics of the North Koreans and Chinese, Messner said he couldn't see that there was much difference. The North Koreans seemed to have more artillery, while the Chinese had more manpower and automatic weapons. The North Koreans fought mostly on mountains while the Chinese at first chose the valleys. Later the Chinese switched to the mountains for most of their fighting. Many battles were at night.

Messner said he had a couple of other close shaves. One came just a few days after his unit was sent from Okinawa to Korea June 24. They were moved to the front two days later in the Hadong sector, where they were supposed to hold a North Korean advance.

Trapped By Crossfire

They were in a valley, he said, and suddenly found themselves trapped between enemy crossfire. Everybody started to take off, he continued, just trying to get out. "I was one of the lucky ones, catching a truck. The South Koreans managed to get some others out."

Messner then went back to U.S. headquarters to Chinju, which later fell to the North Koreans. Again, his outfit had to pull back, this time to the Masan line where they were

reequipped. A couple of days later, he was wounded.

Another close call came right after his unit crossed the Imjin River. His platoon suddenly came under fire from a Chinese machine gun section. Grenades started to fly, he said, and there was a lot of confusion.

"We were pinned down without cover, lying flat on the ground. Then one of our machine gun squads knocked it out and we moved up the hill." Messner's company incidentally, was one of the first to cross the 38th parallel after the Chinese Communist intervention. It was sometime in April this year, he said.

Messner said he hadn't heard too many cases of Communist atrocities though the word got around that 10 men from the 27th regiment were found shot dead, their hands still tied behind their backs. He told about four of his buddies who were taken prisoner. Two of them escaped and the others liberated.

Many of the South Koreans were willing to help, he said, while others couldn't be trusted at all. Most of the begging came from South Korean kids whose parents were killed. There was little begging from civilian adults.

Adopt 10 Youngsters

His unit "adopted" 10 orphan youngsters and the regiment later contributed $50,000 for an orphanage for homeless youngsters in Osaka, Japan. He told about seeing top American generals on inspection tours, including Generals MacArthur, Van Fleet and Ridgeway, MacArthur's successor.

"We didn't have to put on too much spit and polish. Just shave and put on clean clothes."

There wasn't much mourning among the GI's, incidentally, he said when General MacArthur was relieved of his command. Messner brought the marks of combat with him, including the Purple Heart which was given to him in a Japanese hospital after his wound, the combat infantryman's badge, three battle stars to his Korean campaign ribbon and a Presidential Unit Citation. He left his company in May and joined nearly 3,500 troops on the ship General Meigs for about a 14-day trip to Seattle. About 20,000 men are shipped home each month on rotation, he said.

Reports To Fort Custer

Right now, he's spending his furlough at his grandparent's farm. He has to report for duty at Fort Custer, Michigan on July 14, but doesn't know what kind of an assignment he will draw. Korean veterans are told they can figure on being in the states at least a year, he added.

Messner enlisted September 27, 1948. He was first sent to Camp Breckinridge and then to Fort Sill, Oklahoma for basic training. In February, 1949, he found himself in Okinawa where he served 18 months in a motor and machine gun platoon. June 24, he was shipped to Chinju with the 19th Infantry regiment. Two days later, he was in combat.

He went to Montpelier High School and worked a year for the Wabash railroad before enlisting. He has a little over two months before his service hitch is up. When asked if he's go back to civilian life, Messner said: "I haven't decided."

The Leader Enterprise, June 25, 1951, Pages 1 & 2

MARVIN RADABAUGH

"During the last two years of fighting, the Korean Conflict became known as the 'Battle of the Hills',"

recalls Marvin Radabaugh, now the commander of the J.D. Smith Memorial Post 10 of the Edgerton American Legion.

"During that period the world became acquainted with such places as "Old Baldy," "Pork Chop Hill," "White Horse Mountain," "Heartbreak Ridge," "T-Bone Hill," and "Siberia Hill,"

he continues.

"Those were all scenes of bitter battle. I was in the 2nd Division of the U.S. Army, the 23rd Regiment of the Heavy Mortar Company and seen action in these hills."

Marvin was a 1949 graduate of Edgerton High School. His father, Waldo Radabaugh was one of the three members of the Williams County Draft Board. Marvin was asked if he wanted to be deferred for farming, and responded with an immediate "no way." He was drafted and entered into the U.S. Army on January 10, 1952 and received 16 weeks of basic training at Indian Town Gap, Pennsylvania.

Fred Hoch, of Edgerton, entered the service on the same day and also was sent to Pennsylvania. They came back to Edon and Edgerton on a 30 day furlough. They both left for overseas from Seattle, Washington on the USS General Gaffey, landing at Pusan, South Korea 13 days later. There they went their separate ways. That was July 4, 1952.

"Our 23rd regiment of 4.2 mortar guns supplied support for the infantry which were fighting in the hills. Each hill was important because the troops who controlled them also controlled the valley supply routes,"

explained Marvin.

For two months Marvin's company was sent to guard a prison on Koje Island because of riots. Out in the field they slept in sand bag bunkers, but on the island they cold use tents.

Corporal Radabaugh came home on the U.S.S. General Alexander on July 4, 1953. To his surprise, Fred Hoch was aboard the same ship returning to the states. Marvin had a 30 day furlough and then reported to Camp Atterbury, Indiana before receiving his honorable discharge on October 10, 1953.

MARVIN RADABAUGH

The following monograph was written by Marvin Radabaugh and is presented as prepared with only minor editorial correction.

Marvin would be drafted into the U.S. Army on January 10, 1952 in Toledo, Ohio. He was sent to Fort Meade, Maryland and processed into the service and issued his clothing and related matters. Then, the Army sent him to Indian Gap, Pennsylvania for his basic training. He would spend the next 16 weeks of his life in basic. May 10th, he received a 30 day furlough.

Marvin was trained as a Heavy Weapons specialist and after completing his leave would be ordered to the Far East Command. He went to Chicago and took a train to Seattle, Washington. Upon arriving there, he waited 10 days for the Troopship, USS General Gaffey to arrive. He would board and was headed for Korea.

After a 13 day crossing of the Pacific, Marvin landed at the port city of Inchon on July 4, 1952. He was assigned to the 2nd Division, 23rd Regiment, Heavy Mortar Company, 3rd Platoon. This was the famous "Indian Head Division".

He joined his company in reserve and trained on the heavy 4.2 mortar for two weeks. Then he received his baptism in battle by being ordered up to the front at "Hill 281". 3rd platoon gave support fire for a French Battalion in the area.

From "Hill 281" Marvin was sent to "Old Baldy". After a stint here on the front, he would be ordered back to reserve again. At this point, his unit would be moved to Koje-Do Island. His company would be assigned to guard Korean POW's for two months.

After his duty guarding POW's, his unit would again be ordered to the front line. This time he was sent to "Pork Chop Hill". The men earned points based upon where they had done duty while in Korea. Once they achieve so many points, they could rotate back to the States. Marvin got his rotation papers and left for the United States on July 4, 1953. He was sent to Inchon and boarded the USS General Alexander. He spent the next 15 days aboard ship headed for San Francisco.

From San Francisco, he flew to Indianapolis, Indiana and was sent to Camp Atterbury. He would receive 30 day furlough (the month of August), then pulled stockade guard duty until separated from the service on October 10, 1953.

ORVAL ROCKEY

"Our combat Engineering Battalion maintained the main supply route in Korea. I was on the work crew helping to build bridges."

Orval was a 1946 graduate of Edon High School and was drafted into the Army on December 11, 1950, just before the Christmas holidays.

Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky is where he spent his initial introduction to the life of a soldier completing his basic training. He would then be ordered to Seattle, Washington and shipped to Eta Jima, Japan for 30 days of combat engineering training. He would then be shipped to Korea to begin his duty in country.

The highlight of his Army tenure was the visit of Jim Wrinkle, of Edgerton.

"When you are miles away from home and someone from your neighboring towns comes looking and finds you, it's a great feeling,"

says Orval. Jim had read his name and address in the Edgerton Earth and knew he was stationed a couple of miles away, so he tracked down Orval, Kenneth Stotz and Lee Miller, other Edgerton boys serving in Korea, during a furlough.

Sgt. Orval Rockey returned to the states on the USS General Block, and received an honorable discharge after a 21 month tenure in the Army.

PAUL J. ROHRS KOREAN ODYSSEY

Paul J. Rohrs received his draft notice to report for his physical. He went to Bryan and took the train to Toledo in November of 1951. He passed his exam and returned home to wait for his call up to active duty. Uncle Sam sent his greetings to report on February 29, 1952. Paul made the preparations to head for the service and left from Bryan by train to Toledo. He was sworn into the U.S. Army and then sent to Camp Meade, Maryland. Here, he said, he was exposed to various tests, personal interviews, and physical dexterity tests. They even had to complete a morse code receiving and sending exam. After his screening was completed, he was sent to Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky for his basic training. This was the home of the 101st Airborne Division at this point in time.

He would get settled into the army and began orientation classes. He said, they were being exposed to films and talks about joining Airborne. They were asked if they wanted to become paratroopers. Paul declined for he said he had no real affinity for planes or jumping out of them. The men who did accept the offer for paratrooper training were transferred to Ft. Benning, Georgia.

Paul, beginning with this period at Breckinridge, began writing to his parents back home in rural Archbold. He shared his daily and weekly experiences as he was trained to be a combat infantryman. His first letter of March 8, 1952 begins this odyssey of a young mans journey into military training and eventual overseas service in war torn Korea.

March 8, 1952

Paul has taken, as he described it,

> "a long train ride through Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Columbus and Indianapolis to Camp Breckinridge, 32-1/2 hours."

He was clearly happy where he was stationed for basic training,

> "Well, I'm in Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky now. I like it lots better here. The weather is warmer and better country. Its better meals here, too. I'll be here about sixteen weeks."

Private Rohrs then describes his getting acquainted with the camp. They did not drill on Sunday's so he took a walk, "to know the place," as he put it. All of his clothes were to be marked with their last initial and last four serial numbers thus 'R3210'. They get up at 5:30 a.m. and lights out at 9:00 p.m. They do bed check at 11:00 p.m. They all had to have GI haircuts. He had his at Ft. Meade. He quipped,"I guess I don't look to bad." They have to keep their beds made, barracks clean and toilets clean. They had a washing machine in their barracks and for 25 cents, you could do a nine pound load.

He told the family,

"I'm looking for a letter from home because I would like to know what's going on at home."

March 15, 1952

Paul writes home and shares they been kept busy with lectures, getting more shots and vaccinations and KP or fireman duties. They have a Training Company of about 180 men. They had their own eating place (Mess Hall) that's why they had KP duty. The Company was divided into three platoons, he was assigned to 1st Platoon. He reported that with the end of this week, they had completed pre-cycle training. He stated,

"I guess next Monday, we start basic training."

He concludes that letters addressed to him needed to have his mail number placed on the address. His was 136 and should be put after Kentucky. He said,

"I won't get mail if you don't. Write it like my return address."

He closed his letter with,

"Write Soon!"

March 18, 1952

Paul writes home,

"I'm getting use to it now. I know about how it goes."

He reported that basic training hadn't started yet for them. He thought they would begin 16 weeks of basic training on Monday (March 24, 1952).

They had been drilling with their rifles (cal. 30 M-1's). They exercised in the morning about 30 minutes. He shared his glee about doing basic in the Spring instead of the Winter,

"You won't have to worry about freezing."

He shared the story about when inducted, there was around 200 guys from Toledo sent to Ft. Meade, Maryland. He told of there being only one other guy from Bryan being in his company and eight from Toledo are at Camp Breckinridge. His company address was: Company S, 516th Abn Inf. Regt, Camp Breckinridge, KY. He then told of his daily routine of shaving daily and keeping their shoes shined every day. They had two pair of combat boots and a pair of low quarters. They initially received $20.00 pay at Ft. Meade. They were to get the balance of their pay the last of March. He closed his letter and went to bed assuring the family all was well.

March 21, 1952

Paul's adjustment to being away from home and being in a war time army environment is now becoming easier. He says,

"Well, its going along a little better since were getting settled down. We scrubbed the barracks floor the last three nights, it takes about all of the men in our downstairs. There's about 30 boys in our downstairs bar-

racks and about 60 men in our whole barracks. Well, tomorrow's Saturday, maybe we'll get off tomorrow afternoon. I mean no drilling. We have a few lectures and rifle drilling today."

The rigors of military life and discipline are showing up in his letters home. The inspections of his sleeping quarters and personal effects and of himself are evident by his remarks.

"I'd rather be home more than anything in the world because you can do anything you want to. We had a couple of inspections of our bed and clothes, too."

March 22, 1952

Paul begins by letting the family know his pleasure in receiving letters (five in all now) from home to date. He even got a letter from the pastor of his home church. He acknowledged the package the Ladies Aid had sent him. He was really quite excited to know the people back home were thinking of him.

Monday begins his sixteen weeks of basic training. In his words,

"Only sixteen weeks of it and then probably to a school. I wish it was over."

Paul is getting to know many of the men in his barracks now. Most of the men are from Ohio, Pennsylvania or Virginia. The weather at Breckinridge is Spring like. Warm and everything is greening up. He assured everyone back home that he was doing well. He let them know that he,

"really loved mail from all of you including Dad."

March 27, 1952

Private Rohrs is a busy soldier as he squeezes a letter into his schedule before going to bed. He tells of inspections every Saturday and completing his sixth week of basic. He tells of P.T. (physical training). They have one hour every day. They do all kinds of exercises.

"It's really good for a person,"

he said. His platoon has an eight mile hike planned for tomorrow. He reflects on the fact that he has been in the service now about one month.

"I have 23 more months yet. I hope they go fast!"

Paul's initial immersion in basic has revolved around drilling, marching, lectures, class room study and movies. His platoon will be getting out to the range in about three to four weeks. The letter closes,

"Well, the lights our going out, so I better close,. So long. Write. Paul"

March 30, 1952

It is Sunday and Private Rohrs has returned from Church. They have two protestant services and one for Catholic men in the morning. They can sleep in as long as they chose to on Sunday. He tells,

"I got up at 7:15 a.m. this morning. I figure I might as well sleep as long as I can because its the only day you can. We get up at 5:20 a.m. most of the time and fallout at 20 minutes till six. We eat at six o'clock. There are three platoons in our company (S) which is named Sugar Company, Airborne Infantry Regiment, 101st ABN Division."

Private Rohrs reported he was feeling well. His cold was pretty much over. And, his home sickness was starting to cease. He states,

"I'm getting used to the Army now and what it's all about."

He tells the folks of his eight mile hike experience on Friday afternoon past. It lasted from 1 p.m. till 3:30 p.m. They only got one break during the hike of 10 minutes. In his words,

"a lot of boys had blisters under their feet. Some were pretty big about the size of a half dollar. I'm lucky I didn't have a sore yet. Only my shoulders were a little sore from the pack we carried on our backs which consists of our field equipment. Our rain coat, a pair of fatigues clothes (the clothes were in during our duty hours or working hours), shovel, shoes. Lucky, we had suspenders so it straps on firmly and doesn't slip off. It weighed about 35 pounds. It wasn't bad, I'm getting toughened up. I don't feel so sore and tired no more."

He tells his folks that he now weighs 150 pounds. He didn't know how, guessed its just the "Army Life." The food wasn't any better than home. Many of the boys didn't eat on Sunday morning or all day at the Mess Hall, they go to the PX. There, they could get about anything you wanted. They usually bought beer, cookies, cake, ice cream, milk, or pop. Paul shared the Sunday meals are all good and plenty to eat.

"I always go because it doesn't cost nothing."

He tells that he never missed church except at Ft. Meade, Maryland. He figured it was a good place to go. He hoped that his family was attending, too. He again thanked everyone for letters from home and solicited more news from family and friends.

April 5, 1952

Private Rohrs reports it's has been raining for the last two days at Camp Breckinridge. He expressed the hope that the weather would clear up and be warm. The platoon was going out to the Range (firing the rifles on the targets). And he shared,

"It wouldn't be so nice to lay in the mud and water to fire the rifles."

Many of the guys tell that we came in at just the right time. Scuttle butt says,

"We might not have to go to Korea, but over to Europe. "

He tells,

"I think the war will be over pretty soon anyhow and maybe I won't go across. Don't quote me because that's just what I think."

He clarified why he hadn't written for a while.

"By the time I got my rifle and bayonet equipment cleaned, shoes polished and everything straightened up, shaved and showered, it would be about 10:30 or 11:00 p.m. And, I would be tired."

He got Saturday afternoon off, so he was writing the folks. Some of the boys got passes for Saturday noon through early Monday morning. They were to stay within 150 miles of camp. Paul decides to stay on base and rest up. But, he tells he might try to get home if he could figure out a way to cover the 375 - 400 miles between home and Camp Breckinridge.

He tells of inspections, drilling and marching. He was still a little sore, especially his legs. And, his platoon did well during this Saturday morning inspection. You had to pass inspection to have a chance to get a pass. His platoon did well.

April 13, 1952

It's Easter Sunday, and it was raining at Camp Breckinridge. Paul spent the day at the local Service Club because they might find a job for you if you stayed in the barracks. He reported on his experience at the rifle range. They fired their M-1 rifle. He said he didn't do to bad shooting on the targets. He wasn't sure what this week was bringing them. He than closed his letter to retire to bed.

April 14, 1952

He happily reported his cold is cured. The weather was lousy (raining the last four days), but it wasn't cold. They had been sitting through two hour classes every morning, afternoon, and evening. He told his parents to be looking for his civilian clothes for he had finally got around to send them home. He insured them for 60 cents and mailed them via the U.S. Postal.

He told of having several packages sent to him from his mom and Alma. Whatever there content, he says,

"It sure tasted good!"

Paul ends his note that he was in his fourth week of basic and he wished the two years were up already.

April 20, 1952

It is Sunday evening and about time to go to bed as Paul shares his weeks ramblings. They would be starting week five of training. They spent a lot of time in the classroom going over their M-1 rifles and the Browning Automatic Rifle. Paul's adjustment is coming to fruition as he tells that he is feeling well, has a good appetite, and can sleep well.

He tell's the family that he was hoping to get home soon on pass. There was a group of Toledo boys that he might possibly catch a ride with, if he got a pass when they did. They would go right through Archbold.

Paul, once again, spent the majority of his Sunday's at the local Service Club. There are two they visit. They call them No. 1 and No. 2. It is a place where they can play games, play

instruments, relax and sit around visiting. They also could meet family members there, too. Paul reflected on how the time seemed to be going by pretty fast. They keep pretty busy during the week. Still, 22 months is a long time.

April 26, 1952

Private Rohrs would find himself on leave in Owensboro, Kentucky. A short 60 miles from Camp Breckinridge. He described it as a town about twice the size of Napoleon. They left camp about 12:00 p.m. and arrived in Owensboro around 3 o'clock.

The boys heading for Toledo had a full car load, so Paul did not get his ride home. And traveling by air, rail, or bus wouldn't leave much time to visit before you would have to turn around and head out for Camp again.

The platoon is now seeing three day passes being given out to ten men at a time every weekend. It was being done in alphabetical order of names. Private Rohrs was glad to have the opportunity to get off base. As he told it,

> "I'm glad I can go out of Camp Breckinridge because a fellow gets tired of Army life. A fellow likes to go to some town and enjoy yourself."

Before the men were given leave on Saturday, they got a taste of actual live fire. A demonstration on the various types of small arms and light infantry weapons was presented to the men. As Paul tells,

> "All types of weapons were being fired including M-1 rifles, 45 caliber, 30 caliber carbine, heavy machine gun, light machine gun, 57 recoilless rifle, 75 recoilless rifle, rocket launchers, automatic rifle, 54mm mortars, 60mm mortars, 75mm mortars, tanks, and a heavy 105mm howitzer gun."

They were also given a second demonstration that morning showing the effects of airplanes dropping bombs, jelly petroleum bombs, and rockets. It was a nice day for the demonstrations.

"The purpose was to show us a real attack situation,"

Paul remarked. Thus, when they left that day from camp, they had come face to face with the awesome power of warfare and its related ordnance capabilities.

Private Rohrs ends his letter with a note on how nice it was to receive mail.

"It makes a fellow feel good to get letters."

The day was overall a real positive experience for him.

May 7, 1952

The private writes a quick note to let the folks know he made it back to camp safely. He arrived early Monday morning around 3 a.m. He slept most of the time, if he could on the return trip. They were about to have another full day. They had classes all day and into the evening till 9 p.m. They then had to clean their automatic rifle (BAR). Tomorrow, they were headed for the range again. They had the privilege of putting a G.I. shine on their barracks floor and work on their personal equipment for inspection. So ends another day for basic training for the infantryman.

May 30, 1952

A short note again reached home to let everyone know he was fine. He told of spending Decoration Day in Owensboro. He was hoping to see a parade and have a real good day.

June 9, 1952

> "Well, its Monday evening. Were on our twelfth week now. Four more weeks to go. Boy, will I be glad to get away from here. I don't think it will be so rough then."

The private reported having a G-4 inspection today. They had to lay out all their clothes on their bunks that they had been issued from the beginning to now. Rohrs said he could account for all his clothes. There were some of the boys who were missing items. They probably lost it or had it stolen. After inspection, in their rain soaked fatigues, they marched over to class on 4.2 mortars. They started to warm up when the sun started to shine again.

The Company had a party last Saturday afternoon. Everyone gave a couple of dollars for it. They had a big dinner, too. All the chicken, potatoes, ice cream, and beer they wanted. They held there outing just on the outskirts of Breckinridge. They could swim, fish or go row boating. Paul tells that he was out there too long. He came back about 5 o'clock. Many of the guys left sooner. Private Rohrs nearly missed his ride back, but; he caught his bus and got back to camp with the others.

He would then spend a lazy Sunday again at the Service Club. He had some pictures taken of himself in uniform at one of the picture machines. For a quarter, you got 12 pictures which he sent home. Upon his returning to the barracks, he worked on writing letters to friends and family. He then went to bed another week of training about to start.

June 19, 1952

They marched with full field packs to their new home for field training. They marched from 7 a.m. till around 9 a.m. They spent the remainder of their morning pitching tents and getting camp completed in the woods. They done more marching and in the afternoon were assigned a map reading problem. They also completed a night map problem. Rohrs described it as,

> "...we had to walk through an awful bushy woods for over two miles and then we weren't done. We had to walk another three miles."

He noted that they only received one canteen full of water in the morning and one canteen in the afternoon. The canteen holds about two pints of water. He tells that the Company Commander allows only that much water because he wants to train us for combat. Paul then remarked,

> "I hope that I don't get combat."

He then tells,

> "Next week, it will be worst yet. We well only get one canteen of water all day. We'll have to stay in a foxhole for three days and move out when they tell us. We'll only get to eat two times a day. 3 o'clock in the morning and 9 o'clock in the evening."

He closes with a note on the weather. It was hot, in the 100 degrees Fahrenheit, he tells.

He wishes everyone well and closed his letter.

June 27, 1952

We are quickly told of the intense heat. Private Rohrs guessed it to be in the hundreds of degrees bracket. But, he tells he didn't mind it to much though since they returned to their barracks on the 26th from being on bivouac training. That made him much happier and he took a shower first thing. He states, "It made me feel like a million dollars!"

He reports only two more weeks of training to go. He is looking forward in receiving his orders which come about the sixteenth week where they will go from Breckinridge. He is hoping for a station in the United States rather than Korea. But he says, "I ain't worrying about it."

For P.T., they had a ball game in the afternoon. He reports that it was 101 degrees, so he wasn't working to hard. He plans to take in a movie at the theater tonight. They will be having a Company picture taken tomorrow. He hopes he'll be able to get a copy, so he can remember the days of basic training which will be like a dream soon.

July 4, 1952

He reports to home that he had a cold again with a sore throat, but; he is well otherwise. They will be going out to the range tomorrow. He is slowly adjusting from being home sick. He says,

"I don't feel so lonesome no more for home, but I would rather be home."

He was happy to receive two packages from home, one from the folks, and one from Alma. He closes,

" Well, its after 10 p.m. now. Time to go to bed."

July 7, 1952

Private Rohrs writes he is well but it was still a little warm down here in Kentucky. There hasn't been much relief except it was raining as of his writing. He was glad that it didn't rain here this Summer for he did not have to contend with the mud.

He reported having to crawl under live machine gun fire last Friday. The distance of the drill was 65 yards. It wasn't too bad except he skinned up his elbows and knees some. He says of the experience,

> "I really don't know how high the bullets were above the ground. I really didn't care. I just kept my head down and kept crawling. We wasn't suppose to stop. Else they would think something was wrong. We had to crawl under barbed wire too."

Paul then shared that they still had two hours of bayonet drill left to complete. Tomorrow morning will see this done. He was praying that it wasn't like the other time, it was very muddy.

He has been looking forward to this week for a long time. He only has his test week of Basic left to finish, then graduation on Friday, July 11th. He shared his hopes to get home on leave. If by bus, he tells the folks that he would let them know his plans once he sees what developed. But, he planned to get home if at all possible.

July 13, 1952

He writes he is getting ready to come home next Thursday. He is a soldier now. He graduated last Friday. Glad to be through his training. He believes times will be better now. He reports that he might come home with a boy from Toledo. He is suppose to let Paul know tomorrow. Paul is hoping this works out so he didn't have to bother with a bus. He tells of attending church and on some Sundays being on pass and visiting the local small towns in the area such as Morganfield, about four miles from camp. A town just a little larger than Archbold in size.

July 14, 1952

He writes he'll be home on Thursday the 17th. He is getting a ride home with the Toledo boy. He tells the folks, he would probably be there in the afternoon. He suggest that they meet him near the Verner Hardware Store. They plan to leave at 9 a.m. He closes with,

"I'm looking for you on Thursday. Well, so long."

Note: Paul gets home on leave and spends quality time with the family prior to his moving on to Seattle via Chicago by train for processing to go overseas.

August 5, 1952

Paul writes after a long, long, long train ride, he has arrived in Seattle this noon. He was only 12 hours late. He tells of seeing two buddies in Chicago and hooking up with them. They missed their 5:30 train out of town. So, they picked up a slow train at 8:00 p.m. It was really slow, it stopped in every town it seemed. Paul told that had he known at the time that they were given a five day grace, he would have stayed five days more in Chicago.

He really liked traveling on the train. In a plane, he says,

"a fellow wouldn't see all the scenery."

Traveling through Nebraska and Iowa, he remarked on the corn and hay stacks. Wyoming is a grass state, they raise a lot of cattle. He also tells of moving into the mountains in Idaho.

> "They farm in the valleys. The mountains are pretty. There were not many trees on them. Some of the mountains are colored too. They really look pretty from a far off distance."

He then moves into Oregon and Washington. Here he sees the vast stands of evergreens growing on the mountains. They raise big patches of cabbage and other vegetables and grapes in the valley's. He was really taken in by all the beauty and scenery. He enjoyed his trip west to Seattle very much. He tells the folks he is either headed for Alaska or Korea. He hopes for Alaska.

August 15, 1952

Paul is getting settled at his camp outside of Seattle. He reports, he has been on KP duty for the last four days. He tells of skipping out with some other guys and he goes with one out to the bay and rents a boat with fishing gear. They didn't get caught but they had a little trouble. The motor stopped and they ended up having to row back for a little over three hours.

Upon returning to his barracks, he is awakened at 2 a.m. for K.P. It would be his last time here. They shipped out his group from Fort Lawton to Pier 91. In about one week, he gets shipped out but he doesn't know where yet.

"The nights are awful cold for August. The days warm up to about 80-85 degrees."

He hoped to get a pass into town tonight. He didn't get one for the previous night. He goes into Seattle till 2 or 3 o'clock. He is getting fairly familiar with the city. He says,

"I wouldn't mind staying here."

He is meeting new guys every day. He is down by the pier. It is really a Navy post. They have real nice barracks, hot water for showers and they have about 300-400 men on both floors.

He apparently finds his way back to KP duty. He isn't to distressed though with about 125 men on KP, the work gets done fairly quickly and you get off earlier for free time.

August 22, 1952

Paul now has received his orders. He is still at the pier but knows they'll be boarding ship for Japan on Saturday. He doesn't know for how long he'll be in Japan, but; he hopes he can go to school over there. He sends his new address: Pvt. Paul Rohrs U.S. 5217321, Prov. Co., SE 1710, APO 613, San Francisco, CA

He tells,

"Even though I'm far away from here, I like it better than at Camp Breckinridge. The sergeants and lieutenants are easier on a person here. They won't bawl you out so quick. Don't worry about me, I'll be alright. If it is God's will, I will come back."

August 24, 1952

As Paul writes, he tells he is on ship heading for Japan. He plans to write a little every day while aboard ship.

"We left Seattle, Saturday afternoon about 3 o'clock. I was sleeping at the time. I wish I would of not been sleeping because the band played and the people cheered and maybe my girlfriend was there to wave good-bye."

He continued,

"The ship I'm on has 3000 troops. I was sea sick for a couple of hours this morning, but I'm all over it now. The ship really rocks with the big waves

which come rushing in front. Sometimes, the waves come over board in front, so it wouldn't be a very good idea to be close to the front.

I'm in the recreation room writing now. We don't have to much to do here on ship. Some of the boys are on K.P., some are on cleaning detail. Me and two other guys have to sweep the one stairway down every morning. It is pretty easy and don't last all day long."

He goes on and tells they sailed north from Seattle to Alaska and then west. They had a fire drill today (24th). He concludes his letter with,

"I know I won't miss the cheering when we get back to the good old U.S.A.!"

August 25, 1952

Private Rohrs begins by saying he felt pretty good.

"I guess I'm over the sea sickness. We had pretty sail moving today. The ocean was calmer today. I hope it stays that way."

He tells that he ate all three meals today. And, he learns it will be about 14 days to cross the Pacific Ocean. They have about 3300 miles to go.

August 26, 1952

"It was a cloudy and foggy day. I hope we run into a couple of warm and sunny days. We lose an hour everyday, so it makes twenty-five hour days. We get up about six o'clock and then I shave and wash up. Then, on to chow and then we have to clean one stairway, I mean sweep. There are about 11 stairways on ship. The ship is 253 feet long and 52 feet wide. We had a movie today, "On Moonlight Bay.' This is only one of the letters I'm writing on ship. I'm trying to write everyday. I'm feeling fine even though it is rough going over the waves. Write when you can as soon as possible because a boy that is far away from home likes to hear from home. God be with you all."

August 30, 1952

"Well, I'm telling you all before I start this letter, I'm right in the middle of the ocean right now! I am sending the picture of the ship I'm on with letter to tell you all its one of the latest ships built for transporting troops... I'll sure be glad to hit land again. We have about 2300 miles to go yet."

Private Rohrs tells he is getting a lot of rest on ship. He was glad to be able to sleep while the ship was rocking. He reports rain, fog and rough seas at the present time. He's hoping for a few nice days soon. He takes time to tell about crossing the International Date Line.

"Since we cross the International Date Line, I am a day ahead of you. One day, I never saw was Friday. At the International Date Line, a day begins there and ends there. That's right! I went to bed on Thursday and a few hours later, it was Saturday. I always think what time it is to home like now it is 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and at home it is 10 o'clock Saturday night."

Thoughts of home are always on his mind. He shares,

> "Since I get a lot of sleep, I seem to dream a lot at night. I always dream of things around home it seems. I'll really be glad when I'm coming back on ship. Then, I will gain a day. Then, I can live a day all over again."

Paul tells the ship is moving about 22 miles per hour across the wide ocean. They conducted a fire drill and all the men have to move up on the ships deck with life jackets.

He ask what the family was planning for Labor Day. He queried if they would be going to a fair or homecoming. Twenty-one months and counting before he can go home for good. That will be long enough for him. There really isn't much to do on ship. Sit on deck, read, some guys play their harmonica's. There is even one guy who plays an accordion very well. They are planning to do a musical show.

September 1, 1952

> "It's Labor Day. I was thinking where I was last Labor Day. I wouldn't mind being there now."

Paul had just been up on deck and tells it was really pretty out there, the moon shining on the ocean waves. He attends the evening movie, they have one about every other day. It was getting late, so he concludes his letter and retired for the night.

September 2, 1952

> "It was a beautiful day out. It was the nicest day we have had so far. It was really warm too. I'm going to give you the Masters Noon Report from the paper, 'The Mariner': Distance: 1371, Average speed: 15.46, Distance from Seattle: 3435, Distance from Yokohama: 1111, Total Average Speed: 15.72. I guess we will get to Japan about Friday morning. I'll be glad, too."

September 7, 1952

"I arrived safely in Japan Friday morning. It took twelve days to cross the Pacific. We went on a train from the port of Yokohama to Camp Drake, which took about three hours". Paul tells of traveling through some of the districts of Yokohama on their way to Camp Drake. The Japanese people live a lot different then Americans. Their home's are little one story buildings which are built very close together. Some look like shacks but some are pretty nice.

Upon arriving at Camp Drake, he is processed into the camp. Right now, he tells that some of the guys know where they are headed. But, he hasn't received any orders yet.

Paul wishes he could get a pass. He would go into Tokyo or Yokohama. But, one thing he doesn't have to worry about is K.P. The Japanese people work in the mess halls but, it was at a cost. Paul noted that they had to give 50 cents for that service. And all of their money was converted to military scrip. You couldn't buy anything with U.S. currency.

He was issued a new 30 caliber M-1 rifle and five rounds to fire. It doesn't mean I'm going to Korea yet. He closes by telling the folks of the great chow they are getting. Sunday dinner was turkey, mashed potatoes, gravy, ice cream, blueberry pie. The coffee is pretty good here too.

September 10, 1952

Paul receives a letter from home. It was most welcome and he was glad to hear from the family. It was the first mail since his arrival in Japan. It was the August 17th letter.

He is still stationed at Camp Drake. He doesn't have much to do. He did guard duty for two hours basically watching for fires or riots. He doesn't really mind duty in Japan. He is still with many of his buddies.

The weather is warm and it rains a little every day. He tells,

> "It seems I like the Army better since I'm through Basic. I guess they make it rough in Basic so a fellow can take it."

He shares news of what he has heard about other men from home and where they are now stationed. He tells if any emergencies occur to get hold of the Red Cross. They are suppose to help in these matters.

September 11, 1952

The private is feeling fine. It is raining here now. Yesterday, he had his old clothing exchanged for new fatigues and combat boots. He tells everyone to write cause,

> "That way you don't miss home so much."

September 17, 1952

Well, things have changed dramatically for Private Paul Rohrs for he reports in his letter that he is now in Korea.

> "I'm alright here at Nohcnuhc, Aerok (spelled backwards) about thirty miles back of the line. It is a replacement center. You won't have to worry about me here. I'll be in God's hand as long as I'm here. It seems it don't worry me here."

The private continues,

> "We have a series of lectures here and we also have movies every night. Last night it was 'Last in Alaska.' The thing is they make it as cheerful and pleasant as they can. The chow is wonderful here. One thing, we can take showers here. We get clean fatigues and underwear, socks. It's a good deal."

He tells of his trip to get to his station in Korea.

> "The train ride wasn't a very good deal. It was a 50 hour ride in a very slow train. It was a steam engine part way. It did not make very good sleeping in the wooden seats.

He then describes the area he is moving into,

> "The land is very mountainous becoming bigger the farther north you go. The people here raise mostly rice and some rye. Some farmers have oxen and cows, which some do there work and farming with. The houses are made with

the rice straw. There really a lot of kids around here. They crowd around the trains begging for candy, cookies and they sell rings and apples. The people are really poor in the cities which don't look at all like our modern cities. They look as though they aren't civilized yet. They are that way on account of the war."

He closes by saying they weren't doing much at present. Mail is not real regular. And, he was waiting to be moved to his company assigned with the 40th Division.

Editors Note: Paul told me that he was at Camp Drake in Japan about one week then they shipped out by naval transport to Korea. They put in at Pusan on the south-east side of Korea and then took a troop train to ChunChon. From there he was trucked up to his duty station with the 224th Infantry Regiment, 40th Division, Company M.

September 23, 1952

Private Rohrs is excited as he receives letters during noon mail call, the first mail in two weeks. They moved him up yesterday by truck from the replacement center to the unit, where he is assigned. He tells it was a dusty way to travel because the roads are all gravel and stone.

They had all received an interview in the morning to find out what kind of job they would like to have. Paul says,

"I'm glad they don't just throw you a rifle and tell you to go to it on the front line. I guess we were all fortunate to get a job we like."

He tells that some of the mail is censored. They can not tell where they are located or the activities they are doing. But, they do send and receive mail at a more regular basis now. He enjoys hearing from home. He also has many of his buddies with him in Korea that eases the loneliness and boredom.

September 27, 1952

Paul writes a short note telling of his current situation. He has been in training in back of the line. He hasn't received any more mail since the 23rd. He is now waiting to hear what job he is going to be assigned.

The weather had been rainy, but has cleared up. It gets cold at night. He was issued a sleeping bag today. He thinks they are pretty warm. The days still seem to go pretty fast to him. The meals are as good as you can expect in the field. But, he did hope the PX would open so he could buy a few things he needed. Wished everyone well and closed his letter.

October 2, 1952

Mail finally arrives in mass as he tells of receiving eight letters in two days. He was glad for each one. He has finally been assigned to a unit and company. He has been receiving a series of classes on the 81 mortar. He was transferred to the motor pool today as a driver of a jeep. They have to keep them clean and operational. He is very happy to have this job versus

being assigned to a rifle company with bullets zinging over your head. Some of his buddies did get duty in the rifle company's. He tells his parents,"

"I think I got a pretty good deal since only a few guys got in the motor pool."

October 5, 1952

Paul takes time on this beautiful Sunday to write home. He reports it has been a good week. He just finished washing his clothes in a nearby river, a very clear stream of water.

He tells of attending church, something he has done on a very regular basis. He likes his chaplain and considers him to be very good. There are many of the men that go to the services. He tells though,

"I wish more would go, because how can an Army win without having faith in him."

He met a guy from Bryan today that he had last seen in March at Ft. Meade.

October 6, 1952

Paul tells of receiving mail and writing home and to the Pastor. He says that there are many men with 36 or 38 points, he guess they will be going home. There are a lot of new men in the Regiment. He has been studying to get his driving license. It's pretty easy to drive a jeep. They have to keep it clean and also maintain it in running order. They have inspections regularly. He said,

"It's just about like keeping up a car at home."

October 8, 1952

He had the morning off having just completed his guard duty. He informs the folks that he has got his driving license for driving jeeps. He goes on,

"I hope it won't be to bad driving this Winter, but I think it will be better than staying in a foxhole or bunker this Winter. I hear they do very little fighting in the Winter time. I'm glad of it. What would be better is that the war would end pretty soon."

He shares the weather is about the same as the USA, only it is a lot colder. They had been having pretty good weather. The past two weeks were very pleasant. And at night, they had sleeping bags that kept them very warm.

He asks his folks to share with him what was going on in the entertainment world. What were the latest movies and songs. He said the last movie they had seen was "The Fighters".

He thanked the parents for the church news and asked if they might send him newspaper clippings or jokes of interest. He did get a paper called "The Stars & Stripes," but it isn't like a newspaper.

He asked about how things were going on the family farm. He says that the jeep he is driving would come in handy for use on the farm. It is four-wheel drive. He wished Ruth and his mother a 'Happy Birthday" and closed his letter.

October 13, 1952

He writes telling of the first frost where he is stationed. It is getting colder, especially at night. He has been pulling more guard duty usually at night and driving his jeep every day. He writes to keep busy in his free time. He hoped to hear from home soon. It has been over a week since mail had come.

October 16, 1952

He reports that it is really getting colder now. They issued him winter clothing which will be nice for duty when it really gets cold. No snow yet but very frosty mornings. He received more letters this past week. He is feeling fine and in good spirits.

October 21, 1952

The weather has taken a turn from being a nice week to rain all day and night. He has been moved closer to the front. He has to try and find a dry place to sleep. He found a spot under the kitchen tent. It won't be to bad once he is inside his sleeping bag. He says,

> "I hope it won't get cold and snow yet. It may be better than rain. I hope I get settled some place."

He tells of a rain suit he has been issued made out of rayon and other materials that sheds water pretty good. He is glad to have it on wet days.

October 29, 1952

Paul is thinking of home as this letter begins. He remarks,

> "I was just thinking of home, how it would be at home. The woods are probably nice and pretty. All I see here is mountains with evergreens on. I prefer the scenery at home."

He tells of his division being moved up on the front line. He is in the rear yet and ready to do his duty. He has been in the service eight months now. The time is still going fast.

He is working at hauling water and gas for the mess hall or kitchen. He is staying in tents heated by fuel oil stoves. The man on the line stays in a bunker. He reflects,

> "I'm really glad we have the air support here in Korea. We wouldn't be out in the open all the time. I've been up to the front a couple of times."

He closes his letter asking his mother to send a couple of ever sharp pencils and a mirror, if possible. He can't buy any pencils where he is at.

November 2, 1952

He open his letter remarking his surprise that it hadn't snowed yet. It warms up during the day, but; gets cold in the evening. He has spent the last few weeks fetching water and gas for the kitchen. It is a pretty good job. Beats sitting in a foxhole. He is in the rear of the line a

few miles safe from the enemy's fire.

During the day, he has fun with the Korean K.P's. There young 19 year old boys. Some of them speak English pretty good. Paul is learning a little Korean too. He hopes to learn a lot of it before he goes home. It keeps him busy.

He tells of his wish for a mild winter. He's been doing O.K. where he is stationed. He mentioned that men were being moved in and out of the sector. Some are going home. He also said that he is going to try and be transferred to the kitchen as a cook.

November 8, 1952

The first snow of the year has fallen on November 7. Most of it melted and is nearly gone in the valleys.

Paul has been moved to a new location. It is pretty safe place, he tells.

"I'm in a rear area in the Western Front."

The fact is they have been fighting in the cold. His unit is near a mountain stream or little creek as he describes it.

He made inquiry of his parents as to whether Eisenhower had won the election? Right now, I'm on guard for two hours. He looks forward in getting mail soon and closes with a remark about the young Korean K.P. workers again.

November 11, 1952

He has received a number of letters. Paul plans to answer them all. He has been busy driving till 8 or 9 o'clock most nights. But he says, "It is still better than being in a rifle company in a foxhole or bunker." When he is driving around the front at night, he tells he can only use his blackout lights.

It has rained today. He hopes it quits soon because he doesn't like it when it is muddy. He was glad to hear Eisenhower had won the election. "Keep the letters coming," he tells them back on the farm.

November 13, 1952

Paul is still driving jeep. He tells of four drivers and one mechanic having received enough points and they are heading home. They'll be home for Christmas. The fighting on the Western Front has seen very little action. Tomorrow, he takes the lieutenant to Chen-Chong, a 50 mile trip. The weather is getting colder and colder each day. He has a early wake up call at 5:00 a.m. to go to Chen-Chong, so good night.

November 20, 1952

Paul talks about the weather and it now getting into the Winter season. Christmas was on his mind as he says,

"Well it would be nice to be home for Christmas. I think I will make it next year."

He has received mail, especially packages from family and the Ladies Aid. He was issued winter shoes which are really nice. He referred to them as his "Mickey Mouse Boots". He sends home with this letter a $100.00 money order. He hopes it makes it back safely. He remarked that we do not have a need of money here except some to play poker and gamble.

He says he is still at the front but there wasn't much action. Although, he is not in a rifle company, he did have to go on patrol. Things are as well as can be expected living in the elements.

November 24, 1952

We learn that it is getting colder and that it was snowing in the mountains and rained a little too. The men now all have their winter issue of clothing. Paul had guard duty last night from 9:30 to 12:30. He remarked,

> "While I'm at it, doesn't seem like a war because there aren't very many big pushes. There are very few rounds come in."

He mentions they have one stove in their tent. He's hoping they can get two. He has been driving for (L) Company. Mainly, he has been doing water runs. He returns to the rear, about eight miles and gets water.

He finishes this letter telling about his jeep. He has to pull a 'weekly' on his jeep. That is a full service job: air filter, oil change and filter, check the fuel pump and see that all the systems are operational. His jeep, while it is an old one, runs the mountains pretty well.

November 25, 1952

Private Rohrs reports home it snowed a little this morning. He was up at 4:30 a.m. and hauled chow up to the men of the 2nd and 3rd platoons of I Company. When he finished the detail, he had time off and headed with jeep to the showers. On the way, he stopped once and when he tried to restart, his starter locked up on him. He was fortunate that a mechanic came by and helped him make repairs. He finally got to the showers and cleaned up and put on a fresh pair of clothes.

Upon hearing that there was a package waiting for him, he hustled over to retrieve it. It was from home. He tells him mom,

"the cookies are really good!"

He also request his mom to send tooth paste and shaving cream. He mentions that Thanksgiving was day after tomorrow. He was hoping they get extra good chow that day.

November 28, 1952

> "It is Friday and yesterday was Thanksgiving. We had pretty good chow too. Turkey and potatoes, peas, dressing, fruit cake, nuts, oranges. We did not eat till 1:30 and it was 3:00 till I was done eating. It was a pretty good Thanksgiving Day here in Korea."

It was a hazy day and next to raining. The last month of November wasn't to bad a month compared to what he thought it would be. He has been driving the lieutenant to the shower and wherever he directs. They have been playing cards every night. Paul was on guard duty from 3:30 to 6:30 a.m. The U.S. lines have big search lights on every night so the enemy can't see

very good. There is not much activity going on in our sector.

December 1, 1952

Paul writes a quick note thanking his mom for the package of supplies (stationery, pen & pencil set, hankerchief's). He has plenty now to write many letters. He's thinking of home as Christmas is arriving soon. Wishes everyone well and thanks them for the letters and packages. Closes with assuring them that he is fine. He stays warm, they have a lot of winter clothing and the sleeping bag is wonderful. It keeps you really warm.

"Looking forward to your next letter."

December 2, 1952

Paul reports it was snowing and cold and getting colder. He put some chains on his jeep since he couldn't make it up the big hills or mountains roads to deliver water cans for the mess hall.

He thanks the folks for the very pretty Christmas card. He then asks if the folks had received the $100 money order he sent home. Also, had they received the insurance package, he was paying $10 a month for it. He will be getting $133 pay for December. He may send another money order home. Wishes everyone well.

December 5, 1952

Paul shares it has been cold since the snow of last Tuesday. He also reports that four to five drivers went home. The private then shared the following sentiment,

"Maybe sometime next summer, I will be going home. Boy, will I be glad."

He tells he has been driving for (K) Company today. He don't mind driving but he wished he wouldn't have to pull guard. He has it three hours every other night. They now have a radio in his tent and they listen to music.

December 10, 1952

Paul shares that he has received many letters from home. He says the time is moving along. When he gets home, he says, it will probably look different since they have cleaned the creek.

He had guard duty tonight from 9:30 to 12:30, then to bed. They now have two stoves in their tent and it wasn't so cold now. They get up around 6:30 a.m. because if they want breakfast, they have to be there by 7 a.m. Chow isn't bad, every morning they have cereal and eggs or french toast or pancakes. Usually for dinner it is C-rations, which are in cans. The cooks have to heat the cans for chow. Supper, we have meat, potatoes and gravy, peas or corn, bread and coffee. He has been attending church services every Sunday night in (M) Company supply tent. The chaplain is very nice and does a good job.

December 15, 1952

"It snowed through the night. December is half over with 10 more days to Christmas."

He did not have guard duty and figured on getting some sleep. He drove for (I) Company today. He told of Eisenhower's visit to Seoul on Thanksgiving Day. Paul remarked,

"I hope he will do something about this situation in Korea."

He will be soon completing his 10th month in the Army at the end of the month. He thanks everyone for the letters and cards and is looking to the next mail call.

December 18, 1952

This is a quick report of his activities. He had just completed his 'weekly' on his jeep. They really get dirty in the slush and mud of Korea. He tells he just had received his promotion to Private First Class. All of the boys are receiving packages now. He writes this short note after having just completed guard duty. He closes, "I'm off to bed."

December 21, 1952

Its getting closer to Christmas now. Pfc Rohrs tells he is getting the Christmas Spirit rather slowly. They had sung some Christmas hymns at church service. They also have evergreens in Korea. They had some Christmas trees decorated in the motor pool. They are going to have a Christmas Eve service program. He is hoping to have Christmas off. In the evening, when they have free time, they play pinochle. He commented on the fact that the 21st is the shortest day of the year. He then followed with,

"I hope I'm on my way home or home by the longest day of the year, June 21st."

He further commented,

"There may be some way I may get home sooner if Ike does something."

December 25, 1952

"Merry Christmas, Everybody at Home! The Sun is shining today. It is a pretty day for being in Korea."

(M) Company drivers were off and he was glad to have time off. He has not done any driving for the past week since his jeep motor broke. He waiting for repairs to be done soon. He wishes everyone well especially his father. He prays to see all of them again soon. Closes by wishing everyone a very Merry Christmas.

December 30, 1952

Paul has moved off the line and back into Southern Korea. He remarks that it wasn't so mountainous here. It snowed some yesterday. He was surprised there wasn't more snow. They had only a few inches. He said the higher up the mountains, the more snow there was.

His jeep is not running now. He has a bad motor. The Colonel doesn't want any jeep to go back to Ordnance to get fixed. Paul said he was O.K. with the order, he just keeps at cleaning and fixing up his jeep, the best he can. He has earned 13 points now and having received his

pay for the month. He sends another money order home.

January 2, 1953

A new year has come and Paul writes a short note wishing everyone in Ohio a Happy New Year. He talks about the weather. It hadn't got to zero yet but it has been pretty cold. The men are dressed pretty warm. He has heard from Leonard Miller of the 160th Regiment, same division in Korea and wrote him a note.

January 7, 1953

> "Last night, I had guard from 9:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. It snowed to last night, a couple of inches. When it quit, we had to sweep the snow off of the jeep. We don't have tops on our jeeps. I wish we would. I have a new jeep now. It works hundred percent better. I have a heater too. But, it doesn't do much good. To go in some of the hills, we put on chains to make it. The part of the front, where we are at is not very bad. If we stay on front till April, I'll have twenty-nine points. I hope so. I'll be home pretty soon, next summer."

January 10, 1953

Paul received a birthday card from home. He is celebrating his 21st in Korea. He says,

> "It really made me happy to get the birthday card. It will be my twenty-first birthday. I guess I'll be of age to be a man. It's been five months already since I've been away from home."

January 11, 1953

Its Sunday, noon time, when Paul writes this letter. He tells,

> "We have the radio on and listening to music, which is very nice for being in Korea... The war is sort of at a stall. I'm glad for that."

The weather has warmed up recently and the snow is melting off the mountains in some places. He stood guard from 3:30 to 6:30 last night. They have it now about every three or four days. He has been busy cleaning his jeep. It looks like a new jeep, when done. He attends church service Sunday evening. They held it at the mess hall this time. He remarked on how the Chaplain is such a nice guy, cheerful and happy. His driver plays the organ while they all sing the songs.

January 14, 1953

Paul tells of his joy in receiving numerous letters and birthday cards from family. He can't believe how the time is going so fast. He has four months in Korea. He tells the folks,

> "I hope something happens when Eisenhower gets in office."

He has had the opportunity to take a shower today. He declares,

"Boy, it made me feel like a new man. A change of clothes. That's what we boys in the motor pool have over the boys on the line."

They may take off, if they are not on a run and go to the rear where the little R & R center is located. He tells that R & R stands for Rest and Relaxation. They have good meals there.

January 16, 1953

Mainly general correspondence about weather, current situation with the front, letters received and so forth. He comments though,

"I don't know what I would do without my sleeping bag. I have two blankets over me, too. It keeps me pretty warm!"

January 18, 1953

He reports how lucky they are in not having to much snow to speak of. But, the roads were icy so they don't travel on the roads. He acknowledges that being a jeep driver isn't really to bad. He could have had it much worst in Korea. He is looking forward to rotation papers off the front to rear duty. He had inspection today. He is proud to tell his parents they had the best motor pool in the regiment and in the division. He reported that they also keep their tents in tip top shape too. And, they keep their jeeps better cleaned and maintained.

January 21, 1953

Paul writes that he was hearing the inauguration of President Eisenhower. Maybe something will happen if Eisenhower's in office, he hopes. He tells his mom that he has had real good health, no flu. He told that they had to get shots to help prevent flu. The weather has been better then he expected. A dry, cold staying around 20 degrees above zero. At night, it gets cold especially when your on guard duty.

Paul reports that the planes really raise hell on the Red Communist Hills. That's what keeps them down. He asked how the trapping season was going for muskrats this year since the cleaning of the creek? He ask for more letters and thanks everyone for thinking of him.

January 26, 1953

Pfc Rohrs writes of the weather and germane matters about home. He is glad January is about over. Only two more months of hard winter driving. Driving should be easier come Spring. He remarks,

"He is looking forward to the day he comes home. He likes the mail it helps make him feel 'at home' for a while at least."

February 3, 1953

He was caught off guard by receiving a package from home.

"I say thank you a million times! All the boys in the tent love to see a guy get a package."

They were moved off the line. He tells his folks,

"I'm safe as at home. Please keep writing".

February 6, 1953

He is now in Reserve Line. The tents are pretty good here. They even have wooden floors. He saw a movie, "A Night Without Sleep." He said the motor pool is pretty easy going. They clean up their jeeps, otherwise, pretty easy duty. The rifle troops have to train.

February 7, 1953

Paul tells he is ready to write a really good letter. He has just cleaned up and shaved and is feeling good. They had a really big inspection. He said his jeep was in tip top condition. Paul proudly reports that the Colonel said, "I had a good jeep."

Paul said there in reserve now, in a training area. They are going to start Monday.

February 10, 1953

It is Tuesday night and since he had a lot of time, he was writing a few letters. They had a USO show during the afternoon. He said the entertainers from the States come over and sing and act for the GI's. It was pretty good. He thanked everyone for the Valentine's. It made him happy.

February 11, 1953

"It rained last night and this morning and sort of warmed up too. It felt good. I worked on my jeep and greased it today, its looking pretty good. I took a shower and feel pretty good this evening. When the sun comes out, it was really warm. I hope it stays that way...Some days its pretty windy and with the dust, it isn't so nice. By two months, it should be warmer and than a few more months it will be summer. I figure on going home sometime this summer unless President Eisenhower changes something. We play cards and some of them are playing records. I'll go to bed and get a good night sleep. I may be on guard in a few night for a two hour shift. It isn't as bad as on front lines. Boy, I'm glad I'm off and you won't have to worry about me. I'm in no harm or danger now. With the help of the good Lord, I'll return safely. Keep on the sunny side of life.
Write soon."

February 15, 1953

Its Sunday afternoon when Paul sits down to write. He tells of sleeping in till 11 o'clock a.m. He is getting a lot of rest and relaxation. It is a nice afternoon. It is warming up slowly. He said he could tell by the thawing of the river close by. He remarked on how quiet it was in the reserve area. Don't hear the front lines guns going off all the time. He will only get two points this month. He will have 20 points at the end of the month. He says,

"If we go home on 32 points early part of June. I hope so. It won't ever seem real to go back home and be a civilian again. It will really be nice."

He is working real hard. He cleans his jeep every Saturday. The Captain of the company inspects the (M) Company vehicles. He remarked,

"The boys really have them cleaned up and in good shape."

He comments that they got a pretty good deal right now in reserve training.

February 18, 1953

He will have been in the service a year as of the 29th. He remarks,

"Boy, it seemed like a very long year."

By July, he hopes to be on his way home from Korea. He just got back, prior to writing this letter, in seeing a movie called, "My Pal Gus". Paul noted how he liked it. He told of a guy just getting back from Japan. He was on R & R for two weeks. He bought an accordion. Paul enjoys the chance to play it.

February 20, 1953

It continues to warm up. He is looking forward in driving his jeep in warm weather. The job driving will be a good job. He reports in a few weeks, he will be going to Japan on R & R for a few weeks. He tells,

"There are always six or seven men going at a time. Couple of my buddies went to Tokyo."

Pfc Rohrs says when he is in Japan, he will buy things and send them home. They have pretty things in Japan. He is looking forward to his leave.

February 23, 1953

"It was a beautiful day in Korea,"

he opens his most recent letter to his parents. He just saw a movie called,"The Springfield Rifle". He was playing the accordion also in the afternoon and night. They really enjoy his playing. He said it was one way to pass the time away here in Korea. He will be leaving for R & R in Japan pretty soon. He tells everyone to write soon and closes his letter.

March 1, 1953

It is Sunday evening and he has just returned from seeing a movie called "You're Mine". He had guard duty on Saturday night for four hours. They now have it about every two weeks. He celebrates his one year anniversary in the Army today. He says,

"I'm glad I'm half through."

He wishes his father a Happy Birthday. He tells of receiving a letter last night. He hopes they keep coming to because it makes a guy feel good and raises his morale.

March 6, 1953

He writes,

> "How is everybody at home at this time...I guess most of the winter is over with, I hope so. It's been warming up and then it gets cold."

He commented about the war,

> "It isn't settled yet, I guess. But, it will soon be."

He will be going to Japan soon on R & R. He hopes to go to Tokyo or some other place. I may get some rest and get some relief of that old Korea here. He continued,

> "The way I look at it is everyday its getting closer to going home. Boy, it will be life again in the good U.S.A."

He is still in the rear on training in reserve time. He will only receive two points for this months allotment. They don't add up as fast. He works very hard at keeping his jeep cleaned and ready. He isn't sending money home for he is going on R & R and wanted to have money for this trip. He closes with, "Write soon."

March 9, 1953

The weather is warming and very changeable. It rained three days last week. He attends afternoon church services because he had four hours of guard duty. He continues to work on his jeep and keep it looking good. He remarks about the winter months. It snowed and then remained that way throughout the time except it was windy at times.

He tells of reading about Stalin's death. He says,

> "I hope something would happen in Russia so as to have peace in the world again. Maybe Eisenhower will find a solution to end this Korean Conflict. Hope and pray , he will."

In two days will be his father's birthday. He exclaims,

> "Happy Birthday, Dad!"

He relays his happiness that his folks had paid the farm off. He tells them,

> "You won't have to worry no more about it now."

He tells of going on R & R to Japan next month. He is looking forward to it.

March 17, 1953

He apologizes to his folks for not writing sooner, but he tells of being very busy recently. It keeps warming up and and 21st is the first day of Spring. He has 20 points earned and that he is now in a three point area. If he stays here this summer, he says,

> "I will be home. Maybe I will rotate in thirty-two points. That will bring me home sooner."

He leaves for R & R in twelve days. He tells that when the guys go to Japan, they don't like to go back to Korea cause it is so nice in Japan. They treat a person like a human being again.

"I can't wait to go,"

he says.

He talk of his training schedule that called for his company to go on a thirty mile hike with a pack. Only the drivers of the jeeps and 3/4 ton and 2-1/2 ton trucks could drive and the rest of the men walked. He told of many of the drivers getting DR's for driving to fast or they don't bother to follow orders. Paul states,

> "I going to try to stay a driver. It isn't a very hard job. Only keep your vehicle in running condition. I have to drive at night. It doesn't bother me."

March 18, 1953

Pfc Rohrs has received three letters this evening. He also got a St. Patrick's card from Ruth and Marge. He says,

"I almost got it on the 17th too."

He reported that he is now sleeping in the 81 mortars tent now. He likes it better there. They have a radio going all the time this evening. He was hauling stone in the morning and sand in the afternoon. He is well and looking forward to "Home Sweet Home."

March 22, 1953

> "Today is Sunday in Korea. We had all day off. Last night, I had guard for four hours. So, I didn't get but five hours sleep. I slept this morning till 10 o'clock. After dinner, I rested a little while and then played a little baseball and volleyball. It's good to relax some days doing something different. I just took a shower and feel like a new man.
>
> The weather is warming up slow but sure. The nights are frosty and chilly. I am glad the winter is over with. Next Saturday, I will go on R & R to Japan. I can't wait. I guess its a whole lot warmer there. It will get my mind off of Korea for a while at least. When I get back, it won't be long till I will go home this summer some time.
>
> We had inspection again this Saturday. It's almost worst over here for inspec-

tion than in the States. I had my jeep in a good shape and shining. Everything is O.K. Don't worry about me. With God's help, I will return safely. Right now, it is raining. I hope it quits pretty soon. The frost is out of the ground and the ground was muddy for a while. Now, it is packed. Pretty soon, it will be summer and warm. If you sent a package for Easter don't have to send toilet articles like shaving cream and tooth paste. I appreciate everything you sent through. Please write soon."

March 24, 1953

This is the last letter I have of Paul's experience in Korea. He still has April through July to complete his tour in Korea. His final letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mom, Dad, and Sisters,

This Sunday evening I'll write a few lines to let you know I'm O.K. I hope the same at home. It was a pretty good day today. I worked on my jeep today, a little. The Company Commander inspected the jeeps and said they looked good. We have a little river or stream by the motor pool so it is easy to wash the jeep.

Pretty soon, it will be time for me to go on R & R to Japan, the 29th. It will be a relief for me, something different. It will be hard to come back to Korea again after R & R. There, I'll be thinking of going home. I hope soon, too.

Before long it will be summer too. I don't like Korea that good. May be, I will have a longer time in Japan because I'll be there for Easter. I'll have little over two hundred dollars to spend.

If you sent packages pretty soon would you mind sending me some hanker-chiefs and maybe a flashlight. Write soon. Keep smiling. The world will smile with you. I received your letter this morning. Good bye and good luck and may the good Lord take a liking in you.

Paul"

Paul would finally get his orders for his week of R & R in Japan. He was taken to Chunchon and flew out from the airstrip. He went to Osaka, Japan, which was the third largest city then, he said. He was back in the real world, totally able to do what he wanted to do for a whole week. He checked himself into a local hotel and visited a bank because they had to exchange his military scrip into yen. He spent the week seeing many of the sites and having a good time. He would return to Korea on Easter Sunday.

Shortly thereafter, he was back up at 3rd Battalion Headquarters (M) Company doing his job. Paul was assigned to the 224th Infantry Regiment, 40th Division of the Eighth Army. He was a jeep driver in the battalion motor pool. He said his routine was never the same thing but would change daily. He might one day haul hot meals up to the guys on the line in the morning and evening, or haul water to where it was needed. He would get the job of transporting officers to various locations and even haul dirty clothes for the men on the line to the rear for washing and return them after laundered. You name it and he probably did it at some point.

He also said he pulled his share of guard duty. They usually had two to four hour shifts watching over the ammo dumps, motor pool, and other vital areas of the the battalion HQ. He said the pass word was changed daily and this was important to know before you went on duty for you had orders to shoot. He usually pulled the 8:00 to 12:00 p.m. or 12:00 to 4:00 a.m.

shift since he was driving jeep during the day. It wasn't to bad a job except in the winter. It got pretty cold at night.

The 3rd Battalion was a heavy weapons Company (mortars, 30 and 50 caliber machine guns and so forth). They gave support to three line companies up at the front (I), (K), and (L). He told that it always seemed that the enemy would shell them pretty good on the first and fifteenth of the month. He never knew why but figured it was probably when they got resupplied. It was mainly mortar and some light artillery fire. He only had one real close call. He was out on a run with his jeep when a shell came crashing up above him on the hill top. He was on the trail that ran along side the hill. The shell hit and all he saw was dirt, dust, debris and shrapnel flying. He spotted a bunker and said he ran over there and remained until the shelling ceased.

Paul served primarily in the area of the 38th parallel. The two primary zones he remembered were the "Punchbowl" and the Satae-ri Valley. They basically were in stationary positions during his tour in Korea. They defended their part of the line, checking any enemy advance and holding their line.

Paul described his headquarters as being a place under camouflage to help hide it from enemy detection. But they were always told when they were being observed by the enemy. The front line troops always had patrols out checking the perimeter defenses and scouting for enemy activity. Forward observers also kept an eagle eye on any movement and reported back.

Paul said at night, he remembered, they kept the area lit up really well with large portable spot lights directed at the enemy lines. It help keep the enemy in check for they couldn't do anything without being seen.

He described a time when he had a night run with his jeep and of course up on the line you never run with your headlights on. They could only use their slit light on the jeep. He called it his cat eye. It was a small light encased with a small rectangular slit that allowed only a minute amount of illumination. He said that once you adjusted to driving at night, you could see pretty good.

The times were always tense but rumors began to be heard in the Spring about an armistice. Everyone was hopeful that they would soon be heading home. Paul finally earns enough points that he is reassigned to be transferred home. He received his orders on July 7, 1953 that he would be moved to a reassignee depot to the rear on July 13. He is soon to be on his way home. They move him to Inchon and finally on July 27, 1953, he is ferried out by smaller boat to board his ride home. The U.S. Naval Transport M.C. Meigs is waiting in the bay. This was also a significant day in the war for the hostile action ended on the 27th with the implementation of the negotiated truce.

Pfc Rohrs trip across the Pacific was a direct shot to San Francisco Bay. They were out about two weeks, when he got back on solid land August 11. They were held for 24 hours to be given medical screening and general processing to their next duty station. On August 12, Paul was flown to Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Upon arriving here, he would receive 30 days of leave and off he was headed for home. He caught a bus for Toledo. Then, he connected with a bus to Napoleon. Once in Napoleon, he hitch hiked to his farm home outside of Archbold. He couldn't call his folks because they did not have a phone. His arrival was a pleasant surprise and it was good to see the family and friends again.

His thirty days of leave would come to an end and he was soon back at Camp Atterbury for his new orders. He would be assigned to Ft. Riley, Kansas, outside of Junction City. He was sent by train and arrived there around September 12. Ft. Riley was the home of the 10th

Infantry Division. Paul would be attached with the Headquarters Company of the 86th Infantry Regiment motor pool. This is where he would spend the rest of his active duty time. He would continue to drive jeep but was also qualified to drive 3/4 and 2-1/2 ton (6x6) trucks too. He did a number of jobs remembering hauling trainees to the firing range as a part of their basic. It was a great job to finish out his time in the service.

In his free time, he told of a buddy that had a car. They would get weekend passes and would head out to local towns for the weekend. They usually visited Manhattan, Kansas because it was only about 40 miles away. But, they did go to Topeka and even Lincoln, Nebraska a few times.

Paul would receive notice of his impending discharge on November 6, 1953. He was to report by instruction of Separation Roster Order #184 to the processing center on November 25. He said it took a few days to go through all the paperwork, exams, and related things they did before they let you out. But finally, Paul was released on November 29, 1953. He was transferred into the inactive reserve for the remainder of his eight year obligation. He joined up with his two buddies from Ohio. One had a car and they headed for home. Paul recalled traveling all night and he got home on December 1.

Military Record of ROBERT D. ROWAN
(27 FEBRUARY 1952 thru 06 MAR 1976)

Robert would have been drafted into the U.S. Army within a month, so on 27 February, 1952 He joined the U.S. Air Force at the Cleveland induction office. Robert took the Greyhound bus from Defiance to Cleveland.

Basic training was a Sampson AFB, Geneva, New York. They sent him by train from Cleveland to Geneva. Lake Seneca was next to Sampson AFB and in February, it is very cold. Robert was assigned to the 3650th Basic Military Training Group. In March, he would be sent to the base hospital with pneumonia and an ear infection, which he stills feels the effect. In the 30 days from the time he started basic until he was out of the hospital, he was 30 flights behind from the one he started with, and was then assigned to another squadron. I went into basic training as a private, was changed to airman basic rank while in training, and was promoted to Airman 3rd Class, A/3C (E2) when I graduated. The Army Air Force was phasing out while I was in training.

Robert's request was to be a photographer and his wish was granted. He could have been an aerial photographer and would have done a lot of flying, or a ground photographer and hardly fly at all. He chose the latter, and it was a lot more interesting, since he was involved in many facets of photography.

In May of 1952, he awaited the start of photo school at Lowry AFB, Denver, Colorado. For two months, he was on KP, plus Ash & Trash, so he could have been a cook, a janitor or a garbage collector. He was graduated from photo school with an AFSC (Air Force Specialty Code) 23230, on 15 November 1952 and was assigned to the 815th Recon Tech Sqdn (SAC) at Forbes AFB, Topeka, Kansas.

Robert served as a ground (still) photographer at Forbes AFB from 15 November, 1952 until 24 February, 1954. After two weeks leave, He left for Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, where he would be processed out to England, (UK). It took seven days traveling on the USS Butner for him to reach Southhampton, England on 05 April, 1954. He was bunked four high with two feet between him and the bunk above, or the ceiling.

My first assignment was to APO 198 SAC, 3917th AB Group, RAF Station Manston, Kent, England. He started work in the base photo lab on 12 April, 1954 with the 3917th Operations Sqdn. His duties were taking photos for news, law enforcement, ID cards, portraits and special events. He also developed and printed film, including aerial photos and gun camera film. On 07 August, 1954, Robert was awarded the 23250 AFSC (senior photo lab technician) and was promoted to A/2C. Airman Second Class (E3).

On 01 October, 1954, the 3917th AB Group packed up and moved 120 miles north to East Kirby RAF Station (APO 2120), which was last used during WWII as a base for the Lancaster Bomber. Our mission at East Kirby was to support incoming aircraft and other bases in the UK. We only had one aircraft assigned to East Kirby, which was a C-47 "nicknamed the "Goonie Bird". This was a workhorse aircraft from WWII, and they were being used yet in the 1980's. There were 10,000 C-47's manufactured in the United States.

Robert worked in the base photo lab at East Kirby from October 1954 until January 1956, when his active duty tour ended. He was the only photographer on night shift for most of this period. Duties were developing and printing photos of events that day and taking any emergency photos during the night. This included many interesting items such as auto accidents and suicides. During his tour in England, he visited Scotland, Germany for military business, and Spain for R & R.

On 14 December, 1955, two weeks prior to returning to the US, he was promoted to A1/C (Airman First Class)(E4). I returned stateside on 25 January 1956 via military transport, and was released from active duty on 26 January 1956.

In February 1956, Robert was assigned to the AF Reserve, Denver, Colorado. For one year, he attended inactive reserve (non-pay) meetings at Defiance airport. In February 1957, he was assigned to the active reserves. It was the 9522nd Air Reserve Squadron at White Hall, University of Toledo.

As an active reservist, he attended meetings once a month and two weeks summer camp each year from 1957 to 1965. Robert was assigned to the 2626th Air Reserve Center, 9522nd Air Reserve Sqdn. from 1957 to 1961, and the 8380th AF Reserve Recovery Group, 9228th AF Reserve Recovery Sqdn. from 1961 thru 1964. Both of the assignments were headquartered at the University of Toledo. These units were under CONAC (Continental Air Command).

Summer camps were held at the following locations during the period shown:

1957 814th Air Base Group, Westover AFB., Massachusetts
1958 801st AB Gp., Lockbourne AFB., Ohio
1959 801st AB Gp., Lockbourne AFB., Ohio
1959 February Promoted to SSGT (E5)
1960 801st AB Gp., Lockbourne AFB, Ohio
1961 Robert's group disassembled a school building from east Toledo, moved to land next to the Toledo Express Airport and reassembled. This building became the headquarters for the 8380th Air Recovery Group until 1964. Our mission was to help turn around military aircraft in the event area bases were attacked and unable to service them. We were thankful that this never came to pass.
1962 Two weeks duty with the 8380th at the Ohio Air National Guard base, Toledo
1963 9228th AF Reserve Recovery Sqdn. at the Old Toledo Municipal Airport
1964 9228th AF Reserve Recovery Sqdn. at Bunker Hill AFB, Peru, Indiana
1964 June Promoted to TSGT (E6)
1965 March Robert would enlist in the Ohio Air National Guard and was assigned to the 180th Tactical Fighter Group (TAC) Tactical Air Command, Toledo Air Express, Swanton, Ohio. Robert job was Inventory Management Supervisor (AFSC 64670)

1966		Two weeks training was held at Phelps Collins ANG Base, Alpena, Michigan
1967		Two Weeks training was held at Phelps Collins ANG Base, Alpena, Michigan
1968		Assigned to 4500th AB Wing at Hickam AFB, Hawaii
1969		180th TAC Fighter Group at Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho
1970		180th TAC Fighter Group at Toledo Express Airport
1971		180th TAC Fighter Group at Volk Field, Wisconsin
1971	June	Promoted to MSGT (E7)
1972		Two weeks training held at Phelps Collins ANG Base, Alpena, Michigan
1973		Two weeks training held at Phelps Collins, ANG Base, Alpena, Michigan
1973-75		Robert served as NCOIC of the Logistics/Mobility section of the 180th
1974		Two weeks training held at Phelps Collings ANG Base, Alpena, Michigan
1974		Robert nominated as 180th TAC Fighter Group & 122 TAC fighter Wing Outstanding Airman.
1974	December	Promoted to SMSGT (E8)
1975	March 8	Honorably Discharged from Ohio Air National Guard and assigned to Headquarters Air Reserve Personnel Center ARPC (RPPS) Denver, Colorado
1976	March 6	Relieved from ARPC assignment and Honorably Discharged from USAF Reserve
1976	November 7	Enlisted into the Retired Reserve
1992	August 2	Received certificate of retirement from Armed Forces of the USA and began to receive retirement pay.

Awards received during my career in the USAF were: Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Air Force Longevity Service, Armed Forces Service Medal, Air Reserve Forces Meritorious Service Medal, Small Arms Expert, Air Force Good Conduct Medal, Ohio Faithful Service Medal, and Ohio Award of Merit Medal.

Robert has never been sorry that he spent his time with some of the greatest guys in the world. Many were wild, but we were a family and a team. Every abled bodies person in the USA should attend at least one year of service similar to what you experience in the military. Even though he wasn't at the front lines during the Korean or Vietnam Conflict's. Robert was very proud that he was able to furnish support to those who needed it when he could do so.

LAVON ELDON SMITH — US 52 094 496
U.S. Army Corp of Engineers — Rank: Corporal

I was inducted (drafted) into the U.S. Army September 18, 1952. I was processed through Ft. Meade, Maryland and sent to Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri for 16 weeks of basic training. The first eight weeks were combat infantry training and the last eight weeks were training in construction engineering.

At the end of this training, I was sent to Ft. Belvoir, Virginia for eight weeks of water purification school for more advanced schooling.

After 10 days of leave, I was sent to Korea. Processed through Ft. Lewis, Washington and was shipped to Korea by ship with a stop at Japan (Camp Drake) for some more processing. We were sent by ship to Korea(Pusan) and my final destination was the 45th Infantry Division, 120th Engineering Battalion. I spent three months there filling fire extinguishers and watching the war from about two miles behind the lines.

The war ceased and then I was transferred to The United Nations Command - Military Armistice Group to help take care of the repatriated prisoners of war going back to North

Korea. This was north of Seoul in the demilitarized zone.

We set up a large water purification unit supplying 500,000 gallons of water a day. This water was piped to the compounds from Hill 155 which had seen some serious action during the conflict.

We purified water twenty-four hours a day and worked twelve hour shifts. We worked on this water point until all the prisoners of war were taken back and I must also say that the United Nations prisoners were brought back at this time.

A neat story during this time was about a fellow soldier, James Schmidt, who had a brother who was a prisoner in North Korea and The Stars & Stripes newspaper listed all the people being brought back. It so happened his brother's name was in the list and by chain of command, a general sent his personal car to pick this fellow up to meet his brother coming back from North Korea and was allowed to follow him through all his processing until he was sent home.

After this "Operation Big Drink" was over, I had about three months to finish my tour and was then transferred to the 73rd Combat Engineering Battalion Headquarters and Service Company and purified water out on a small river. This was an interesting duty as there were about six men out on this water supply point and we did not have to put up with the company environment.

I finally received my papers to rotate home and was a happy camper to be going home. We were trucked to Pusan and boarded a ship and headed for the states. In all, I was in Korea sixteen months and three weeks. I processed through Ft. Sheridan, Illinois and on the 18th of August 1954 was home.

West Unity Flyer Wins DFC For Korean Mission

Lt. EDWIN STOLTZ Awarded Coveted Air Force Medal

Winner of the Distinguished Flying Cross while serving in Korea is 2Lt. Edwin E. Stoltz, 23, of West Unity. Stoltz flies an RF-80 with the 67th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing of the Fifth Air Force in Korea.

According to the citation that accompanied the DFC, Lt. Stoltz's photo recon plane was badly damaged by enemy aircraft fire while on a mission over North Korea. Despite the battle damage, Lt. Stoltz continued his mission and returned to his home base with valuable information on supply routes used by the enemy.

Lt. Stoltz's unit, known as the "Eyes of the Far East Air Force," takes aerial photographs of enemy communication lines, troop movements, supply dumps and installations. The 67th Wing then interprets and evaluates the reconnaissance information from the photos for planing Fifth Air Force tactical bombardment missions.

Lt. Stoltz is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F.M. Stoltz, whose farm is on West Unity, route 1. He is a graduate of Bryan High School.

Front Page, The Leader Enterprise, July 30, 1951

ROGER STRUP

"Our living quarters in the city of Pusan, South Korea was in an old abandoned school house,"

shared Roger Strup.

"Pusan was a deep water port. There was a berth for 24 cargo ships to come in and unload,"

he continues.

"We handled everything from band-aids to 50 ton army tanks."

Roger was a 1948 graduate of Edgerton High School. He entered Ohio State University in the R.O.T.C. (Reserved Officer Training Corps) program and was a part of that for four years. In June of 1952 at graduation, he was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant.

"I received my Bachelors of Science degree, my commission, and my orders to report for active duty all in one day,"

he said.

"I entered the service on September 2, 1952 and was sent to Fort Eustis, Virginia, where I was in training for a year,"

said Roger.

"I went overseas in September 1953. The war was supposed to be over but supplies were still coming in at Pusan City. The port ran for 24 hours a day, seven days a week,"

he continues.

2nd Lt. Strup was in charge. There were as many as 200 G.I.'s and 500 Koreans unloading food, clothing, and medical supplies. We had to provide material handling equipment such as fork lifts, cranes, bulldozers, and pallets for unloading, and several tons of coal each day was unloaded for heating. Some of the ships were fashioned with seven holds, and could hold nearly 700 tons of cargo.

"About two months after our arrival there were nearly 5000 North Korean prisoners of war held in a camp outside of Pusan who broke out,"

remembers Strup.

"There was no attempt to capture them and some joined my staff and were willing to work." Roger was discharged on July 4, 1954. I sure would like to see the city of Pusan, but not enough to return,"

says Roger.

"My tenure in South Korea was a very interesting and eye opening experience, and I learned the good old U.S.A. is a great place to live."

CLETUS THIEL

For 13 years, the members of Company I, 86th Infantry Regiment, 10th Infantry Division of the United States Army have met for a reunion and Cletus and Margaret Thiel have never missed a single one, the only couple that can claim that. Cletus really enjoys attending the reunion and visiting with his buddies. The ones he lived very close with for four months, going through basic training and the trials of army life.

"To meet them as middle aged or older gives me a good feeling,"

says Cletus,

"of the men he served with in his youth."

That is always nice." The reunion gives the Thiels a chance to visit many interesting places. The 1998 reunion was held at Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, while past reunions have taken them to several southern states and along the east coast.

One reunion held at the naval base at Norfolk, Virginia, where the group were treated to a tour of the aircraft carrier John F. Kennedy. Their nephew Doug Dunkle was stationed there at the time and they had the opportunity to tour the repair hangars and other places they would never have gotten to see without his help.

Cletus Thiel entered the U.S. Army September 26, 1951 and received his honorable discharge September 1, 1953. His basic training took 16 weeks, learning how to handle light and heavy weapons at Fort Riley, Kansas. After basic training, most of the 215 men were sent overseas to serve in the middle of the Korean Conflict.

Corporal Thiel replaced the company clerk in Fort Riley for 10 months and in December 1952 was shipped overseas to Europe and ended up in West Germany. He served as the personnel clerk in Regimental Headquarters. He was returned to the U.S. in September of 1953 and separated to serve six years in the inactive reserves.

Ruth Kimpel, The Edgerton Earth, November 5, 1998

JOHN G. TONER

was a member of the United States Navy as a Midshipman at the United States Naval Academy located in Annapolis, Maryland. He attended the Academy from July 2, 1951 through June 2, 1955. John was sworn in and commissioned a Midshipman on July 2, 1951. Upon his graduation, he would be commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps. He would serve his active duty obligation until discharged from the U.S. Naval Station, Treasure Island, California as a First Lieutenant on June 1, 1959. He then transferred to Standby Reserve and was promoted to Captain in the Fall of 1959.

DUANE M. TOWERS

was to become a veteran of the Korean War serving with the U.S. Army. At his discharge, he would be released with the rank of Sergeant. The following is his account of his personal odyssey.

I was inducted 29 May, 1952 at Toledo, Ohio. I was taken to the local train station and sent off to Ft. Meade, Maryland for initial processing. I was given a battery of test and inoculated. Upon completion of this initial baptism into military service, I was flown to Ft. Knox, Kentucky for basic training (8 weeks). Ft. Knox is just a few miles outside of Louisville. I then completed my advanced training here from July through August of 1952. They then placed me into Track Vehicle Mechanic, Armored School from November 1952 through February 1953.

I went home on leave, as I was married when drafted into the army. I had leave after schooling and then went directly overseas to Korea. Took a troop train from Chicago to Seattle. I spent one month at Ft. Lewis, Washington because my pay records got lost. Then, I shipped out without records on the USS Howze to Japan. In Japan, they issued us new clothes, helmets, rifles and I was sent on to Korea.

We landed on the west side at Inchon and were taken to Tank Co., 180th Infantry Regiment, 45th Infantry Division near Sand Bag Castle. My main duties were maintaining the tanks.

After the truce in July of 1953, we were moved back from the front lines but kept in readiness in case fighting started again. In January 1954, the whole Company went on a 100 mile march. Our tents, bunks and some clothes were left under guard at the camp. All vehicles and personnel, except the guards, took off. The tanks are not fast. Maintenance and the tank retriever came last in the column. Anything that broke down, we repaired or towed it. We had at least two tanks break down and one had to be towed for the rest of the march.

The weather during this march was bitter cold. If my memory is correct, the temperature ranged from -10 to 10 degrees. I rode in a 2-1/2 ton truck with no heater and no doors. My right hand got so cold, the fingers started to turn white. I had to put my hand into my coat, shirt, and underwear and under my left armpit to get it warmed up. This took several hours. This was one maneuver everyone was glad when it came to an end.

On my free time - I wrote letters, played cards and talked with buddies. We did get to see some USO shows at the 45th Division airstrip. I got to see Penny Singleton (Blondie) and she was terrific (put on a good show). Also saw Marilyn Monroe. When she came to the stage, she passed about 30 feet from me, seemed to be all glitz, I wasn't too impressed.

When the 45th Division shipped home, I didn't have enough time in to rotate, so for about one month, I was with an armored vehicle unit attached with the Eighth Army. This unit was armored artillery (eight inch howitzers on a tank). Again, if my memory is correct, these 8 inch projectiles weighed over 200 pounds and you could see them leave the barrel and go out of sight. They would go for several miles, don't remember for sure just how far. The 45th Division went through the Panama Canal to New York City, where it paraded down town, then went to Oklahoma City. The 45th was the National Guard "Thunderbird Division," representing Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona.

When my time was up, I went to Seoul and took a train to Pusan, on the south end of Korea. We boarded the USS Breckenridge and went to Okinawa to pick up some air force personnel. Then we proceeded to San Francisco. We took a train to Chicago and arrived about 1 May, 1954 at Ft. Sheridan, Illinois and was released and arrived home on 5 May, 1954.

I was presented with the Korean Service Medal, two Bronze Service Stars, United Nations

Service Medal, and National Defense Service Medal.

Other points of interests - When I went overseas on the Howze, there were three men from the Edon area on the boat as well. Robert Doty, now of Hamilton, Indiana, Donald Rigelman, lives north of Nettle Lake and James Coolman. Also, Keith Reitzel, then from Sandusky, Ohio area, who now resides two miles north of Edon.

Herbert Coolman (James older brother) was a clerk typist in the 45th Division rear at Seoul. He typed up the papers everytime I made a raise in rank. When I went on R & R in September of 53, he came to see me at the area we stayed over night before flying to Japan. We graduated together from Edon High School in 1948. He lives in Tygard, Oregon.

Personal Thoughts - I suppose you have heard this before, but I have told people I wouldn't give a nickel to go into the service again; but, I wouldn't take a million dollars for the experience I had. Through the years, I've been saddened by the fact that the Korean War is the forgotten war. None of the wars our young people have gone to should be forgotten.

The government and military services should not turn their backs on Agent Orange victims or Desert Storm Syndrome or possible gas victims. Last night (June 5, '01) on NBC Dateline, a story of navy men who were deck scrubbers on aircraft carriers got silica particles in there lungs and are now dying (its irreversible) and with no treatment. At that time, the navy did not furnish masks - they do now - and they ignore helping these men who can hardly breathe and their families - some have already died.

This last paragraph is not reflections of my service, but I am sad that the USA and government do not look after those who have served to keep this country free. The services can spend big dollars for bolts, coffee pots, toilet seats, ad nauseum; but, will not help the people with health problems brought on by serving this great nation.

Signed,
Duane Towers

STAFF RECEIVES LETTER

The staff of the Leader Enterprise received the following letter from Pvt. JAMES E. WRINKLE in Korea Saturday. Pvt. Wrinkle was employed by the Edgerton Earth and the Leader Enterprise prior to his induction into the Army last May.

Hi: I have a little news item for you...I ran into another Williams County Soldier yesterday (February 21st). It is Sgt.Orval Rockey from Edon. He is Ist sergeant at B Company of 1092nd Engineer Combat Battalion. It moved in about a mile down the road from us a week ago and we ran a telephone line down there. A couple mornings ago I was working on the switchboard and while calling to check all my lines, I called his outfit and darned if he didn't answer.

We talked a few minutes and I hitch-hiked down to see him yesterday morning. I took my camera along and we had our picture taken together. I should have it in a couple of weeks and will send it to you.

"I am feeling fine and doing very little work at all. I am actually on duty at the moment and the board in not busy at all."

"I must close as it is almost quitting time. Please write when you have time. The Leaders and Earths are coming O.K. So long, Jim."

The Leader Enterprise, March 3, 1952, Page 2

KOREAN WAR
MEN IN SERVICE

Names taken from March 3, 1952 Leader-Enterprise. This is not a complete listing.

Camp Rucker, Alabama

Donald J. Andrews
Ronald M. Dietrich
Ronald R. Keppler
James D. Knecht
Kenneth Rollins
Paul J. Sanders
Howard D. Schieber
Roger Thompson
Galen Weber

Ft. McClellan, Alabama

Gerald L. Kuney

Chandler, Arizona

L.S. Schieber

Pine Bluff, Arkansas

Robert Fels
R.S. Short

Camp Beale, California

William Bostater

Oceanside, California

James P. Luke
Maurice Stantz

Fort Ord, California

Gareld L. Jones
Richard L. Jones
John Smith

Camp Roberts, California

Wayne B. Corey
Samuel E. Shook

Moffett Field, California

Keith Lamar Michael

San Diego, California

Loyal D. Degroff

Long Beach, California

Francis Borton, Jr.

Sampac, California

Robert W. Caldwell

San Francisco, California

Lowell A. Abott
Howard J. Myers
Harry E. Reed

Boron, California

Lewis Fifer, Jr.

Colorado Springs, Colorado

Eldon L. Casper

Denver, Colorado

Denver P. Harrington

Greeley, Colorado

Dewayne L. VanArsdalen

Key West, Florida

Walter E. Armstrong

Tampa, Florida

Leonard E. Baker

St. Augustine, Florida

Robert S. Snyder

Milton, Florida

James I. Montgomery

Pensacola, Florida

Joseph A. Maxwell
Richard W. Todd
Dewayne Waldron
H.L. Wingfield

Eglin AFB, Florida

Rahnold B. Johnson

Cocoa, Florida

Robert L. Shinabarger

Tyndall AFB, Florida

Warren White

Augusta, Georgia

Lowell Davis
William Welch

Valdosta, Georgia

John S. Meyers

Columbus, Georgia

Joe D.F. Shultz

Robins AFB, Georgia

Charles F. Steman

Ft. Benning, Georgia

Christ Bergman

Bellville, Illinois

Daniel A. Dayhoff
Maxwell J. Ihrig
Jack R. Stambaugh

Ft. Sheridan, Illinois

Alton C. Fisher

Rantoul, Illinois

Merle D. Betts
Paul J. Miller
Ralph E. Tressler

Great Lakes, Illinois

Olin Coblentz
Gail E. Gordon
Dale L. Halleck
James A. Lumm
John J. Rodgers

Camp Atterbury, Indiana

Norris M. Underwood

Franklin, Indiana

Lyle F. Storrer

Edinburg, Indiana

Ray D. Fry

Fort Riley, Kansas

Cletus F. Thiel

Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky

Max Griffin
Charles S. Harrington
Charles G. Mohre
Harold D. Sumner

Fort Campbell, Kentucky

Wilford M. Colon
Loren W. Cox
Carl L. Headley

Fort Knox, Kentucky

Harry C. Besancom
Donald E. Bickham
Modestus A. Fry
Robert Jones
Henry Konecny
Richard W. Leskow
Richard L. Steiner
Richard Wisman

Camp Polk, Louisiana

Dewayne Davis
Stanley G. Dennis
John W. Hartman
Roy A. Hartman
Louis R. Houser
Victor B. Lattanner
William D. Miller
Herbert Moor
Leo Schlachter
Vearron Stark

Lake Charles, Louisiana

Roscoe Moore

Fort George Meade, Maryland

Lyle P. Hinkle
Leroy C. Lyons

Annapolis, Maryland

Richard O. Turner

Aberdeen, Maryland

Marlin D. Croninger

Friendship International Airport, Maryland

Robert L. Beach

Bainbridge, Maryland

James W. Stauffer

Westover AFB, Massachusetts

Robert H. Wayland, Jr.

Camp Edwards, Massachusetts

Eugent L. Schaefer

Battle Creek, Michigan

Robert Moog
Raymond Willis

Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri

Norman L. Gearhart
Joe J. Kiess
Verl Thorpe, Jr.

Las Vegas, Nevada

Douglas C. Winright

Fort Dix, New Jersey

Howard W. Meyer

Bergen Field, New Jersey

Wayne J. Pike

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Philip E. Emanuel

Las Vegas, New Mexico

Richard O. Turner

Kirtland AFB, New Mexico

Keith Martin
Paul D. McDaniel

Roswell, New Mexico

Jack A. Garber

Ovid, New York

Wayne H. McCrea
Richard E. Mignery
Fred J. Reller

Cherry Point, N. Carolina

Paul J. Fry
Perry L. Shuman
Hal D. Thompson
Lyle D. Wann

Camp Lejeune, N Carolina

Duane W. Baxter
Ronald E. Brown
Lyle R. Cox
Robert W. Crist
Ronald A. Gray
Rheo O. Masters
Rex R. Richard

Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Alfred J. Grant
Richard L. Green
Glen J. Ruetz

Columbus, Ohio

Max M. Nold
Dale R. Pushee

Dayton, Ohio

Warren G. Fisher

Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Robert O. Bever
Robert C. Gamboe

Phoenixville, Pennsylvania

John C. Fiig
Marvin F. Radabaugh
Clarence L. Shook
Garrey L. Siler
Donald Stevens
Richard A. Warner

Newport, Rhode Island

James W. Stauffer

Greenville, South Carolina

Edwin J. Krill

Parris Island, South Carolina

Delmar C. Anderson
Milton Bowling
Richard Brandeberry
Burton Buell
William F. Chaffee
Glen R. Frank
Clifford G. Green
Charles L. Hancock
Dwight L. Klein
Hillis D. Rockey
Glenn D. Semer
William K. Turner
Norman White

Fort Jackson, South Carolina

Lowell D. Crites
James A. Kaiser
Don L. Nicolen
Robert D. Strohl

Beaufort, South Carolina

James A. Andrews

Sumner, South Carolina

Norman Peck
Ray E. Patten

Weaver, South Dakota

Maurice A. Gilbert

Memphis, Tennessee

Dennis L. Brown
John D. Green
Donald E. Stecovich

Murfreesboro, Tennessee

R. Duane Dirrim

Stewart AFB, Tennessee

Billie G. Hoffman

Lubbock, Texas

Eugene R. Brodbeck

Longview, Texas

Richard L. White

Fort Hood, Texas

Richard L. Apt
Gerald F. Dohm
Richard E. Turney
Orren Van Zile
Edwin F. Welden

El Paso, Texas

Frank Hoffman
Richard Schaefer

San Marco, Texas

Robert Ellis

Orange, Texas

William E. Raymond

Kelly AFB, Texas

Ross Rummel

San Antonio, Texas

James H. Burtnett
William L. Dury
Chester W. Ely
Leighton Fritz
Harold D. McKarns
Harold L. Miser
Richard J. Rhodes

Clifford E. Van Arsdalen
Lewis D. Welling

San Marros AFB, Texas

Paul W. Thomas

Fort Sam Houston, Texas

William H. Annette
Charles A. Short

Galveston, Texas

James R. Leupp

Wichita Falls, Texas

Richard S. Arnos
Gene L. Crawford
Richard Dhaenens
Richard L. Dietz
Robert L. Fry
Richard A. Jennings
Joseph R. Keck
Harold W. Siegel
Ronald J. Sumner

Fort Bliss, Texas

Arthur R. Strouse

Arlington, Virginia

Gerry E. Meyer

Norfolk, Virginia

John W. Bloom
P. D. Stahl

Virginia Beach, Virginia

James R. Baker

Fort Monroe, Virginia

Carmon L. Clay

Fort Lee, Virginia

Harold E. Mercer

Fort Arlington, Virginia

Jack Karner

Fort Belvoir, Virginia

Earl O. Miller
Richard Norrick

Fort Eustis, Virginia

James H. McMillen

Tacoma, Washington

James R. Cromwell

Washington, D.C.

Paul E. Hutchison

Fort Lawton, Washington

Forrest M. Siebenaler

Camp McCoy, Wisconsin

Robert C. Gamboe

Francis E. Warren AFB, Wyoming

Robert Gotshall

c/o Postmaster, New York

LaMar W. Allomong
Raymond E. Beard
Dee A. Bible
Lawrence Bourguin
Norris M. Brillhart
Howard E. Brodbeck
Richard E. Burcham
Maurice G. Cook
Calvin Coy
Ralph J. Cramer
Larry L. Crommer
Ralph H. Cunningham
Hal C. Decker
James R. DeForest
Donald F. Fast
Robert E. Freese
Charlie R. Gardner
Marvin E. Goebel
Ellis L. Graber
Darrell E. Grimm
Omer G. Harrington
Philip E. Johnson
Francis B. Kasper
Lewis Kirkendall
Walter R. Koch
Paul Lautermilch
Maurice Manley
Roger E. McKelvey
Kenneth A. Miller
Donald B. Nye
Carl R. Price
Billy M. Ramer
Hugh M. Skiles
Theodore Smart
James S. Strohl
Jules L. Wagman
William L. Wallace

c/o Fleet Post Office, New York

Richard C. Bowers
Bob H. Clark
Elmer E. Creek
C. Roland Lattaner
C. A. Montgomery
Maurice E. Murray
Morris J. Robbins
LaVon E. Schmucker
Richard C. Shepard
William J. Sickmiller
Richard Tressler
Norman Vincent

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

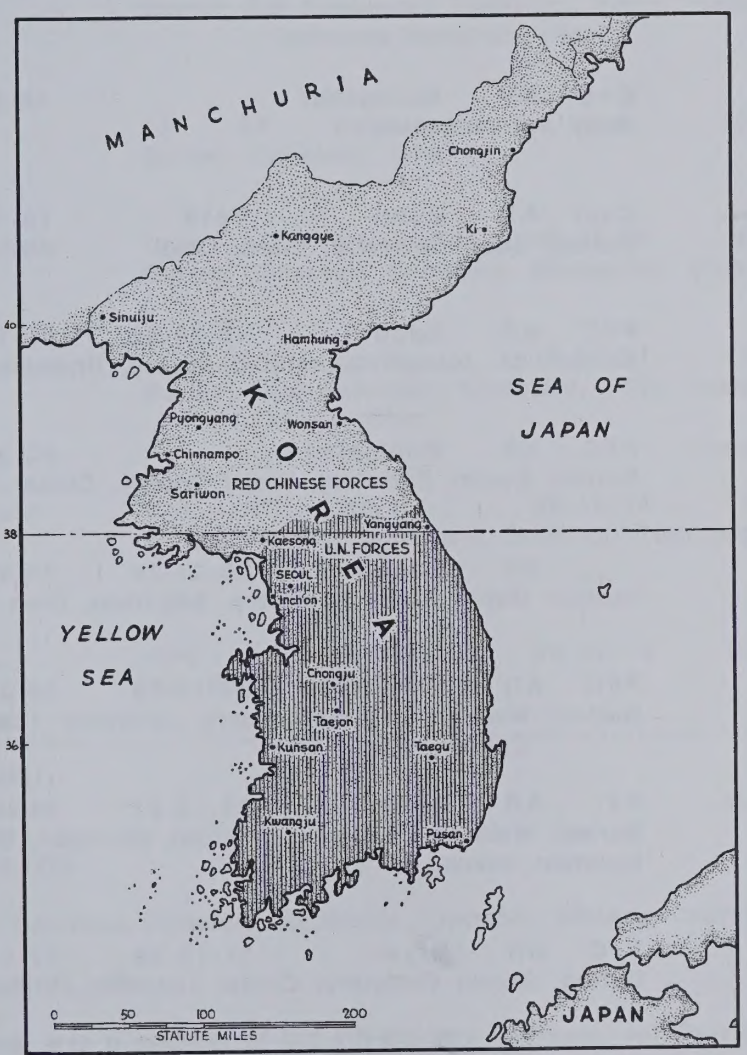
Albert O. Arthur
Kermit D. Barber
Bernard L. Beavers
William M. Blakely
Harold J. Borton
Robert D. Briner
J. E. Buchs
Doyle F. Calvin
Norman B. Castor
Theodore R. Chavez
James W. Connolly
Leland R. Cook
Roland L. Cook
Robert A. Croft
James Deck
Ned E. Drake
Roger L. Echler
Ernest L. Eidenier
John R. Estrich
Robert G. Fenstermaker
Mervin J. Goebel
Robert E. Green
Burl E. Headley
Junior F. Herman
John D. Hilger
Roger W. Hillard
Jack D. Hofman
Charles P. Hollstein
Carl D. Holthues
Cleo E. Jack
William B. Jenkins
William W. Kepler
Donald E. Kirkendall
Jack T. Knapp
George B. Langell
Jack Lanius
Harry D. Lee
Bill A. Leidy
Earl Lovetinsky
Thomas B. Matthews
Trevelone E. Matthews
Denton V. Michael
James N. Miller
Lisle A. Miller
Carson Morton
Raymond B. Oxender
Paul R. Reader
Ted Ricketts
Franklin J. Ridgway
Orval V. Rockey
Fred W. Sanders
Harry E. Semer
Richard Schaefer
William H. Shaffer, Jr.
Rolland T. Shook
Aloysius G. Siebenaler
Anthony Siebenaler
Forest M. Siebenaler
Lester Siebenaler
Paul L. Snyder
Verle Steyer
Owen L. Swartz
Robert D. Tageson
Harold Taylor
Keith R. Thompson
Robert Thompson
Richard L. Tressler
Loren E. Troxel
Theodore Van Poppel
Bob Vollmer
Norman E. Weaver
William L. Welsh
Gordon R. Wiles
Joseph A. Wolff
James E. Wrinkle
Donald R. Young
Marion D. Zartman
Leland R. Zigler

c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco

H. E. Ansley
John B. Clements
Edwin H. Corwin
Ralph E. Harrington
James M. Herb
H.R. Johnson
Olin Jones
Bud R. Knecht
Lynn H. Lightbody
Gerald L. Schmucker
Robert H. Siebenaler
Doyle Stoner
Donald G. Ulrich

c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Washington

Bill C. Brown
Charles L. Dull
James L. Finch
Lloyd R. King
Robert M. Neal
Robert H. Reese



KOREAN PENINSULA, APRIL 1951

KOREAN WAR
ROLL of HONOR

KEY

Data is listed as follows: Name, Rank, Branch of Service, Home Town, Birth date, Date of Death, Location of Death or Combat designation (KIA, DW, POW), Place of Burial

****

Gerald L. Bauman	Pvt	AR	Bryan	07-21-28	05-25-51 KIA
Buried: Fountain Grove Cemetery, Bryan, Ohio					
David L. Beltz	PFC	MC	Stryker		05-29-51 KIA
Buried: Archbold Cemetery, German Township, Fulton County, Ohio					
John R. Brinkley	Ens	NV	Montpelier		12-23-50 KIA
Body not recovered					
Harry M. Chadbourne	Capt	AF	Edon	1918	10-17-50 DNB
Buried: Edon Cemetery, Edon, Ohio					
Theodore R. Chavez	PFC	AR	Edon	10-30-32	09-14-52 Ohio
Buried: St. Joseph Catholic Cemetery, Blakeslee, Ohio					
Robert G. Fenstermaker	PFC	AR	Montpelier		03-31-52 KIA
Buried: Custar Cemetery, Wood County, Custar, Ohio					
Ora Gipple, Jr.		AR	Edgerton	09-21-30	03-26-54 Ohio
Buried: Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio					
Robert F. Harrington	PFC	AR	Montpelier	05-13-18	08-23-50 DW
Buried: West Jefferson Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams County, Ohio					
Clayton F. Hephner, Jr.	Pvt	AR	Alvordton	05-15-27	10-20-50 Korea
Buried: Waldron Cemetery, Waldron, Michigan. See POW Notation below					
Hazen K. Hilbert	PFC	AR	Bryan	11-12-30	07-09-52 Ind.
Buried: Brown Cemetery, Center Township, Williams County, Ohio					
Robert E. Lee	PFC	AR	Montpelier		07-20-50 KIA
Buried: Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio					

Donald D. Metcalf	PFC	AR	Montpelier		02-06-51	DW
Buried: Oak Grove Cemetery, Hillsdale, Michigan						
Donald L. Michoff	Pvt	AR	Stryker		03-10-51	KIA
Buried: Oakwood Cemetery, Stryker, Ohio						
Lewis V. Mick	PFC	AR	Montpelier	04-01-30	11-17-52	KIA
Buried: Riverside Cemetery, Montpeleir, Ohio						
Richard E. Pann	Sgt1/c	AR	Montpelier		07-12-51	KIA
Buried: Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio						
Orville Parsons	MSgt	AR	Pioneer	11-10-12	03-02-52	Md.
Buried: Old Maplewood Cemetery, Henry Township, North Baltimore, Wood Co., Ohio						
Louis D. Rassi	Lt	AF	Edgerton		02-10-53	DNB
Buried: Cleveland, Ohio						
Howard C. Reamsnyder	Cpl	AR	Montpelier	09-17-20	09-03-50	KIA
Buried: Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio						
Robert C. Schlosser		AR	Bryan	07-07-31	12-16-53	Ohio
Buried: New Evansport Cemetery, Tiffin Township, Defiance County, Ohio						
George L. Smallwood	Sgt	AR	Bryan	09-10-24	10-27-51	KIA
Buried: Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams County, Ohio						
Paul L. Tingle	PFC	AR	Montpelier	08-28-14	03-20-51	Korea
See POW Notation below						

****

PRISONERS OF WAR
KOREAN WAR

RAYMOND L. HAMILTON

Buried in the Columbia Cemetery, Northwest Township, Williams County, Ohio

CLAYTON F. HEPHNER, JR.

Private Hephner was a member of the 5th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division. He was taken prisoner of War while fighting the enemy in South Korea on July 31, 1950 and died while a prisoner on October 20, 1950.

A notice from the January 16, 1951 "Bryan Times", page one, column six states:

Mrs. Neoma Carpenter, of near Hudson, Michigan was recently notified by the government of the death of her brother, Pvt. Clayton F. Hephner, in Korea. A previous casualty list by the department of defense gave Pvt. Hephner's address as Alvordton, and reported that he was missing in action on July 31, 1950. Mrs. Carpenter was notified that her brother was killed on October 20 while a captive of the enemy.

PAUL L. TINGLE

Private First Class Tingle was a member of the 9th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division. He was taken Prisoner of War while fighting the enemy in North Korea on November 26, 1950 and died while a prisoner on March 20, 1951. Body was not returned and is still classified as POW.

Leader Enterprise article (April 26, 1951, Page 1) cites mother Estella Tingle received word that her son has been reported missing in Korea since November 26, 1950. He was serving with the fames 2nd Division leaving San Francisco on July 17, 1950. The last word received from him was in late October. Paul Tingle entered the U.S. Army in July, 1941 and during WWII served in Saipan, Okinawa, and Iwo Jima. The soldiers wife, Ruby, and stepson, Denny, live in San Francisco, California. (THIS CONCUDES POW DATA)

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Editors Note: The following is additional background data on these men obtained from the local area newspapers.

JOHN R. BRINKLEY

Ensign Brinkley was the pilot of a F4U-4 Corsair fighter with Fighter Squadron 63 aboard the aircraft carrier USS VALLEY FORGE (CV-45). On December 23, 1950, performing close air support through Army controllers north of Hungham, his aircraft was struck by anti-aircraft fire and crashed. Ensign Brinkley was awarded the Air Medal, the Purple Heart, the Korean Service Medal, the United Nations Service Medal and the National Defense Service Medal. Ensign Brinkley's body was not recovered.

HARRY M. CHADBOURNE

Captain Chadbourne was killed in a training accident near White Hall, Alabama. He was an Air Force instructor at Craig Air Base in Selma, Alabama. He had served in Italy during WWII.

LOUIS D. RASSI

Lt. Rassi had seen action during the Second World War and was placed in the reserves. He was reactivated during the Korean War. He was assigned to service in Germany as a troop and cargo transport pilot flying the C-119 cargo plane.

POST KOREA ERA

ARTHUR B. KOSIER A2/c AF Melbern 02-02-1957 DNB
Buried: Floral Grove Cemetery, Pioneer, Ohio

Airman Kosier was a boom operator specialist on a KB-29 Tanker aircraft. While on a mission near Morigny, in Normandy, he was involved in a mid-air collision with another KB-29 fueling tanker.

WAYNE H. MCCREA AR Montpelier 08-26-31 02-01-58 Ind.
Buried: Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio

ROBERT J. NYE AR Blakeslee 12/15/29 07-05-56 Ohio
Buried: New Riverside Cemetery, Defiance, Ohio

NORMAN E. VINCENT NV Bryan 05-05-28 03-18-55 Ohio
Buried: Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams County, Ohio

57th Tank Battalion, 2nd Armor Division, HQ & SVC Company
Sanhoffen, Germany 1955

THE VIETNAM CONFLICT

(SOUTHEAST ASIA CAMPAIGN)

FEBRUARY 28,1961 - MAY 7, 1975

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THE CONFLICT OF VIETNAM:
PAIN, MEMORIES STILL LINGER ON.

(Editor's Note: This is the first in a five-part series on the Vietnam War and its veterans)

Basically, it was just a nightmare. That's how one man describes his experience - the war he fought - in Vietnam. Many veterans still carry the physical scars of that conflict, perhaps maimed or missing limbs. Others cope with the mental scars, the sleepless nights and painful memories that still haunt them. Although not so visible, those hurts are just as real.

For a young American leaving high school in the 1960's and early 1970's, the war was an imposing event. Threats of the draft loomed, unless college or conscientious objector status brought exemption. Some upset with being drafted, decided to flee the country rather than serve. Most agreed to fight, even if they often didn't agree with the war.

Vietnam was America's first televised war. Previous conflicts were portrayed in newspapers and magazines picture spreads and in movie newsreels, but it wasn't really the same. Television brought the Vietnam War, in all its harsh realities, to the living rooms of America each day. The young men headed for Vietnam had seen the television footage, and they knew in a way what to expect. But to really understand it, veterans say, you have to experience it.

Fighting in the jungles of Vietnam meant constant awareness of the enemy, always being on the lookout for attacks or booby traps. And the American soldier had more to worry about than North Vietnamese troops or Viet Cong guerrillas. Oppressive heat and humidity were a soldier's almost constant companion. There were snakes - among the most poisonous in the world - as well as biting insects and leeches, diseases such as malaria and dysentery, and the controversial defoliant "Agent Orange".

Troops also had to deal with an aspect of the war totally apart from survival in the jungle: the anti-war demonstrations going on back home. "The biggest problem with the war," said Jim Crow of Bryan, who served with the First Cavalry Division in Vietnam, was that "we didn't know what the hell we were doing over here." "You're over there trying to save your skin, and your buddy's skin," he said, "and they're back here protesting against you."

Richard Cooley of Bryan, who served as a radio operator with the U.S. Special Forces, said he and his comrades didn't find the demonstrations particularly demoralizing. "We felt they should be over there to see what is going on," Cooley said. "Then they wouldn't be demonstrating...We really felt that we were attempting to stop the spread of Communism." "I'd do it again," Cooley said, "if I knew I'd come out the way I did - in one piece."

As far as the protests were concerned, said Kenneth Franks of Bryan, a veteran of the First Cavalry. "I didn't think that much about it. When you're getting shot at, you think about that." "That was really a weird time," he said. "People didn't respect you." Because of the riots he knew were going on back in the United States, Franks said, "I didn't really want to come home in my army clothes." Still he said, "I was never ashamed I was over there."

Besides reading about the anti-war sentiment, the soldiers in Vietnam had the chance to see how magazines and newspapers from home were reporting the conflict. "What I saw of the news reports, a lot of them were pretty accurate," said Crow. "It was not uncommon for a newsman to get his nose in there and see what's going on." While Crow was on guard duty in Vietnam, he was approached by a newsman from St. Louis, who asked who to contact to see what's going on." Two or three weeks later, Crow said, "I read in the Star and Stripes where

the guy got captured."

Cooley recalls reading UPI and AP reports in papers from home. There were some times that I saw some stuff in there that was wrong - it was glorified, if you want to call it that," he said. In one case, Cooley said, his base was shelled and news wire reports listed casualties at 17 killed and 30 wounded. Actually, he said, only two or three were killed and perhaps half a dozen wounded. "I saw that quite a bit in the paper, he said. "The killed and wounded got multiplied."

Cooley received the Bryan Times while in Vietnam. He received issues a week or so at a time, "never every day", he said. "There was one particular incident that's always stayed on my mind," Cooley said. He said he heard radio traffic concerning troop movements over the next 30 days. "It was classified, secret material," he said. Only a few days later, in a news wire report in the Bryan Times was this message verbatim." "I had to destroy the Bryan Times. It could be injurious to us, to our movements - or our lives," he said. "I don't know how the newsman got hold of it."

Craig Peffley of Montpelier, who was stationed at an Air Force base in Vietnam, said a lot of what he has seen in the media about the war has been "pretty accurate." But in some ways, Peffley said, "the media is always going to distort what happened over there." One incident that sticks in Peffley's mind involved Lt. William Calley, who was convicted in the My Lai massacre of Vietnamese civilians. Calley had returned to Vietnam, Peffley said, and reporters crowded around him so thickly they couldn't be pushed away. "They were just like vultures," he said.

Franks said he was more interested in reading the paper, the Bryan Times, for news from home than of the war. "One thing that scared me," Franks said, was reading the lists in the Stars and Stripes that told who had been killed.

Films, documentaries and books have dealt extensively with the Vietnam Conflict since the fighting ended. From what they've seen, the local veterans said these have been generally accurate. "Platoon - that told a lot about what they did there, what went on there," Crow said. Franks agrees that 'Platoon' "really shows you what it is." Another show that accurately depicts Vietnam, he said, is the television program "Tour of Duty".

Restrictions placed on the troops in Vietnam had much to do with the war's result, some veterans say. Cooley said he and his comrades compared Vietnam to the American Revolutionary War. "We were the English," Cooley said, "fighting against the farmers and minutemen." "My feeling was they could have wiped that damn place out in six months," Crow said. "Being an undeclared war," he continued, "They restricted us too much - you can't do this and you can't do that." If the United States was going to fight in Vietnam, he said, the country should have gone in with enough firepower to do so successfully. Unfortunately, Crow said, when there are problems in areas like Nicaragua the first thing people say is, " it's going to be another Vietnam. Hopefully, we can learn from all that."

Whether or not the country has learned, it has remembered. In 1982, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was dedicated in Washington, D.C. Franks has visited the memorial. He was impressed by the lifelike statue depicting three Vietnam veterans and the long stone wall listing each veteran killed in the conflict - including 11 men from Williams County. "I just couldn't believe all the names," he said. "I guess you sort of feel lucky your name isn't there."

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 9, 1987

THE CONFLICT OF VIETNAM:
WAR EXTENDED BEHIND THE LINES.

It wasn't hard to tell which troops were going home, and which ones had just arrived in Vietnam. You could spot the troops coming in, how young they were. And you could see the difference a year made - the effects of what they experienced - in the soldiers going home. "You could tell," Craig Peffley said, "just by looking."

Peffley served with Detachment 5, Eighth Aerial Port Squadron, stationed at Bien Hoa air base during the Vietnam War. "What I did at Bien Hoa was process passengers - people coming in and going out," he said. His duties were similar to those a commercial airline would perform he said, "only it was troops instead of people."

Peffley, a Defiance native and 1968 Defiance High School graduate, entered the U.S. Air Force in December 1969. "I had watched the draft - I was in school awhile, and dropped out to work," he said, "My number was coming up in the draft...You're looking at things that are on the TV. You see the pictures of the soldiers getting shot and carried out of the bush. I was 20 at the time. I didn't want to be a ground pounder - we called the Army ground pounders - and have to fight. I didn't want to go into the Army, so I joined the Air Force."

After 12 weeks of basic training and schooling in Texas, Peffley spent April to August of 1970 at McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey. "Then," he said, "most of us got orders for Vietnam." For he and others trained to work at air terminals, Vietnam was not an unexpected destination. "They needed the personnel," he explained.

We Air Force guys had it easy, compared to the guys in the Army and Marines who were out in the bush fighting an enemy they couldn't see." Peffley and his Air Force comrades at Bien Hoa, lived in barracks complete with electricity, refrigerators and hot plates. "We could cook food if we wanted to," he said. Troops coming back from the bush, Peffley said, "would come in and say 'You've got it made, we wish we had a job like yours'."

Peffley could have had a more dangerous assignment, even in the Air Force, at bases nearer to the fighting. Even so, he knew what it was like to be under fire. "The enemy would throw a few rockets in just to keep us awake, and keep us on our toes," Peffley said. "We almost knew monthly - it was between the 16th and the 20th of every month - we'd get a few rockets thrown in." Occasionally, the rockets caused damage and once a person was injured while sleeping in the barracks, Peffley said. At night tracer bullets and rockets would light up the sky, he said. "Some of the people coming in at night, that could be a big wake up - especially for a young guy only 18. It was the first time away from home for a lot of them." "There were times," he continued, "if we knew there was enemy in the area, they would divert the planes, like to Saigon." But basically, Peffley said, the Bien Hoa base was secure.

Hot, humid, and wet - especially wet - was how Peffley described Vietnam's climate. The barracks had open screen windows, he said, and it seemed like things were always damp.

Peffley worked the night shift at the air base, spending 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. on duty and the next 12 hours off. "If no planes were coming in, we sat and played cards or talked," he said of the on-duty hours. There also was time for eating, and even sleeping. But, when planes were coming in and out, he was "busy with passengers, processing them through, giving them boarding passes, loading their baggage onto the aircraft."

During off-duty times, Peffley and his comrades would sleep at different times of the day. When not sleeping, he said, "We'd sit and drink beer." Alcohol and drugs were common in Vietnam, Peffley said. Although he didn't do drugs - "I didn't have any desire to" - he said others did. He said just about everybody drank. Beer was cheap, only $2.40 a case and was

easy to get. "Each squadron had their own bar. If you didn't want to drink your own, you could go there. It was almost always open...We drank every day and every day and every day." Men often went to work "half smashed", Peffley said. But as long as a soldier stayed away from the officers, he said, those in charge tended to look the other way. "I guess it was too available - the government made alcohol and stuff too available to the troops," he said. "A lot of guys came back alcoholics."

Peffley said his memories of Vietnam aren't all bad ones. "We had some good times while we were there - we ate good," he said. When steaks arrived for the officers' mess, he said, "We'd grab a couple cases for our barrack. Nobody knew where it went." The men were also given time for "R and R" - rest and relaxation. Peffley said he recalls going to Saigon and riding in the sidecars attached to motorcycles, racing through the streets of the city. Those races got crazy, he said. "We'd pay the drivers to go faster and faster, dodging through traffic.

Knowing the destinations and schedules of the planes coming in and out of Bien Hoa, Peffley said, could be an advantage. "One day a bunch of us took off," he explained. "We got on a plane to Wung Tau." Wung Tau, he said was basically a Vietnam resort. What he and his friends planned was eight hours of swimming, lounging on the beach and partying. That part of their plan worked out fine. But when we went to the airport for their return trip, the plane was gone. "There wasn't any plane to bring us back. The eight of us were just about the whole shift that night." Faced with little alternative, they contacted Bien Hoa and explained their predicament. "They diverted a plane that was going somewhere else down to Wung Tau to pick us up," he said."We were supposed to be to work at 6 that night. I think we walked off the plane at a quarter 'til six, just in time to start our shift."

After a year long tour in Vietnam, Peffley, by then a sergeant, was sent home in September 1971. The following month, he was married to a girl he knew in high school. They now live in Montpelier and have two sons, ages 10 and 7. Peffley works as a loan officer with First Federal Saving and Loan in Montpelier.

Although his experiences were mild compared to those of many veterans, Peffley does carry some painful memories of the war. One involves a good friend who stepped on a mine. "He lost part of his leg and a hand," Peffley said. "To see it on TV is one thing," he said. "But when it hits home - somebody you know is killed or wounded - the war is for real."

Editor's note: This is the second story in a five-part series on the Vietnam War and its veterans.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 10, 1987

THE CONFLICT OF VIETNAM:
TEN MONTHS OF WAR WAS ENOUGH.

Kenny Franks had been in Vietnam for 10 months, most of that in the jungle, when the army gave him a choice. He could serve two months longer in the field, transferring to the 101st Airborne, and then be discharged immediately. Or, he could go back to the United States right away and serve four months before his release.

At that time, he said, the 101st Airborne was near the Demilitarized Zone, and "they were

really hitting it up there." "I chose to come home,: Franks said. "At least I knew I made it."

A few months earlier, the Army hadn't been so gracious. Franks was drafted and he was told - not asked - to serve in Vietnam. Franks, a 1968 Bryan High School graduate, entered the Army on September 2, 1969. He was in basic training with a high school classmate, Jim Crow. When Crow shipped out to Vietnam, Franks went on to non-commissioned officers training. But instead of following through with that training, Franks said, by May 1970 he was on his way to Vietnam.

Franks flew into Bien Hoa air base, and within a week was with his assigned unit, the 199th Light Infantry Brigade. "When I first went in the jungle, it wasn't in Vietnam - it was in Cambodia," he said. The 199th was part of the offensive aimed at communist supply stores and routes along the Ho Chi Minh trail in Cambodia. From this trail and supply bases, the communist forces had been driving into South Vietnam for attacks and , if threatened, retreating back to Cambodia.

Franks and his comrades were in a mountainous area, charged with searching out the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong. That assignment meant sneaking through the jungle and setting up ambushes at various points. "A lot of days we'd only go 200 yards," he said, because the undergrowth was so thick the men had to cut their way through. "It depended on the terrain. Other days we would walk - it wouldn't even be thick. Sometimes, we stay in the same place, one time for two weeks.

Members of the 199th were told to stay on the high ground, where it was easier to avoid ambush. "They told us never to go into the valleys," he said. "You just had to keep your eyes open...you really didn't mess around when you were walking," Franks said. "You were all business."

At night after trip flares and claymore mines were set up as protection around the camp's perimeter and guards posted to keep watch, the men could relax a little. "We weren't really loose, though," he said. "Most of us slept with our M-16 or -60 rifles or whatever," he said. "You never went anywhere without that." Keeping a weapon handy was a lesson the enemy would sometimes illustrate. "We had two guys who went out to pick up their flares," Franks recalled. "They didn't have their M-16s. There were gooks out there, and they shot at them." "They didn't get hit," Franks said of his comrades, "but they were scared."

After more than three months with the 199th, Franks was sent to the 5th Battalion, 7th Cavalry, 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). He said he doesn't know what happened to most of the men he served with in the 199th. According to one account, Franks said, "A lot of my buddies I was with ended up getting killed."

The 1st Cavalry Division was not only a different unit,. it had very different tactics. "They didn't care if the gooks knew where we were or not," Franks said of the cavalry unit. Instead of moving quietly, he said, the men chopped trees, shouted and created other noises, almost as if announcing themselves to the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese. Franks cavalry outfit was flown by helicopter to various location. Before the troops went in, he said, a target area was hit with artillery to clear out the enemy. "I don't think we were ever shot at as we were coming in...and we came in a lot."

While in the field, they depended on helicopters to drop in supplies - including one warm meal - every four or five days. "The unit was once out for more than a month straight, he said, "without a shower." Even though they could sometimes clean up in a creek, he said, "It was hot - you sweated." "They'd fly you out clothes. They's dump them off in duffel bags. They were wrinkled, but they were clean." Being flown from the field back to a fire base was a relief. It meant at least a change of clothes and a shower - even if the shower facility was

nothing more than a bucket of water crudely fashioned so a soldier could dump it on himself.

"I think a lot of that stuff amazed me," Franks said of his experience in Vietnam. "It didn't really bother me that much, it just amazed me how it was." Events shown in the movies, such as cutting the ears off dead enemy soldiers, really did happen, he said. Franks thought one soldier may have been losing his mind - the man volunteered to search out an enemy tunnel they discovered, he said.

When Franks unit found some fresh enemy graves, Franks said, "They wanted me to dig up the graves," to see if the bodies contained any clues such as messages or unit insignia. "I didn't want to do it - that just wasn't me." But Franks was spared that dirty job when his comrade, the one who had investigated the tunnel, volunteered instead.

"We pulled ambush and killed two gooks," Franks said of another incident. The unit returned later to the area and the skeletons of two enemy soldiers were there. "One guy took a leg bone...stuck it in the ground and put the skull on top," he said.

But not everything about Vietnam was blood and gore. Soon after going into the field, Franks outfit discovered a cache of enemy weapons. As a souvenir, Franks claimed a Chinese rifle that had never been fired and was still packed in grease. And , he said, "getting the paper (Bryan Times) was pretty decent." It allowed him to find out what was going on back home. He still has a clipping from one issue, which pictures him in uniform and tells about his combat assignment. "Out in the field, I'd get five or six of them all at once," he said of the Times. "It even scared me one time I got the paper - it had my parents in it, they got in a wreck." Fortunately, they came through the accidents safely.

Occasionally, Franks was sent to secure portion of the country as a break from the fighting. Franks was getting ready for one such session of "R & R" - rest and relaxation - "and I got malaria. I was ready to fly to Sidney. I was in Bien Hoa. It turned out I had malaria and pneumonia both." Instead of a vacation in Sidney, he spent about two weeks in the army hospital at Long Bien.

Franks vividly remembers another trip to the rear. "I was going to the Bob Hope show the next day, and I didn't have to go into the field," he said. But others in his unit weren't so lucky. They went out, and two of them didn't make it back alive. "They got killed, but it wasn't from the gooks," Franks said. Instead, they were mangled by an exploding "clack", a device used to detonate a number of claymore antipersonnel mines. "They were supposed to unhook it, but they didn't do it," he said. One of the men killed was Franks sergeant. "The other guy that got killed...that was his first time out in the field." Before making that ill-fated trip to the jungle, the new man had borrowed Franks' M-16 rifle, a special model equipped with a grenade launcher." "He wanted to use it - he thought it was pretty neat," Franks said. "I never used one again."

After Franks declined the army's invitation to transfer to the 101st Airborne, he was sent to Bien Hoa. A day and a half later, he said, he flew back to the United States. "When I got back, we landed in San Francisco," he said. While at the airport, he decided he wanted a drink - and found out they wouldn't let him in the bar because he was underage. "They wouldn't let me drink, I couldn't believe it."

After serving his remaining four month of duty in the United States, Franks was discharged as a specialist four in September 1971. He now works at General Tire in Bryan. While in Vietnam, Franks said, he tried to block the war out of his mind and concentrate on other things, like home. Today, he said, he still tends to block out his war memories. But difficult to ignore are comments by people making fun of the war, and of the soldiers who served there.

"They think like it was a big joke," he said, shaking his head. "If they would have been there, it wouldn't have been."

Editors note: This is the third story in a five-part series on the Vietnam War and its veterans.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 11, 1987

THE CONFLICT OF VIETNAM:
IMAGES STILL STRONG AFTER 17 YEARS.

"There is no other smell in the world," Richard Cooley said, "like the air in Vietnam." It's a combination of everything - the atmosphere, the water, the country, the fish. "I never smelled anything like it. You could tell when you were getting near Vietnam. The air just changed."

Cooley first sniffed that air, and felt the country's intense heat and humidity, as a young soldier aboard a U.S. transport plane nearing Bien Hoa air base in May 1969. And as the plane arrived at the base, Cooley experienced another reality of Vietnam in the form of about two dozen rounds of communist mortar fire. "We were told by the men there,' he said, "that we were just greeted by the welcoming committee."

Cooley was a radio operator with the 1st Field Forces, 54th Signal Battalion. While in Vietnam, he was detached to the 5th Special Forces. As an 18-year old, fresh out of Bryan High School, he had anticipated being drafted. "I just wanted to get in and get it over with, Cooley said. He definitely didn't want to be a Marine, and the Navy held no appeal, so he decided on the Army.

"I wanted into computers," Cooley said, but he was told those positions were all filled. Instead, the army recruiter placed him in radio communications. Cooley didn't know at the time that radio men were needed desperately in Vietnam. "The life expectancy of a radio operator was zilch," he said. "That's the one the enemy went for."

His first two weeks in Vietnam were spent at Bien Hoa. Next stop was with the Special Forces at Nha Trang, his base camp for the rest of his tour. "It was called a secure area," Cooley said, where about 4000 Americans and some allied troops were located. "We had a beach there, that a lot of the times was like being in Hawaii."

"We still did get shelled," he said, although not frequently. And, one time two men were killed and three or four wounded, when a small girl blew up a grenade in a bar. That, he said, "was what was termed a secure area."

Even though young Vietnamese were sometimes involved in such incidents, Cooley said, "kids were the real victims. That was probably the saddest thing, to me. You didn't know how many of them were homeless." Many times he saw a child in bandages - a child who could have been a victim of the United States or of the North Vietnamese, maybe burned by napalm, even tortured. "You never knew," he said.

As part of a Special Forces team, Cooley was flown to various camps in the Central Highlands. His unit was dropped off by helicopter, "usually to an established camp, and we'd carry on operations from there." They spent anywhere from two days to three weeks at a given location.

"My experiences were considerably varied," he said. Much of the work involved routine patrols, or on-the-job training for South Vietnamese troops. Sometimes, the unit was sent for

advising purposes, which usually took only a couple days. "Other times, you might be told you would be out for two days and be out for two weeks."

Still, Cooley said, he had it easy compared to the men stationed in the field indefinitely. While those troops were stuck in the jungle, Cooley said, he knew he would soon return to base camp. "I could see some light at the end of the tunnel."

Although he was a radio operator - a key target to the enemy - Cooley was lucky. His lieutenant didn't want to lose the radio man, who knew the codes and how to operate the equipment in case air or artillery support was needed. So somebody else carried the radio. "I couldn't tell you his name," Cooley said of his lieutenant. "We just called him Lucky Louie. He just watched over his men. He wouldn't take any unnecessary risks, other than what we had to do to survive."

A lot of thoughts went through a man's head as he tried to survive, tramping through the jungle or sitting guard on a dark night, Cooley said. A lot of it was fear - fear of the enemy booby traps and trip wires, a fear of being shot or maimed. And a soldier in Vietnam learned to be constantly on watch. A sleeping man, Cooley said, would jump instantly to his feet if incoming mortar or rocket fire erupted or gunfire signaled an enemy attack.

Even under Lucky Louie, Cooley and his comrades saw their share of action. Cooley experienced his worst fighting at Tan Canh, near the point where Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam come together. "We called it Tin Can," he said. "There was always so much lead flying around. I thought I'd seen a lot of bad things until I went there - that was the worst time of my life."

Tan Canh was near the Ho Chi Minh trail, the main supply route of the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong. While Cooley was at Tan Canh, the Americans and South Vietnamese operated from their base camp to raid communist supplies along that trail. "I think the reason they attacked was, we destroyed a bunch of their food...food, medical supplies, and some ammunition," he said. The day after those supplies were destroyed, Cooley said, "we were shelled for 24 hours without stop - it just never quit." That night, North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops attacked and overran one end of the camp.

Estimates placed the enemy forces at 6,000 against 400 South Vietnamese and 50 Americans manning the Tan Canh camp. One of the first things to go was the camp's ammunition dump. "They knew where to hit us - they probably had VC pace it off." That was one difficulty the Americans faced, he said. "You didn't know, with the South Vietnamese troops, if he was a VC or a loyal South Vietnamese."

As the Americans watched the ammunition dump explode in flames, the enemy overran much of the camp. "We had lost radio communication," Cooley said, and were unable to ask for artillery and aid support. Fortunately, other troops observed the fighting and called for air support in time to save the entire camp from being overrun.

While watching the enemy charge his position and hearing the bullets rip through the air, Cooley said, "I didn't have time to think." "You just worry about staying alive - they shoot at you and you shoot back. "You're scared. I don't know anybody who wasn't scared. You don't have time to be squeamish. It's you or the other guy - if you're squeamish, you're dead." It's like being in an automobile accident, he said. You don't have time to think - you just react.

"Afterwards, you're nervous." The day after the Tan Canh attack, Cooley and a few others went to a neighboring camp for water. As they neared the camp, American guards opened fire and Cooley and the others dove from the truck for safety. When asked why they fired, the guards said they didn't believe the approaching men were Americans. The guards told them, Cooley said, "from where we were sitting, it looked like you were wiped out." "They could not

believe anyone was alive," Cooley said. "That's why they fired on us. They weren't taking chances. They thought we were a suicide vehicle, loaded with explosives."

Cooley survived the Tan Canh fight, and the rest of a 12-month tour of duty in Vietnam, without being wounded. In May 1970, he returned home for 30 days, then in June, he went back to Vietnam - at the special request of the Army, as did 14 of the 15 men in his company whose year had expired - for another six-month tour. Then, he was home to stay.

People's reaction to him as a returning veteran were varied, he said. Although his parents and family met him at the airport, there was no "hero returning home" type of greeting. "If the government wanted to do something for the Vietnam vet, they should have had a parade," he said. "You left, you were gone, and you got back. But that was it."

Since his army duty, Cooley married, and he and his wife Cathy now have two children. He is currently a loan officer at First Federal Saving and Loan in Bryan. Although, now a more distant memory, thoughts of Vietnam sometimes return. "I think what rattles my mind a bit, is when we go camping out in the woods and it quiets down, and I can't go to sleep. I watch the trees. I'm actually kind of daydreaming back," he said. "I watch the tree line for something to come out of the woods."

Editor's note: This is the fourth story in a five-part series on the Vietnam War and its veterans.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 12, 1987

THE CONFLICT OF VIETNAM:
WOUNDS HEAL, BUT PAIN STILL REAL.

It hurt like hell - it burned like a branding iron going through my arm. Man, when that hit, I thought I lost my arm.

The pain was so bad, Jim Crow said that for a while he didn't feel the shrapnel in his chest. Even though he was wounded, Crow was luckier than many who served in Vietnam - he came home. And, he kept his arm.

Crow, a 1968 Bryan High School graduate, had been out of school about two years when he received his draft notice. He went in the Army on September 2, 1970, he said, "and by the first of February, I was sitting in Nam. He felt pretty bad about being drafted, he said. "I didn't want to go." But an 18 or 19-year old, he said, is taught to respect authority - "You go where you're told." "Your 19 years old. They can basically brainwash you. Which they do, beating in discipline, and how to kill."

There wasn't much camaraderie among the men going to Vietnam, Crow said. "Basically, the way it worked, you went in basic training on your own, you went through training on your own, and you went to Nam on your own." After training, Crow flew into Vietnam at Bien Hoa air base, north of Saigon. Next was the replacement station at Long Bien Army base, about five or six miles from Bien Hoa, where he was assigned to a division. Then it was back to Bien Hoa for a week of orientation before he was sent to the field, a member of the 1st Cavalry, A Company.

"They issued me a weapon, a rucksack, all the ammunition I needed, and the next day they flew me into the field," Crow said. As new man, he explained, "Basically, they had us work in the back part of the squad." The point man led the way, followed by the shotgun man and

others in the formation. The new man in back watched what was going on. The new man was trained," Crow said. "He was going to be the point man."

On a typical day in the field, the soldiers got up as soon as it was light. After checking over the trip wires and claymore mines - explosive devices on small metal legs - that were set up all around the camp's perimeter, the men got their packs together and ate. "Then, Crow said, "they'd tell us what direction to go and we marched out."

Crow said his unit performed search and destroy missions, chasing the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong from designated areas. Sometimes, he said, "they just seemed to do things that didn't make sense. Many times his unit would cover an area, he said, "and a week later we went back and covered the same area again." "They had us going in circles a lot of the time."

Each week a different platoon was in charge of leading the company. On succeeding days, different squads - and a new point man - would be in front of the company. "Basically, a point man is in charge of the whole company," Crow said. A day's march could be tiring. With equipment, plus food and items in the ruck sack, he said, "You've got close to 80 pounds on your back."

After a search and destroy mission, the men would set up a perimeter around a new camp and dig foxholes. They set up claymore mines, and trip flares about two or three feet in front of the mines. The claymore mines, he said, "would really do a number on you." 'Once everything is set up," Crow said, "you can go ahead and eat supper." About every other day his unit was resupplied. "Some guys got hot meals brought out to them about every night," Crow said. "We never got that - we got C rations or dehydrated food."

When darkness fell, everyone was assigned one hour of guard duty for the night. "What you want to do is have the first or last, so you don't have to get up in the middle of the night." Sometimes on guard, he said, the jungle was so dark a person couldn't see his hand in front of his face. If a trip flare went off during the night, the man would wait for a second - often animals could trip a wire. "What you don't want to do is let go with your gun," Crow said, and give away your position and offer the enemy a target. But, he said, "if their were gooks out there, then you would open up."

After Crow was in the field about six weeks, his unit entered an area where there had been fighting about a week before. "They told us we probably going to see some action the next day," he said. "The next day was my first day to be point man." The unit was approaching the Song Bay River, near the Cambodian border. The men broke camp and headed for the river, where they found a bamboo raft. They crossed the river, and then broke for lunch. Eventually, their search uncovered a freshly made enemy bunker complex and ammo cache. "Vietnam was nothing but tunnels, bunkers, and ammo caches," he said.

While they were checking out the earthen and timber bunkers, Crow said, "this gook showed up, and then he took off. The commander said, 'go after that son of a gun'." Crow and other in his unit took off through the thick bamboo clumps, chasing the fleeing man. Before long, Crow said, "the son of a gun blew a claymore mine, which blew me off the hill. They opened fire with a 30 caliber machine gun. I got shot in the arm." Of the squad's 10 men, one was killed and four wounded - only five escaped the attack unhurt.

A bullet ripped through Crow's left elbow, and a piece of shrapnel struck his chest. "Luckily," he said, "it didn't collapse my lung - that almost happened." By strange coincidence, Crow said, one of the men who helped him to safety was another soldier from Bryan - Clarence Hall, who was with a nearby company.

A medivac helicopter was brought in to evacuate Crow for treatment. He said the helicopter

took him "right out of the middle of the river". It was so congested, they couldn't get us out any other way." The medivac took him to the Long Bien field hospital, where he lay for about a week. Crow said that time was difficult, wondering if he would ever regain the use of his arm.

"The biggest thing, when I was in the hospital, is I could never get a doctor to tell me what the hell was going on." Crow's arm did heal - although it took about 47 metal stitches to close his wound. "Those doctors performed miracles, he said. One soldier's chest was blown apart by a claymore mine, he said. Although it took 17 pints of blood to do it, the doctors kept him alive.

From the field hospital, Crow was transferred to the Cam Ranh Bay army hospital and convalescent center. "I spent the better part of a month, month and a half down there, doing therapy and recuperating from the wounds," he said. Crow's injuries relieved him "which I didn't cry too much about." He returned to his unit briefly to pull guard duty, and spent the next 10 months at Bien Hoa driving a jeep. Then, he came home.

Crow, now married with two children, is a loan officer at Ohio Citizens. But, even after 16 years, the war is still part of his life, too. Before he went to Vietnam, Crow said, he "slept like a log". Now sound sleep is only a memory. "I haven't slept all night in 17 years - I can hear a pin drop." There are too many reminders of the war, he said. "It's just something that never leaves your mind, especially after almost getting killed. It never leaves your mind - it never will leave your mind."

Editor's note: This is the fifth and final story in a series on the Vietnam War and its veterans.

Donald Allison, The Bryan Times, November 13, 1987

CRAIG FARLOW, A VIETNAM CHOPPER PILOT

A Mother's Day card was the last thing Maxine Jerger received from her son whose helicopter was shot down in Vietnam May 16, 1971, a week after the holiday. On the back of the card, her son wrote, "A man never outgrows his need for a mother...all too often I forget to tell you how much I care for you...remember that I love you 365 days a year."

Craig Farlow was declared dead one year and one day after the crash. But the investigation was just closed in August of 1995. For 25 years, his mother wondered if he were Missing in Action, a Prisoner of War, or truly deceased.

Craig, 23, was Chief Warrant Officer Two of the 101st Airborne Division of the United States Army. He was stationed at the Demilitarized Zone. His medals include: Air Medal, Purple Heart, Good Conduct, National Defense Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal, two Bronze Stars, the Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal, Army Aviator Badge, Sharp Shooter and Pistol Badge, and POW-MIA Medal.

In recalling events before the crash, Maxine Jerger his mother said," I remember crying more when Craig left for Kent State University than when he left for Vietnam. He had me brainwashed there was no danger in joining the military... He was taking classes at Kent State and dropped out the last semester of his second year because of finances."

"He was going to work...that's when the Government drafted him. We didn't think he could be drafted because of being the only son. Craig hurried and enlisted so he could be a pilot," she continued. If your drafted, it takes a longer time to obtain an officer's rank.

"He went to pilot training for 20 weeks at Fort Walters, Mineral Wells, Texas and then went to Ft. Rucker, Alabama for 16 weeks of higher-up training. After graduation, he was home for 30 days. In January, he was shipped to Vietnam...his helicopter went down in May." He was going to make the military his career. He loved flying.

In reminiscing about her son, Maxine said, "He liked to play guitar and sing. He played Prince Charming in a high school panorama. There was basketball and football and he loved the Boy Scouts. Craig attained the rank of Eagle Scout during his sophomore year at Bryan High School. He would serve three years as camp Scoutmaster for Camp Lakota, Defiance during his high school years. He was quite a leader.

Maxine remembers when two officers pulled up in a green army car. I thought it was just some of Craig's friends coming to say, "Hi." They couldn't tell me anything...all I knew was the helicopter crashed. Maxine received mail and phone calls all the time from the Pentagon. They have done a lot to keep my spirits up, she said. They made all efforts to keep her abreast of the investigation. And every year, she got a Christmas card from the White House.

In a letter from the Department of the Army, Alexandria, Virginia, details of the crash and investigation are listed. It reads: "...A crash site associated with Case 1746 near Hong Ha Village, A-Luoi District, Thua Thien-Hue Province, Socialist Republic of Vietnam. This case involves the 16 May, 1971 loss of a UH-1H helicopter, resulting in four unaccounted for individuals...aircraft debris scattered down a steep mountain slope and in a dry stream bed...recovered one unrestored human tooth and two possible human bone fragments. The team also recovered portions of three different flight helmets, what we believe to be a pilot's chest protector, portions of several military-issue boots, a U.S. quarter and watch parts.

The report said the UH-1H helicopter was the seventh aircraft to enter the vicinity of Hue. Pilots of the fifth and sixth helicopters stated they were taking enemy fire. Witnesses saw the seventh aircraft crash into the treetops, bursting into flames.

On May 24, 1971, a search and recovery team searched the incident area on the ground and found badly burned partial human remains, which was later determined to be Vietnamese. The team believed the four missing individuals were trapped under the wreckage; however hostile threat in the area precluded further attempts to survey at that time. Due to bad American-Vietnamese relations, investigations ceased until the Bush Administration. By the time search and recovery teams arrived at the crash site, it had been scavenged many times.

Though many people were against America's involvement in the Vietnam War, Jim Everhart wrote a public forum defending the soldiers. It appeared in the Bryan Times on June 8, 1971. It reads:

> "But if you can, understand that today we lost a friend.
> Not just a statistic, but one, who young and old alike feel very deeply for, whose benefits Bryan will never receive because he wanted so hard to prove himself. Then maybe you can understand why we have too many shortcomings to be complacent for a nation we love".

Maxine said, "friend" was referring to Craig.

On Armed Forces Day, May 18, 1996, a ball field will be dedicated in Craig Farlow's name at

Clewells Landing Farm Park in Columbiana County, Lisbon. Lt. Colonel Bob Clewell, owner of the park, was Craig's commanding officer. Brad Burkholder, minister at Forest Grove Christian Church, Hadensville, Virginia will perform the unveiling and consecrating of the Craig Farlow Memorial. Brad, originally from Edon, and the son of Mrs. Paul Burkholder and the late Mr. Burkholder, met Craig in Vietnam where they became good friends. Both were in the assault helicopter company known as "The Commancheros." Brad was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for service in the Republic of Vietnam.

During the 101st Airborne Division reunion in 1995, Craig's best friend, Bill Croninger, now a professor at The University of New England, Biddleford, Maine, but originally from Defiance, mailed a letter which read: "There is an empty grave site just across the Ohio border, in Indiana. Craig was 'buried' there while I was stationed in Germany...A rubbing of his name from the Wall hangs in my office...I remember Craig not as a hero, but as a friend...I think that in some ways we can give them back some of the life they lost by keeping them alive in our thoughts and actions."

Becky Huntington, The Bryan Times, May 11, 1996

DURWARD F. JONES

I was sworn into the U.S. Army on November 17, 1958 at Ft. Hayes, Ohio. They then transported me, by bus, to Ft. Knox, Kentucky. This is where I completed my eight weeks of Basic training.

Upon completing this initial phase of military life, I was then ordered to Ft. Bliss, Texas. I was flown to this base on a C-47 and stationed at the Army's Air Defense Command. Here I completed my advance training in basic electricity, basic electronics and HAWK Continuous Wave Radar schools. This was a total of 28 weeks altogether.

After finishing these schools, I remained at Ft. Bliss as an instructor of the HAWK Continuous Wave Radar maintenance and operations. The duty was pretty much like having a civilian job except the Army's idea that you were a soldier first and a radar instructor second constantly reminded me I was not a civilian. Probably the most interesting part of the job was when we took the students to McGregor Missile Range (close to White Sands) to fire the HAWK missiles at (drone) targets to complete their training.

I married my girl from back home while I was there and we lived "off-post" in an apartment in downtown El Paso. On several occasions, I went to Juarez, Mexico since it was so close. However, I regret not going to Carlsbad Caverns as it was only about 80 miles from El Paso. Since that part of Texas is mostly mountains and desert, I spent some free time hunting jack rabbits and exploring caves, rocks and mountains.

I was separated from active duty on February 20, 1962. By then, my wife and I had a son, we loaded up my Studebaker Lark with everything I had and the three of us left Texas and came back to Ohio.

I received the typical medals but was most proud of two honors in particular. One was a Letter of Commendation for a perfect ("no gigs") class I taught and the other was for making "Generals Orderly" for being the best at a Post Guard Mount inspection. The Letter of Commendation was just a piece of paper and the General's Orderly meant I got a three-day pass instead of walking guard that weekend but both represented hard work and dedication on my part and how well I did my jobs as a soldier.

Sometime during my stay at Ft. Bliss, we were told everybody on active duty was to be extended two years due to the construction of the "Berlin Wall" and it's effect on the Cold War. It turned out to be a shorter extension and my three year enlistment ended up to be three years, three months and four days.

When I enlisted the "draft" was in full swing and I felt it was up to me to wait and be drafted and be put wherever the Army wanted to place me OR enlist and receive (at the time be guaranteed) a school of my choice. My decision to enlist, fulfilled my military obligation and receive electronic training worked out very well for me. With my military training and experience, I was able to have a very successful civilian career with RCA and AT&T. Joining the Army was probably one of the best decisions I ever made. I am proud to be an American and to have served honorably in the U.S. Army.

ED KIMPEL

spent a week-end at the recent Vietnam Veterans Reunion held in Kokomo, Indiana. Ten to fifteen thousand people from all over the United States were at the site and witnessed a fly-over of four F-16 airplanes, opening the ceremony.

Veterans and families came on motorcycles, recreational vehicles, campers, automobiles, airplanes and some in wheelchairs for the rallies, food, and fellowship. The controversy and wounds of the Vietnam era are still present today. Widows of veterans who had passed away from complications of Agent Orange had made a quilt with orange background and names embroidered on the patches; family members were present to talk with veterans who might have been with their father or brother when he died in battle, and flags were present everywhere to remember POW's.

A collection of military memorabilia was also on display, including two former Army helicopters providing rides. Ed Kimpel is well acquainted with the UH1D "Hueys" as they played a pivotal part in his tenure in Vietnam as a member of the 173rd Airborne Brigade, known as the "Sky Soldiers."

Fighting the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese regulars required a highly mobile combat force able to adapt to an elusive enemy on his own ground and conduct successful operations on the widely varying terrain consisting of coastal plains, rice paddies, dense jungles and rugged mountains of Vietnam. The 173rd Airborne Brigade proved to be such a unit.

The helicopters were used for rescue, observation and messenger service. They flew the wounded soldiers from battle areas to hospitals. They also carried troops directly into battle, sometimes landing them behind enemy lines. Helicopters carried men and messages for short distances and were used for front line observation.

Ed Kimpel had enlisted in the Army in October of 1968. In November of 1969, he was sent to Vietnam as a squad leader for Fire Direction Control for 4.2 mortars. He was also in the mission of pacification in northern Bihn Dihn province, which was called Operation Washington-Green. The 173rd forces were moved into key hamlets providing a protective screen behind them to improve local economies and the standard of living for the people. Sgt. Ed Kimpel received his honorable discharge in October of 1970.

Ruth Kimpel, The Edgerton Earth, November 5, 1998

VIETNAM WAR (Southeast Asia Service)

ROLL of HONOR

U.S. ARMY

Thomas Elmer Clark

Co. D, 1st BN., 8th Inf., 4th Inf. Div.
281501725 AR SP4 18 Bryan KIA: 10-30-69
Hostile Action Multiple Fragmentation Wounds, Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Bihn Dihn Province near An Khe. Awards: NDSM, VCM, VSM, PH, BS, GC, CIB, Exp M16, SPS M60 Born: 03-28-1951 Arrived VN: 07-18-1969 Buried: Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams County, Ohio
Note: Thomas Clark's body was removed and interned in Georgia by the family during the 1980's.

Craig Lee Farlow

290444758 AR CWO2 24 Bryan Presumptive finding of Death 05-17-1972 Hostile - Died Air Loss Crash, Land Helicopter Crew, Body Not Recovered Crash Date: May 16, 1971 Thua Thien-Hue Province, A-Luoi District, Hong Ha Village South Vietnam Awards: AM, PH, GC, NDSM, VSM, BS(2), VCM, POW-MIA, Army Aviator Badge, Sharpshooter and Pistol Badge
Born: 03-15-1948 Arrived VN: 01-1971

Note: Craig was a member of the 101st Airborne Division, Assault Helicopter Company known as "The Commancheros" He flew in UH-1H Helicopters. On May 18, 1996, he had a ball field dedicated in his memory. It is called the "Craig Farlow Field" and is located at Clewells Landing Farm Park, Columbiana County, Lisbon, Ohio.

From May 16, 1971 through August of 1995, he was classified MIA with a presumptive finding of death as of May 17, 1972. Only after the reopening of Vietnam during the George Bush, Sr. Presidency, was a retrieval team allowed in to investigate the crash site. No American remains were located just artifacts. See Bryan Times article May 11, 1996, pp. 1-2.

Roy Dale Gallant

528 QM Co., Petroleum Operations, 324th S & S BN.
52650592 AR SP4 21 Edgerton DNB: 04-14-1967
Non-hostile, died illness/injury Burns Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Province unknown
Awards: NDSM, VSM, VCM, SPS M14
Born: 12-06-1945 Arrived VN: 11-02-1965 Buried: Maple Grove Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

Marvin E. Goebel

STRATCOM Facility, 1st Signal Bde.
52007781 AR SP5 39 Edgerton DNB: 09-17-1967
Non-hostile, died illness/injury Disease Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Province unknown
Awards: NDSM, VSM, VCM
Born: 04-24-1928 Arrived VN: 02-10-1967 Buried: St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

Kenneth Glenn Konoff

HHC, 1st BN., 14th Inf., 3rd Bde., 25th Inf. Div.
15705319 AR Sgt 20 Alvordton DNB: 04-11-1967
Non-hostile, died other Vehicle Loss-Crash Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: Vung Tau, South Vietnam
Awards: NDSM, CIB, VCM, VSM, Mkm Rifle M1, SPS M14
Born: 04-24-1946 Arrived VN: 11-17-1966 Buried: Lake Township Cemetery, Ottawa County, Millbury, Ohio

Bennie Howard Strait

A Trp., 1st Sqdn., 4th Cav., 1st Inf. Div.
55877094 AR PFC 19 Bryan KIA: 04-01-1967
Hostile Action Artillery, Rocket, Mortar Fire, Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Bihn Long Province near Quon Loi. Awards: NDSM, VSM, VCM, CIB, Exp M14, 1st Class Gunner (MG - M60), Mkm M16
Born: 05-28-1947 Arrived VN: 03-08-1967 Buried: Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township,Williams County, Ohio

Barry Glenn Tucker

Co. C, 4th BN., 23 Inf., 25th Inf. Div.
374526015 AR SP4 21 Pioneer KIA: 06-18-1970
Hostile Action Gun, Small Arms Fire Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Tay Ninh Province
Awards: BS, PH, GC, AM, AR COMM, CIB, NDSM, VSM, VCM, Mkm M14, Exp M16, 1st Class Gunner M60
Born: 06-11-1949 Arrived VN: 08-03-1969 Buried: Deepdale Memorial Park, Ingham County, Lansing, Michigan

Jeffrey J. Yarger

191st Helicopter Assault Co., 214th AVN., BN.
W3156075 AR WO 22 Edgerton DNB: 03-19-1968
Non-hostile, died other Air Loss Crash-Land Helicopter Pilot
Body recovered Died South Vietnam Long An Province near Tan An Awards: NDSM, VCM, VSM, Aviator Badge, AM, AM with V device
Born: 04-13-1945 Arrived VN: 10-03-1967 Buried: Hicksville Union Cemetery, Defiance County, Hicksville, Ohio

Rodney Dale Wise

Co. C, 5th BN., 60th Inf., 9th Inf. Div.
51834429 AR SP4 West Unity KIA: 02-06-1969
Hostile Action Died South Vietnam, Long An Province near Dong Tam Awards: BS, PH, GC, NDSM, VSM, VCM, CIB,Mkm M16, SPS M14, 1st Class Gunner
Born: 09-06-1944 Arrived VN: 07-21-1968 Buried: Floral Grove Cemetery, West Unity, Ohio

U.S. MARINE CORPS

Edwin Hugh Corwin

Marine Air Base Squadron-13, Marine Aircraft Group-13, 1st Marine Aircraft Wing FMFPAC
1189766 MC GSgt 37 Bryan KIA: 12-22-1968
Hostile, DW Artillery, Rocket, Mortar Fire Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Quang Tin Province
Awards: PH GC/w 4 bronze stars KSM/w 3 battle stars NDSM/w 1 bronze star VCM VSM UNSM(Korean Conflict) Korean Presidential Unit Citation/ w ribbon bar (First Marine Division) Navy Unit Commendation/w ribbon bar (First Marine Division, Korea)
Born: 07-13-1931 Arrived VN: 04-17-1968 Buried: Wilmington National Cemetery, Wilmington, North Carolina

Ronald Lee Favourite

Co. F, BLT, 2nd Bn., 4th Marine(Rein) 9th MAB FMF
2262001 MC Cpl 21 Bryan KIA: 05-02-1968
Hostile Action Artillery, Rocket, Mortar Fire, Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Quang Tri Province
Awards: PH, VSM, VCM, NDSM, RVN Military Merit Medal, RVN Gallantry Cross with Palm
Born: 11-06-1946 Arrived VN: 08-25-1967 Buried: Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams County, Ohio

John Saneda

Co. A, 1st BN., 26th Marine, 3rd Marine Div.
2365205 MC LCpl 22 Bryan KIA: 08-18-1968
Hostile Action Artillery, Rocket, Mortar Fire, Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Thua Thien Province near Phu Bai Awards: NDSM, VCM, VSM, PH, RVN Military Merit Medal, RVN Gallantry Cross with Palm
Born: 03-28-1946 Arrived VN: 06-16-1968 Buried: Shiffler Cemetery, Jefferson Township, Williams County., Ohio

Allen DeWayne Smith

H&SCo., 3rd BN., 5th Marine, 1st Marine Div., (Rein), FMF
2285488 MC LCpl 20 Bryan KIA: 09-25-1967
Hostile Action Gun, Small Arms Fire Ground Casualty
Body recovered Died: South Vietnam Quang Nam Province
Awards: PHw1star, NDSM, VSM, VCM, RVN Military Merit Medal, RVN Gallantry Cross with Palm
Born: 12-17-1946 Arrived VN: 12-29-1966 Buried: Maumee Cemetery, Carryall Township, Paulding County, Antwerp, Ohio.

PERSIAN GULF WAR

(SOUTHWEST ASIA CAMPAIGN)

AUGUST 2, 1990 - DATE STILL OPEN

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EDON MAN TELLS OF NAVAL CAREER

PAUL FRY, Jr of Edon began his journey to the armed forces during his senior year of high school. The various recruiters were making their rounds and talking to interested students about career opportunities. Paul figured he would go and visit with the recruiters to see what was happening with the military.

He had taken the ASVAB exams at the school, which was the armed services vocational aptitude battery, and done well. He began to focus on the navy because one of his best friends had enlisted recently, and he was interested in training in electronics. He made a number of trips to the local recruiter and ended up in Cleveland at the induction center for more testing and pre-induction physical. While this is happening, his father wanted him to wait until the Fall before he entered the service to see if he could get a job after graduation.

But Paul made up his mind and enlisted in the Navy's CASH program on March 19, 1975. He signed up for the AFTA (Advanced First Term Avionics) training. After he graduated from Edon High School in May of '75, he had about one month of free time. On July 9, he swore his allegiance to the United States and the U.S. Navy became his new care giver. He was taken to the Cleveland Airport for a flight to Chicago. Once he arrived at Chicago, they collected all the recruits and put them on a bus for their final destination, Great Lakes Naval Training Station, located just north of Chicago on the shore of Lake Michigan. As they were being processed to head for Great Lakes, Paul was chosen to carry around 20 personnel files for the men whom he was traveling with. It was his first responsibility as a recruit of many that would take place.

They arrived the same day at Great Lakes from Cleveland to begin his "Boot Camp" training. In basic training he was an E-1. The first week was basically a time when the recruits had their paperwork completed and the men were placed into training company's. Paul recalled his first full day of Boot Camp (July 10) with the Company Commander coming into their barracks at 5:00 a.m. banging the daylights out of a metal trash can against their racks, while most of them were still sleeping away. Welcome to the Navy. They got dressed and they were introduced to their Company Commander(DI). They were taken to the mess hall to eat and then issued their uniforms, given the famous Navy haircut and introduced to the Navy. They were also given one phone call at this point to let everyone back home know they were alright. But, you had to make connection because there was no second chance. Paul's call got through and he said everything was good. By Friday, he had a full compliment of men in his company and they started their training.

His actual training started on a Monday under the guidance of the Division Officer and their Company Commander. They went through physical training, learned manual of arms and marched everywhere. They learned to handle their pieces(rifles) and how to shoot on the range. They learned Navy history, fire fighting, first aid, and went through gas mask use and training. They learned the values and skills of seamanship and survival over the next nine weeks. During the course of training, they would do team athletics against other companies. They were usually paired up with a sister company making a unit of about 160 recruits. They then worked hard in competition to win various flags and privileges for being successful.

After about two weeks, they got Saturday's off. Paul indicated at this point in time they had three basic training facilities in operation. One in California and at Great Lakes, which only processed men. The final location was in Orlando, Florida, where both men and women were trained but in separate companies.

Finally, basic was completed with the top overall company having the honor of being the color guard for the ceremony. Paul said his company wasn't top company but they did earn their share of honors during the preceding nine weeks. September 9, 1975 was graduation day and Paul's parents, his maternal grand-father George Hartley and a family friend were all present for the festivities. Afterwards, men who had family were allowed time to eat with their family. Paul's parents headed back to Williams County and when Saturday arrived Paul headed for Chicago on liberty and as he said, "I became a sailor right then and there!"

Monday, September 9, 1975, he received his orders for NATTC Memphis. The base was located at Millington, Tennessee about 20 miles north of Memphis on US 51. Paul said that this was the time when Admiral Zumwalt had taken the Navy onto a new course of "supporting people not numbers," and when he arrived at Memphis in early October, his new company commander got them started with P-Fun training course.

Paul then shared the nicknames of the various aspects of the navy. People associated with the air corps were called "air dales or brown shoes" people who were trained for the surface navy were called "black shoes" and the submarine people were called "bubble heads".

Paul would begin "BEE" Basic Electricity and Electronic Course at Memphis. This was a self-pace course and you had basically five weeks to complete it successfully. You sit in a cubicle for six hours a day going through your modules. As you learned the data, you would test and if you passed you moved on to the next module. If you failed, you reviewed the material you were weak in and retested. Paul successfully completed his course in five weeks and two days.

His next level of schooling was AVA school. This was Avionics A level, which was the introductory course for more advanced training in maintenance. Paul began school in November of 75 and graduated in February, '76 with promotion to E-4. He then entered AFTA school. This was the final school for his ultimate goal of becoming an Aviation Electronic Technician. It was 28 weeks of intense schooling and in September, Paul completed it and was given the rank of AT-3. He took 30 days leave and went home. While home, he would propose to his future wife, Pamela Skeens of Edgerton, on October 1.

October 15, 1976, Paul headed for his next duty station at NAS Lemoore, outside Fresno, California. He was assigned to VA 122 FRAMP from October of 76 until January of 1977. This was a training squadron to work on A-7 Corsair's electronics. The primary systems he focused on were the ECM (electronic counter-measure), communication, and navigation systems.

The day finally came for his first sea duty assignment. He was attached to VA-93 aboard the USS Midway. The Midway was based out of Japan. Paul was sent by Military Air Carrier, out of San Francisco via Alaska, Japan and ended up in the Philippine Islands to catch up with the Midway (CV-41). They landed outside of Clarke AFB and because of the lateness of the night and the fact that martial law was declared in the islands, no one moved about after

12:00 P.M. So the next day, they loaded buses to Olongapo where NAS Subic Bay was located. Here he made connection with the Midway, which was his home for the next two years. He spent alot of time during this period at sea. Whenever they were in port in Japan, they would only remain in port for 21 days before they had to be at sea again.

On June 10, 1978, he flew home on leave and was married to his fiance Pamela Skeens in Edgerton. Beginning in January of 1979, he was reassigned to VA-146 out of Lemoore NAS. They were attached to the USS Constellation (CV-64). The Constellation was operating out of Subic Bay NAS, in the Philippines at the time. Paul said he was cross decked from the Midway and was supposed to be home by March of 1979. But ended up in the Indian Ocean because of the North vs. South Yeman dispute. After a short patrol in this area, they were back in the

U.S.A. via Pearl Harbor, Hawaii in May of 1979. Paul then went to the airport and picked up a flight to Ft. Wayne, Indiana. He picked up his wife and they went back to Ft. Wayne and got a flight to Lemoore, California. They found a home and in January of 80, Paul transferred to shore duty and another move to NTC Great Lakes, Illinois. He was assigned as Assistant Company Commander for electronics. He took care of his company's training schedule for BEE and electronic training for the surface navy sailors. His first son, Philip, had been born in Bryan on April 22, 1980.

Paul would be stationed at Great Lakes until August of 1981. On July 6, 1981, he reenlisted for another tour of duty. And on that same day his daughter, Paula, was born at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital. He said it was a day he never has forgotten.

He would leave Great Lakes in August of 1981 and headed for NAS Jacksonville, Florida. He was assigned to work on H-3 helicopters through training squadron HS-1 FRAMP. His family stayed in Edgerton, Ohio during this period. Once his training was completed, Paul would be assigned sea duty aboard the USS Nimitz (CV-68). From Jacksonville, he flew to Philadelphia and picked up a MAC flight to Rota, Spain. They then flew from Spain to Sicily and from Sicily by C-2 transport onto the USS Nimitz. It was his first and only carrier landing experience in October of 1981 in the Mediterranean. Paul was assigned to the HS-9 Helo squadron at this time. The Nimitz completed its patrol and returned to its home port at Norfolk, Virginia in February of 1982. Paul went with the HS-9 Helo squadron back to its home port at NAS Jacksonville. His family would also join him at this time too. Paul would remain with the HS-9 squadron till October of '84, it was at this time when Paul got off sea duty and stayed in Jacksonville. In August of 1984, his second son, Preston, was born.

Paul would be assigned to FASO-DEI Jacksonville and began to retrain in an outfit on how to use equipment on P-3 Orion aircraft. He was assigned here from November of '84 until June of '87. At this point in time, Paul would change his rating from AT-2 to FC-2 (fire control man). He was reassigned back to NTC Great Lakes, Illinois for training at the CIWS school from July of 1987 until February 1988. CIWS was short for Close In Weapon System using the Phalanx System. This was a hi tech gattling gun with search and track radar. It was the last line of defense for his ship.

In March of 1988, he was assigned to the USS Philippine Sea. This was a pre-commissioned ship still being readied for duty at Bath, Maine. He was stationed in Norfolk, Virginia for additional training before being sent to Bath, Maine to meet his new ship still dry docked as of June 1988. The USS Philippine Sea was commissioned in March of 1989 and its

first crew sailed her to NS Mayport Station, Jacksonville.

The maiden voyage of the USS Philippine Sea (CG-58) was on August 7, 1990, when they headed to the Mediterranean as part of the task force supporting the USS Saratoga (CV-60). During this tour, they were assigned to escort the Saratoga to the Red Sea as part of Desert Shield and ultimately Desert Storm. While in the Gulf War, Paul told how they patrolled and had various fire missions. During the war, they fired 10 tomahawk missiles into Iraq. They would after their fire missions, resupply at a base on the Red Sea at Jedda, Saudi Arabia.

They traveled a total of eight times through the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean Sea to the Red Sea with the Saratoga. They had liberty at various locations during this tour in Egypt, Israel, Turkey, Greece, and Italy during this patrol in the Gulf. He also noted that because of the length of the tour, once they were out at sea for 45 days, they allowed the men two beers. Normally, no drinking on ship was permitted. They would be on duty until the conclusion of the war in the Gulf before heading home. They returned to Mayport Station, Jacksonville in March of 1991.

Paul left the Philippine Sea in September of 1993, transferring to NS Great Lakes, Illinois. Here, he would become an instructor for fire control men at the FCA school up to his retirement from the Navy on September 30, 1995.

Paul said upon his retirement, he had sailed at least once around the world in his 20 year career. He received the following awards and accommodations. The Navy Achievement Medal, five Good Conduct Medals, two Navy Expeditionary Medals, the National Defense Medal, two Southwest Asia Service Medals, the Kuwait Liberation Medal, five Sea Service Ribbons, the Joint Meritorious Unit Ribbon, the Navy Battle E Ribbon, the Meritorious Service Accommodation Medal, and the enlisted Surface Warfare Specialist Device. He was released from the service at the rank of E-6 as an FC-1(SW) as his Military Occupation Specialty. He now resides in rural Edon with his family pursuing new opportunities.

OPERATION DESERT STORM

PERSIAN GULF WAR
August 1990 - February 1991

Local Service Members who served in theater:

MSGT Anna M. Baker
2nd Trans. Co.,
4th Trans BN

CPL Scott Banks S.A.
3rd Plt. Kilo 3/2,
2 MAR. DIV FMF

LCPL Steven P. Barnard
H & S Co., 1st BN.
5th Marine

Sgt Dennis A. Brand
HCS 52nd Eng. BN., HSC

MSGT Perry L. Bauer
4 TFW Deployed
4 EMS/AGE Branch

DN Mark A Beckwith
US Navy Dental Set.
1st Dental BN
1st FSSG Deployed

AMN Bruce Bishop
US Cen TAF Deployed
1 TFW-832 TVANS LGTO

HM2 Brian Brinegar
H.Q. 1/10 (BAS)
4th MEB Group 4

SSG Donald Borton
7th Trans Group
3/2 ADA C Battery

PVT Jason P. Brown
36th Med. Co. 56th Med. BN
44th Med Bdge.

Capt. Todd A. Buchs
B Co., 1st-5 1st CAV DIV

SSG David Buttermore
B/CO Task Force Warrior
12th AVN BDE

SGT Greg Calvin
C Co. 3/5 Cavalry

SPC Dominic Cardinale
HHC 244 SPT BN
24th Inf Reg

SPC Brian Chamberlain
Delta Co., 27th M.S.B.
1st Cav Div

1st Lt. David Chrismer
1st BDFE 3rd A.D.
Bravo Co. 55/5 CAV

EM2 Allen D. Clark
USS America
CV 66, Eng/E Div

PFC Kent F. Collins
A Co., 17th Eng. BN. 2AD

E4 Morris L. Crocker
H.H.D. 15th Support BN.
1 C.D.

PVT Craig A. Darby
A4/82 FA. 3rd. Armored Div

S/SGT Timothy C. Davis
H.H. C. 1st Mt. BN
LTF 1/30th Support Group
2nd Coscom 7th Group

SFC Robert J. Deeds
SVCG/41 FA 1210 FA DDE

SGT David M. McKlein
82 Aviation Brigade
82 Airborne Div.

LCPL Douglas R. Dove
H&S Co., 1st Tank BN

SPC David E. Dumans
D. Co 2/505 PIR
82nd ABN Div

AME 1 Jon A. Ely
VS-32 USS America CV-66

SGT R.P. Figgins
B Co. 2nd Recon BN

PVT Rod Fikel
US Army 11th Brigade
2/7 ADA 507 Maint Co.

SGT Raymond C. Fouty
HHC 2nd of 229th Avn. Reg
101st Div. US Army

Greg Fleming
USS John F. Kennedy

GSMFN Timothy L. Franks
USS Valley Forge CG-50

SGT Mike Fransted
IN-REGT 101st ABN DIV
(AASLT)

FCI Paul J. Fry, Jr.
CG Div. USS Philippine Sea

Charles Gigax
USS Ranger

CPL Todd Goebel
USMC HQSVC Co.
IMEF G-6

AMH2 Troy Goebel
Air Det. USNS
SPICA(T-ASS9)

FCI (SW) Dan Goelzenleuchter
USS Bunker Hill CG-52
CS/CF Div

PVT Steven R. Greek
D. Co. 317 Eng/BN

AA Michael Green
USS Saratoga CV-60
Air/Dept V/3 Div

SGT Randy Groll
HSB 2/320th FA
101st ABN DIV (AASLT)

1Lt Allen Haines
D Bty 2-43 ADA
11th AD Brigade

PFC Brian Harr
B Co., 1st 18 Inf
197th Bde. (M)(S)

AMHC Clarence M. Hartley
VA 72 DIV. USS Kennedy

EH Joseph A. Herman
7th Group, 155th Trans. Co.

PVT Rudy Hernandez
A Co., 1-15 Box 5

2Lt Alexander C. Hicks
B Co. 1/82 FA 1CD

SGT George E. Hodgdon
501st Ord. Co., 101st Ord.
BN. 2d Coscom

SSG John T. Horvath
D Co., 5/18 INF, 3rd BDE
3rd Armored Div

CPL Robert M. Johns
2nd Lnd. Spt., BN
LSE Co

SPC Ted E. Karns
B Co., 8/101 Avn Regt.

SGT L.A. Keller
HMLA 269 FWD F/L
MAG 40 4th MEB

SPC John A. Larson
SVC 4/5 FA WH 9USO

SGT Steven J. Lemmon
388 TFW-AGS Deployed

PVT Robert W. Light
701st MSB

Jeff Long
548 AGS 48 TFW/Deployed

ET1 (SW) Craig Ludwig
Division CSE, USS Caron
DD-970

SGT James P. Luke
EL MACO 1st Maint Det.
1st FSSG Forward

SGT Philip Mann
A Co. 2/158 AVN, 6th CAV

SPC Thomas B. Matthews
HHC 7th 159th AVN REGT
A Co. 2nd MI

Michael J. Maxcy
NMCB-5 Delta Co.

SR Airman Scott McCool
347th AGS/69th AMU

SSGT Charles T. McDonald
HHT 2 Sq. ACR (USAF)

SGT Peter Mere
P.O. Box 29 (SAC)

SSG Patrick R. Michael
1st Armored Division
A Co., 123rd SPT. BN.

CWO2 Charles E. Nelson
USS Mobile Bay, CG-53

SSG Donald Norton
7th Trans. Group
3-2 ADA C Battery

SPC Angelia (Verhoff) Parks
92nd Med BN 17th Med Det

A/C Sammy J. Pettit
1708 CAMS, P.O. Box 353

CPL James E. Phillips
1st FSSG H&S BN Comm Co.

PFC Bruce R. Plessner
Box 310, Alpha Co., 3rd Platoon
3rd Squad, 3rd BN, 75th Ranger Regt.

SGT Robert V. Quillen
MWSS-271 Crash Fire Rescue

SGT Michael J. Rau
H & SD Co., 2nd MED BN

SGT Eric Raub
USAF-712ASOC
52-SPS Deployed

PVT Rick Reliford
HHC 1-7 3BDE 31D

LCPL Steven B. Sabins
Fox 2-11 5th MEB., DETM

Mike Schlosser
MCSA Co., 3rd PLT
US Naval Air Station, Sig II

E-1 Randall E. Secoy
Echo Battery, 333 F.A.
210 F.A. BDE., VII Corp
Artillery
Lt. Tim Sheridan
HMLA 269 Forward
MAG 40-4th MEB

BT1 Robin C. Shook
B Division
USS Thomas C. Hart
FF-1092

2LT Dennis Smith
B Company 2-229 AVN REGT.
101 ABN DIV (ASSLT)

SRA Mike Smith
363-FW-EMS-AMMO Deployed

QM 3 Joseph Stokes
USS Spartanburg
Company 1st 1192

SGT Timothy R. Stantz
A-Btry 4/82nd FA
3rd Armored Division

SGT Rex R. Suydam
75 FA Bde., C Btry. 2/17 FA

Richard L. Trausch
BMFA (AW) 121 MAG 11, 3rd MAW

LCPL Patrick Tusko
B. Co., 1-24th MEB

LCPL Donald E. Vermillion
MP Company, H&S Bat., 2nd FSSG

PFC Kelly Waldvogel
TF 4/325 AIR, 82 ABN DIV

PV2 Teresa Wilson
A 1/58th ATC, 18th AVN BDE

Dale Wolfe
B Btry., 2/44 ADA, 2nd BDE.
101st ABN DIV

FN Richard A. Word
M. Division
USS Yellowstone AD 41

LCPL Douglas W. Yagel
MALS-16 ORD, Rotary Wing

ROLL OF HONOR

TROY ALLEN GOEBEL	AMH1	NV	3/15/1993	Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio
CHRIS SHANE PERKINS	A1c	AF	12/19/1993	Riverside Cemetery, Montpelier, Ohio
LELAND J. WICKERHAM	PV2	AR	5/03/2003	St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Edgerton, Ohio

APPENDIX

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WOMEN IN THE MILITARY

WORLD WAR ONE

Josephine Dupraw Mary Kalber Anna Gumnick

****

WORLD WAR TWO

Nurses Corps

Isabel (Dohn) Seidel	Pioneer	Army
Marian Eberly	Montpelier	Nurses Cadet Training
Harriet V. (Angus) Ely	Montpelier	Army
Hilda K. Fox	Edon	Army
Iris J. French	Montpelier	Nurses Cadet Training
Elsie Grimes	Bryan	Army
Vernette (Cayton) Hoffman		
Mildred Howey	Bryan	Army
Jestine Johnson	Bryan	Army
Catherine Maneval	Bryan	Nurses Cadet Training
Dorothy Mocherman	Bryan	Navy
Theresa (Sanders) Lamantia	Edgerton	Army
Melva Shanebeck	Bryan	Navy
Mary K. Thompson	Edon	Nurses Cadet Training
Virginia Towney	Bryan	Nurses Cadet Training
Madonna Viers	Edgerton	Nurses Cadet Training
Lonetta F. Wynn	Edgerton	Navy
Dorothy L. Young	Montpelier	Army

WAVES (Women's Auxiliary Volunteer Enlisted Service) U.S. Navy

Wilma Ansley	Montpelier
Alice J. Conkey	Stryker
Mabel C. Connelly	Edgerton
Margaret L. Critchfield	West Unity
Wilma M. Cromwell	Montpelier
Eleanor H. (Cupler) Newcomer	Bryan
Phyllis E. David	
Alice Conkey Ferrebee	Stryker
Betty Fieldner	Bryan
Helen P. Griffin	Edgerton
Bernice A. Gunn	Bryan
Betty J. Hasten	Alvordton
Tynni Hummel	West Unity
Phyllis G. (Ingram) Poling	Edon
Ruth H. McCutcheon	
Catherine Ann McGushen	Bryan
Beatrice Parsons	Northwest
Helen F. Phillips	Bryan
Mildred A. Richards	Edon
Aletha S. Ritchley	Pioneer
Mildred Donelda (Sanders) Ziglow	Edgerton
Rita N. Sickmiller	

WAVES	US NAVY
Virgie Smith	Edgerton
Edith E. Spencer	West Unity
Leah M. Warner	
Mary C. Welch	Montpelier
Rita E. Welsh	Bryan
Dorothy A. Wooley	Bryan

WAC (Women's Auxiliary Corps)	U.S. Army
Mary Elizabeth Altman	Bryan
Clara B. Apt	Montpelier
Ruth A. Brannan	Bryan
Rowena Bayes	
Mildred E. Deily	Montpelier
Ethel Kunkle	Kunkle
Laura Kunkle	Kunkle
Lenore J. Hicks	Montpelier
Grace Kennedy	Bryan
Doris M. Morgan	Bryan
Vera L. Stough	Bryan
Theda Wallace	Montpelier

Marine Corps

Lillian Bergman	
Louella Mae (Larned) Rose	Stryker

Int'l Red Cross		USO	
Jean E. Luxan	Montpelier	Ramona Joice	Edon

WASP (Women's Airforce Service Pilots)
No local pilot identified.

Additional Names (Organizational affliation unknown)

Doris Altman
Helen Bailey
Dorlyn Cottrell
Aldeen (Dee) DeGroff
Gertrude Himes
Margaret M. Loftus
Helen F. Patton
Evelyn Reagle
Norma (McBride) Walsh

WWII ROLL of HONOR
Obituary Index

Obit listings tell month day year page paper. BP is Bryan Press, LE is Leader-Enterprise (Montpelier), SA is Stryker Advance and TSA is Tri-State Alliance(Pioneer).

Donald W. Allison	6 14 45/1/BP		
James R. Boucher	7 20 44/1/BP	7 20 44/1/EE	
Richard V. Breininger	8 03 44/1/BP	7 21 48/11/BP	
Edward J. Brewer	10 05 44/1/BP		
Charles W. Buda	10 26 44/1/BP 8 11 48/1/BP	10 26 44/1/LE	7 07 48/1/BP
Jack L. Buda	5 25 44/1/LE	5 25 44/1/EE	6 15 44/1/EE
Carl L. Burkhart	8 31 44/1/BP	9 14 44/6/BP	
Charles R. Butzin	12 21 44/1/BP	7 21 48/8/BP	
Raymond D. Calvin	4 27 44/1/BP	7 13 44/1/BP	7 20 44/9/BP
Lloyd Clark, Jr	12 21 44/1/BP		
Delbert L. Coe	5 31 45/1/BP		
James R. Coe			
F. Hal Converse	1 18 45/1/TSA		
Raymond J. Coon	9 14 44/1/BP	5 05 48/6/BP	
Kenneth V. Cunningham	8 10 44/1/BP		
Warren D. Custar	3 01 45/1/BP	3 08 45/1/TSA	
Howard R. Day	7 05 45/1/BP 8 16 45/1/EE	11 22 45/1/EE	12 17 45/1/EE
Walter W. Dirrim	9 27 45/1/BP	9 27 45/1/EC	9 27 45/1/EE
Robert A. Dunseth	6 21 45/1/BP		
Ercil F. Eyster	5 27 43/1/EC 5 27 43/1/EE	8 26 43/1/EC	4 22 43/1/EE
Dale E. Fast	7 05 45/1/LE	3 17 49/1/LE	
Albert S. Fenicle	5 03 45/1/BP		
Samuel L. Fetherolf			

Carlton D. Fisher	6 14 45/1/BP 12 15 48/1/BP	6 21 45/1 BP 4 12 45/1/EE	11 17 48/1/BP 2 08 45/1/EE
Stanley Fisher	5 31 45/1/BP		
Richard H. Gabriel	7 20 44/1/LE		
Elmer L. Ginter	11 01 45/1/BP		
Robert L. Hake	5 17 45/1/BP		
Ralph Haldiman	5 11 44/1/LE	7 20 44/1/LE	
Earl W. Hart	1 11 45/1/BP 1 04 45/1/TSA	1 04 45/1/LE	12 28 44/1/TSA
Arthur L. Hemenway	2 22 45/1/BP		
Darwin E. Hemenway	2 15 45/1/BP		
Perry D. Hopkins	10 05 44/1/BP	10 12 44/1/BP	10 12 44/1/LE
Andrew J. Hornyak	2 01 45/1/BP		
Stanley C. Howard	8 23 45/1/LE		
John W. Ingram	2 01 45/1/BP	2 01 45/1/LE	
Lemeul Johnson	2 19 42/1/BP	1 22 42/1/EE	2 19 42/1/EE
Paul E. Johnson	8 03 44/1/BP		
Richard H. Johnston	11 16 44/1/LE	12 07 44/1/LE	
John C. King	6 02 44/8/LE 11 02 44/1/LE	10 26 44/1/BP	10 26 44/1/LE
John W. Koch	2 01 45/1/BP	11 19 47/1/BP	
Burl Knapp, Jr.	9 28 44/1/BP		
Maurice G. Kosier	6 09 48/6/BP		
Daniel E. Kuszmaul	10 26 44/1/BP	11 02 44/1/LE	4 21 49/1/SA
Maurice R. Lovejoy	7 27 44/1/BP	4 05 45/1/EC	4 05 45/1/EE
Marvin L. Maier	2 07 46/1/LE	1 27 44/1/EE	1 31 46/1/EE
Robert H. Maugel	1 11 45/1/EE	1 18 45/1/EE	
Richard G. Miller	4 16 42/1/BP	4 16 42/1/EE	
Warren U. Mills	10 05 44/1/LE	10 12 44/1/BP	11 17 48/1/BP

Orland A. Mixter	7 06 44/1 /BP 6 16 48/10/BP	11 16 44/6/LE 6 17 48/1/LE	5 12 48/1/BP
Richard V. Moore	8 17 44/1/BP	5 05 48/6/BP	
John F. Moriarity	5 31 45/1/BP		
Robert M. Munk	6 08 44/1/BP		
Frank R. Myers	9 16 43/1/BP		
Harold McFann, Jr.	10 05 44/1/LE	10 12 44/1/BP	
Donald P. Neff	5 28 46/1/LE		
Joseph E. Otis	7 30 42/1/BP		
Harry Pace, Jr.	8 13 44/8/St Louis Post-Dispatch		
Ross Pendleton	5 17 45/1/BP		
Jack A. Phillips	8 10 44/1/BP	9 15 48/1/BP	
Forest V. Pursel	9 27 45/1/BP	10 11 45/1/SA	8 23 45/1/EE
Verl L. Richard			
Clyde Ridenour, Jr.	12 25 41/1/BP	12 25 41/1/EE	
Thomas H. Roberts	2 01 45/1/LE	1 31 46/1/LE	
Hillard J. Rodgers	9 14 44/1/BP	9 14 44/1, 8/TSA	
Rex M. Rutledge	2 02 45/1/TSA	3 01 45/1/BP	
James E. Sanders	6 29 44/1/BP		
Walter B. Shambarger	5 24 45/1/LE	5 31 45/1/BP	
Leland L. Sharp	1 28 43/1/BP	2 04 43/1/EE	
Lester E. Schelling	2 01 45/1/LE		
Howard M. Shouf	3 01 45/1/BP 7 05 45/1/BP	3 08 45/1/TSA	4 19 45/1/BP
Loyd J. Southern			
Henry A. Sprow	3 28 46/1/BP		
Alden L. Tingle	2 04 43/8/BP		
Carmon C. Thorp	8 17 44/1/BP	5 05 48/6/BP	
Ernest S. Throne	2 15 45/9/BP	2 22 45/1/TSA	

Dean C. Troxel	3 02 46/8/LE	3 21 46/1/BP	
James B. Wallace	4 19 45/1/BP		
Richard E. Wilhelm	8 10 44/1/BP	8 10 44/1/EE	
Gerald C. Weber	6 15 44/1/LE 10 05 44/1/EE	6 29 44/1/BP	9 28 44/1/BP
Carl J. Welly	7 01 43/1/LE	6 24 43/1/EE	
Clinton Wheeler	3 02 44/5/BP	3 02 44/1/TSA	11 09 44/1/TSA
Paul Woolace	12 21 44/1/LE	12 21 44/1/TSA	
Arthur M. Woolf	5 03 45/1/BP		
Jack W. Yoder	2 22 45/1/BP 2 22 45/1/EE	3 08 45/1/TSA	7 07 48/1/BP
Lester Zeigler	5 03 45/1/BP	5 03 45/1/EE	5 10 45/1/EE
Paul D. Zigler	7 20 44/1/BP	7 20 44/1/EE	
Doyle L. Zimmerman	4 20 44/1/LE	6 01 44/1/LE	6 08 44/1/TSA

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